

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

FEBRUARY 1978 \$2.50



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OBSCENITY**

**THE NEW
CHARLES MANSON**

**COCKFIGHTING
IN AMERICA**

**OUR FIRST
BEAVER HUNT
WINNER**

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THE MAN'S VITAMIN, FOR THE INTIMACY OF THE MOMENT

Fulfillment is the greatest satisfaction of human sexuality. Sexual misfires are its greatest scourge. Many men who know the frustration of periodic or continual embarrassment do not know that proper nutrition may be a simple, effective, and natural relief for nutritionally induced sexual problems.

For instance, in certain tests it has been revealed that zinc can alleviate the retardation of sexual development brought on by diet deficiencies. Though the likelihood of this certain problem is remote in this country, these studies do underscore the necessity of proper nutrition.

Reports from returning POWs and others who had been forced to live on sub-standard diets showed a

marked decrease in libido. Authorities hypothesize that this condition occurs when certain necessary nutrients are absent from the diet. The truth is, sexual satisfaction depends on both physical and emotional well-being, and in order to assure contentment they must exist in complete harmony.

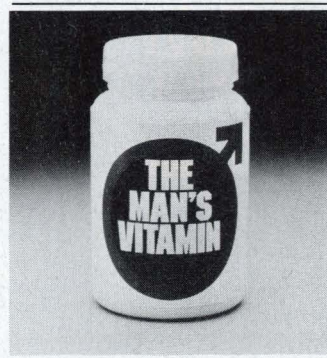
It is known that emotional distress does not necessarily cause physical debilitation, but physical problems can and often do lead to emotional difficulties. Because of the unique bond of mind and body in the human sexual condition it is sometimes necessary to treat the body to activate the mind. Today's demanding pressures, unguarded eating habits, and the total absence of some vital nutrients from the diet may, together, lead to sexual incapacities.

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HLV2

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HUSTLER

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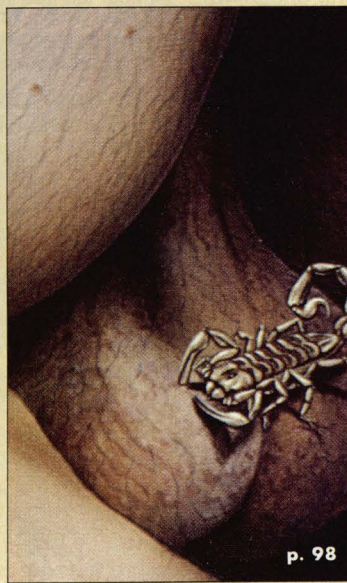
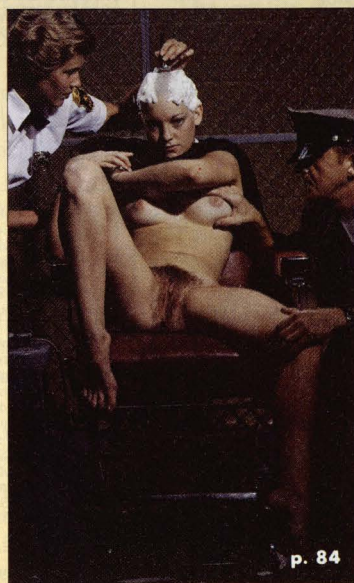
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JACKIE O. COIN

The August 1975 issue of HUSTLER revealed exclusive nude photographs of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. Within a few months this issue became a valuable collector's item.

To help commemorate this event, LEASURE TIME has minted a limited supply of silver-dollar-size coins dedicated to the nude Jackie O. These finely crafted, sterling silver coins—sculpted by Boris Buzan and produced by Pacific Mint—capture the sexuality that helped to make Jackie O. the world's best-known and most widely exposed woman.

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FRONT



BACK

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HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Human Behavior: A Good Cause

The child-abuse article in the October 1977 issue of HUSTLER—which established the link between sexual repression and child abuse—was by far the most important piece of journalism published by this or any other men's magazine to date. We are still receiving mail in response to this article. And because of the need for a better understanding of the human behavior it chronicled, I have decided to devote less time to my private enterprises and more time to achieving the kind of understanding necessary to bring about effective social change that will help us to behave less violently. I can't think of a better cause to become involved in.

It is, of course, a known fact among religious and social counselors that all antisocial behavior can be traced to one's childhood environment. Adults who were abused as children, for example, tend to physically punish their own children in turn. Even Charles Manson, wrong as he was about everything else, was right when he said we can only be products of our environment and nothing more.

Millions of runaways leave home each year because they do not get the love and affection every child needs, and being on their own makes them vulnerable to pimps, purveyors of kiddy porn, and others who prey upon the innocent. Thus, we must make a massive effort to

reeducate society to raise its young in a normal, healthy environment.

The government spends millions of dollars studying ailments like cancer and heart disease in order to find cures for them. In the area of human sexuality, however, the government spends nothing, leaving one of the most important components of our makeup rotting in the field of ignorance. We continually refuse to believe that our most deep-rooted motivations are sexual in origin, and this very refusal is a "repression" of the true self.

The reality is that most people shy away from an understanding of sexual matters because they are afraid of what they may discover locked within themselves. The prospect of looking inward is as frightening as the thought of having their secret fears and wishes exposed to the world. Instead, such people prefer to live in the realm of fantasy and refuse to make the connection between sexual repression and violence on all levels, including child abuse.

What these people fail to see is that it is precisely such knowledge and understanding which will free them. For until we see ourselves as we really are—and accept our own sexuality—we will never be happy.

Naturally, I realize that many of my critics doubt the sincerity of my concern for child abuse and sexual repression. Today I am considered the "pits" of

society, and I am blamed for all the ills that society embodies. What my critics forget, however, is that I have been publishing HUSTLER Magazine for only three years and that this society has been around for over 200! The point is HUSTLER is nothing more than a mirror that reflects society as it really is. Those who would like to ban HUSTLER and similar magazines do not realize that banning a magazine will not eliminate these problems—pornography is only a symptom of our social ills.

There is, obviously, a vast need to understand why we behave the way we do. I personally have faith in society, and I believe that if people are made aware of problems, they will make the necessary changes. However, the traditional means of solving our problems and of effecting change have not worked. Therefore, we must set aside our personal philosophies. Republican and Democrat, conservative and liberal, black and white, old and young, evangelist and pornographer must all unite toward the common goal of understanding human behavior, because once we discover why we behave the way we do, we can solve our problems.

Larry Flynt
Editor & Publisher

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR?

A large, dark, dense mass of hair or fur, possibly a wig or a large hairbrush, positioned below the title. The hair is dark brown or black and appears very thick and tangled. It is set against a light brown, textured background that resembles a book cover or a piece of paper. The overall composition is simple and striking.

No way. CHIC features girls your mother wouldn't like, photographed in settings that are the ultimate in opulence. Our girls are desirable, decadent and totally uninhibited. They fit in perfectly with the ballsiest writing and classiest graphics in magazines today. Break away from the ordinary — subscribe to CHIC.

SHOW & TELL

Cover by Frank DeLia

February is Cupid's month, when the little prick gets his rocks off shooting arrows at unsuspecting victims. But sometimes, would-be patriots also fire arrows at unwitting targets, as **JOHN HENRY FAULK** can attest. Faulk, who currently appears on television's hit show *Hee Haw*, was blacklisted during the McCarthy era. In **THE LAW CAN'T SAVE US**, a down-home discourse on the myth of obscenity, he once again displays the kind of progressive thinking that riles phony flag-wavers. The artwork for *Law* is by **TOM STUBBS**. Before joining Graphicsgroup in Atlanta, Tom did commercial advertisements, with illustrations for Duke Power, Republic Steel and *Cleveland Magazine* to his credit.

While many folks would like to shoot an arrow into the subject of this month's profile by **BRUCE MARGOLIUS**, lots more would like to use a .45-caliber revolver instead. Margolius, a former Utah resident, used his old contacts to get the goods on the Manson-style Mormon leader **ERVIL LeBARON: PREACHER, POLYGAMIST, KILLER**. The accompanying art is by **MIKE DAVIS**, whose work has appeared in *Penthouse Forum* and other publications.

If Cupid does make a comeback in '78, we'd like to throw the little fairy into the pit with some of the birds **MICHAEL BANE** describes in **COCKFIGHTING**, his blood-and-guts look at an old southern sport. To gather material about the battling roosters, Bane—an editor at *Country Music*—crashed through 400 miles of Louisiana backcountry. "I learned two things on this assignment," said Mike. "Always carry a lot of money and never say you're from New York."

In **SCORPION**, a tale of Mexican raunch by **NICHOLAS ST. JOHN**, it's stingers—not arrows—that the hero has to watch out for. St. John, whose screenplays and translations



have been widely published abroad, has recently left the horrors of Manhattan for the relative peace of upstate New York. Illustrating Nick's story is **DAVID MANN**, a Florida artist who's done motorcycle posters for Ed Roth, as well as a number of creations for *Easyriders*, the biker magazine.

Even our hard-boiled Humor & Cartoon Editor, **DWAINE B. TINSLEY**, waxes sentimental when it comes to Valentines. "Balloonhead," as his wife calls him, did up his third special feature, **RATS**, because these vermin are the only creatures that let Dwaine touch them. Anyway, Dwaine says *Rats* is social commentary, but we know better. It's just his way of thanking his furry friends for all the good times.

Contributing Photographer **JAMES BAES** has put together an astonishing photo-spread in **THE NAKED... AND THE DEAD**. Baes, formerly a top fashion and glamour photographer in Europe, flew up from Florida, where he was doing some work for us, to shoot this special set in our Columbus studio.

The ways of Cupid are varied, of course, which is why **SEX PLAY: SEXUAL POSITIONS** is both fascinating and useful. This informative piece was written by Associate Editor **TODD DAVID SCHWARTZ**, former porn star and *Screw* columnist. If anyone knows a lot of good moves, it's Todd.

Finally, our new Art Director, **BILL NIRENBERG**, asked to be mentioned in *Show & Tell*, so here goes. Bill was formerly with *Intellectual Digest* and *Finance* magazine, where his artwork made all the money look hot. He's also a good American and one heck of a nice guy. How's that, Bill?

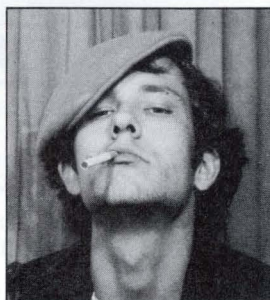
And how's that for the February issue of **HUSTLER**—the magazine that knows where to point its arrows?

—**ALTHEA FLYNT**

Associate Publisher & Editorial Director



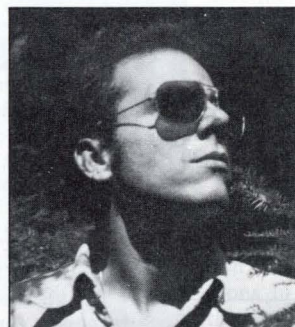
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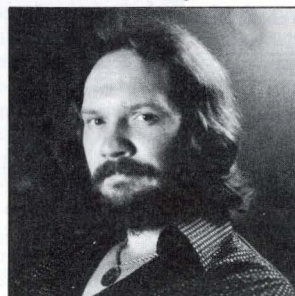
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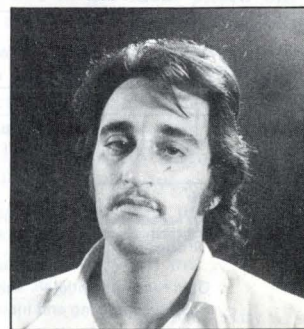
Nicholas St. John



Dwaine B. Tinsley



Todd David Schwartz



Bill Nirenberg

FEEDBACK

Questioning Our Motives: You may have freedom of the press right now, but one of these days, when you stand before God and it is your turn to be judged, the freedom granted you here will not help you there. You even use children to make a buck! You make it look like you are concerned about child abuse, but in reality your own sick mind thinks it will make another buck.

If adults would stop looking at magazines like yours and start thinking more of living for God, there wouldn't be so much child abuse. I am going to pray to God about taking the perverted, covetous, lustful demons that possess you. The devil would like you to throw this letter away and say, "Here is another letter from a fanatic."

In closing I would like to say that what I have written is no joke. You could be laughing your way to hell one of these days.

A Concerned Christian
Cincinnati, Ohio

The above letter is in reference to our article "Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents" (October 1977). We have never published nude photographs of children in HUSTLER.

I am sure there is no doubt that every person is vehemently opposed to child abuse and advocates prevention and treatment of such abusers. This is evidenced by passage of H.R. 6693, the Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act Amendment of 1977, which I supported and which was passed by the House on September 26, 1977.

This bill is designed to extend the authorization of appropriations contained in such act, and give the National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect specific authority to disseminate materials it compiles and publishes on research on child abuse. Furthermore, it would support centers for the treatment of and provision of services for sexually abused children and impose criminal penalties on individuals involved in the production and distribution of pornographic films and publications depicting children.

I appreciate your sharing with me the article in which Dr. Prescott expressed his views on the causes of child abuse. Rest assured that I will give it my full attention.

Louis Stokes
(Democrat-Ohio)
U.S. House of Representatives

Thank you for bringing to my attention the views of Dr. James W. Prescott regarding child abuse.

I assure you that comments set forth in Dr. Prescott's article will be taken into consideration during my continued study of this very tragic issue. As one of the original co-sponsors of the Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act, I assure you that I will continue doing all I can to support legislative



efforts to provide for effective treatment and prevention programs.

Best wishes.

Birch Bayh
(Democrat-Indiana)
U.S. Senate

Trying to hide what you do behind a self-righteous stand against child abuse is the most transparent attempt at self-justification I've seen in a long time. I think you should be censored right out of business.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Petered Out: I would like to know why the interview with John Holmes's cock (December 1977) was cut off when he mentioned Barbi Benton?

The interview was getting very interesting, but to my disappointment it ended very suddenly. Why didn't you guys finish it?

T. E. Wuest
San Jose, California

We were more than willing to go on, but the prick we were interviewing just didn't have the spunk to continue.

Tongue in Cheek: Having just finished looking through the "Halloween Issue" of HUSTLER, I wanted to write and let you know you've put out a great magazine. The girls were beautiful, the *Kinky Korner* was great and Sheree-Lee was the best-looking woman I've ever seen in any magazine.

The pictures of her ass were absolutely the greatest. Since I'm an asshole-lover anyway, just looking at those pictures of her really tore me up. I'd love spending a whole afternoon just tongue-fucking her beautiful ass. I hope you have more beauties like Sheree-Lee in future issues, especially with the asshole in the spotlight.

Keep up the good work.

Name Withheld by Request
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Cartoon Controversy: The jokes and cartoons in HUSTLER are meant to entertain the public, not to get them pissed off. So when you read the humor in HUSTLER, don't say Larry Flynt is showing his prejudice when all he's actually showing is his open-mindedness. Is that so hard for people to understand?

I'm glad I was blessed with an open mind like Larry Flynt's. I like you, Larry, even though I don't know you personally, because you show your real self. And that's good enough for me. Right on!

By the way, I'm black.

Anthony Ray Ward
Anchorage, Alaska

FEEDBACK

During the past year I've become an avid HUSTLER reader, and I've really enjoyed the jokes and cartoons throughout the magazine. I was wondering if you have a collection of these. If so, I'd like to obtain a copy.

Ronald V. Yoder
Indianapolis, Indiana

Starting this spring, you'll be able to get our newest monthly, HUSTLER HUMOR, for \$1.95 an issue. Watch HUSTLER for further details.

Who's the Bigot? *Because of the heated controversy generated by this letter, which appeared in the November 1977 Feedback, we are reprinting it here in its entirety, along with additional reader response.*

When are you going to take off your shirt and show the world your swastika, Flynt, you filthy piece of inferior gentile shit! By publishing two anti-Semitic cartoons in the September HUSTLER along with an anti-black cartoon and a bigoted treatment of blacks in the *Honey Hooker* strip, you have proven that you're a closet Nazi swine.

As a Jew, I found the cartoons depicting a little Jewish girl chasing a dollar and a Hasidic Jew with an out-sized nose patently offensive. I think *sickening* is a better word. I felt the same about the black in the desert reaching for the sunglasses and the reference to "watermelon" in the *Honey Hooker* strip. You also took care to degrade the feminist movement in the strip, leaving no minority unturned—or uninsulted.

Anti-Semitism such as yours is rooted in the vile envy you hold for the Jewish people because so many of us have obtained wealth and stature in this country far beyond that of the inferior gentile population. Jews are

genetically more intelligent, more astute and more ambitious than non-Jews. And our influence in this country is very strong, especially in the radio, television, motion picture and publishing industries. Look at the large proportion of actors, comedians, singers, authors, producers, directors and editors who are Jewish. We can make and break people in these industries. Assaults on the Jewish people can get your publication buried a lot faster than any obscenity suit.

Samuel Markam
San Antonio, Texas

I've spent very little time writing to magazines, but in this case I'm making an exception. That guy Samuel Markam is a paranoid asshole. What's all this "inferior gentile population" bullshit? In addition to Markam's remarks about Jews being "more intelligent, more astute and more ambitious," they're also more prejudiced, more capitalistic, more high-strung, more conceited and uglier than non-Jews. To top it off, he has the audacity to threaten the publication of HUSTLER Magazine.

Give me a break!

Hats off to all the Wops, Chinks, Kikes, Polacks, niggers and honkies liberated enough to laugh at themselves. If Markam is a prime example of America's Jewish population, I'll consider wearing a swastika myself. By the way, Sam, I hope all your kids grow up and marry Arabs.

Thomas Gombeda
Union Mills, Maryland

I am Jewish and very proud of it. I've met a lot of really anti-Semitic people in the 21 years I've been around, and there is no way I'd think of putting that label on you. Believe me, I know when I'm being shit on and when I'm just being joked with.

I realize that you don't get off on really hurting people. You just want to entertain and help them learn about life the way it really is. I don't understand how anyone could be against you. I guess there must be a lot of fools out there.

Laura Ravlin
Houston, Texas

I'm convinced that Samuel Markam's letter to the editor is a fake. I've consulted a couple of experts in propaganda and they agree. Check with your own. This supposed feedback parrots the line of Joint Chief of Staff General George S. Brown, only it's even more insidious because now it is stated as if coming from a Jew, and a superior asshole to boot.

Paul Krassner
San Francisco, California

We are looking into the matter now.

Gaping Asshole: It doesn't matter to me who you name *Asshole of the Month*, but you could at least be accurate about your subject. Pat Boone (honored in November 1977) was born June 1, 1934, and married Shirley Foley when they were both 17 (November 7, 1951). Their first daughter, Cheryl Lee, was born July 7, 1954, eight months after their second anniversary, not their wedding date. If you care to name Arthur Godfrey *Asshole of the Month*, I'd be happy to correct that article too.

Judy Dawes
Co-President
Arthur Godfrey National Fan Club
Dover, Massachusetts

According to the 1976-1977 edition of Who's Who in America, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and Boone's agent, the singer married Shirley Foley on November 14, 1953, and their first daughter was born seven months and three weeks later. By the way, the daughter's name is Cheryl Lynn, not Cheryl Lee.

The Race Is On: I was just reading the letters in *Feedback* about white women with black dudes (November 1977).

I must say I was surprised at how many nigger-loving traitors there are in this world. I know lots of dudes who wouldn't be caught dead with a white whore who has been with a nigger.

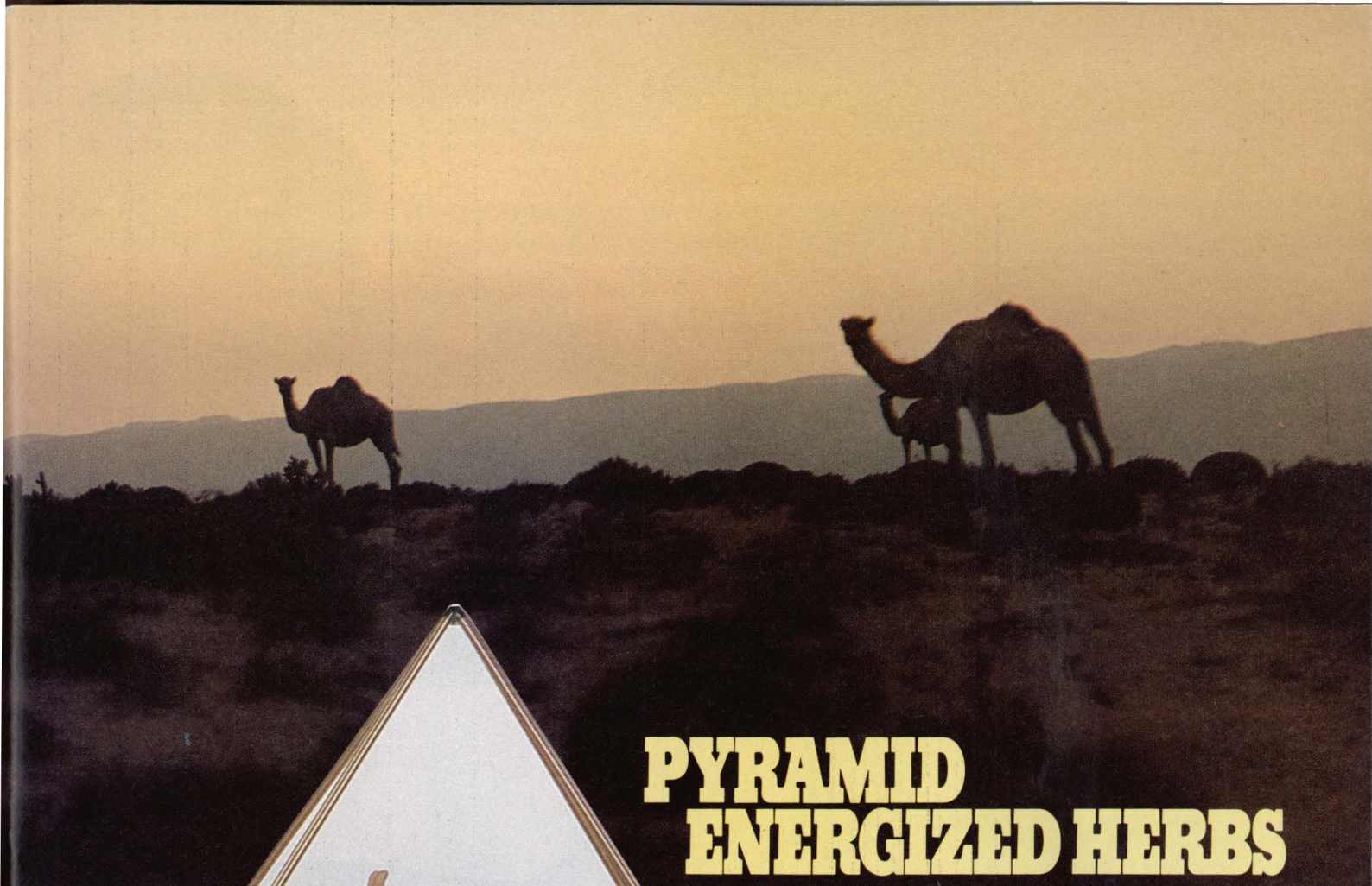
These women are cheap, gutter-slime sluts, and that's putting it nicely!

Fortunately, I missed the issue that had a whore with a nigger in it, but I hope you people won't stoop that low again.

Roy Steig
Salem, Oregon

Moral Watchdogs: I have just finished reading your December 1977 *Statement* ("Publishing and the Law") and it makes me





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FEEDBACK

sick that a few old men in this country think they have the power to decide what adults can and can't read. They must think this will win them votes from those repressed people who think sex is dirty.

Now I am going to write U.S. District Court Judge Frank Theis of Kansas and U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell, and I hope everyone else who reads HUSTLER also writes them. I certainly don't want to give up HUSTLER Magazine, the best magazine in the world.

Last of all, I would just like to say that I like the way your new jet is in the pink. It really stands out at the Columbus airport.

Larry Chambers
Columbus, Ohio

Budding Talent: I admire and respect HUSTLER for discovering E. L. Gerdes. To honor a "primitive" like him is to have an eye for real fiction writing. *Bennie Loves Clara* (November 1977) expresses love of life without either prurience or sentimentality. It's the cleanest, healthiest, clearest-eyed view I've come across in a long time. God-damn, that guy is good.

Dick Gardner
Spencer, New York

Peg o' My Heart: My wife and I are ardent readers of your magazine. She is especially interested in amputee women, having lost her right leg above the knee and her left arm

above the elbow in a bobsled accident when she was 19. She is now 26. My wife has an artificial leg, but around the house she wears a peg leg, which I really get off on.

So, please, how about running some photos of amputee or monopode women?

Harold Johnson
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania

We're presently looking for an attractive amputee woman to feature in a photo-spread. It's bound to cost us an arm and a leg, but we'll pay most any price to give HUSTLER readers what they want.

The Ballad of Larry Flynt

Well, he came out in '74 and he wanted to be the best.

Hugh was through,
Guccione a phony,
And he had to beat the rest.
He said, "The style of *Oui's*
not good enough for me.

I want the most erotic
rag around."
So he packed his gear,
Had nothing to fear,
And headed for Columbus town.

Oh, Larry! Oh, Larry!
They're nailing him to a cross.
Don't they realize
That in some folk's eyes
Their gain would be a loss?
A loss of freedom of speech,
And of freedom of press as well?
What do they mean by
Freedom of choice
If they regulate what he sells?

Well, he called his
magazine HUSTLER
And he began
to pick up steam.
He had no fear,
And he shocked the world
with Ari's girl.
(Seeing Jackie was a dream.)
He said, "I'm closing fast!"
Bob and Hef looked aghast.
Their numbers began to shrink
and fall down.
"It's hard to believe,
But facts don't deceive.
We are threatened
from Columbus town."

Well, to some his jokes
were just filth
And his HUSTLER plain dirt.
Leave him be,
He's not any harm,
not twisting arms,
Who in the hell does he hurt?
He said, "Fight for the right
to read what you like
'Cause that law should
somewhere be written down."
A basic ideal that should be
the hub of the wheel
And it should start
from Columbus town.

Well, now the shit hit the fan when
he published photos of war.
Nudes were lewd,
But bodies of dead
killed by war's lead
Caused quite a stir and uproar.
He said, "Obscenity comes many
ways, you see.
Well, war is the most obscene
thing around.
Better legs spread
than bodies dead—
Some soldiers a-lying
on the ground."

A loss of freedom of speech
And of freedom of press as well!
What do they mean by the freedom
of choice?
He should tell them to go to hell!
Jim Ploch
Greenville, Ohio

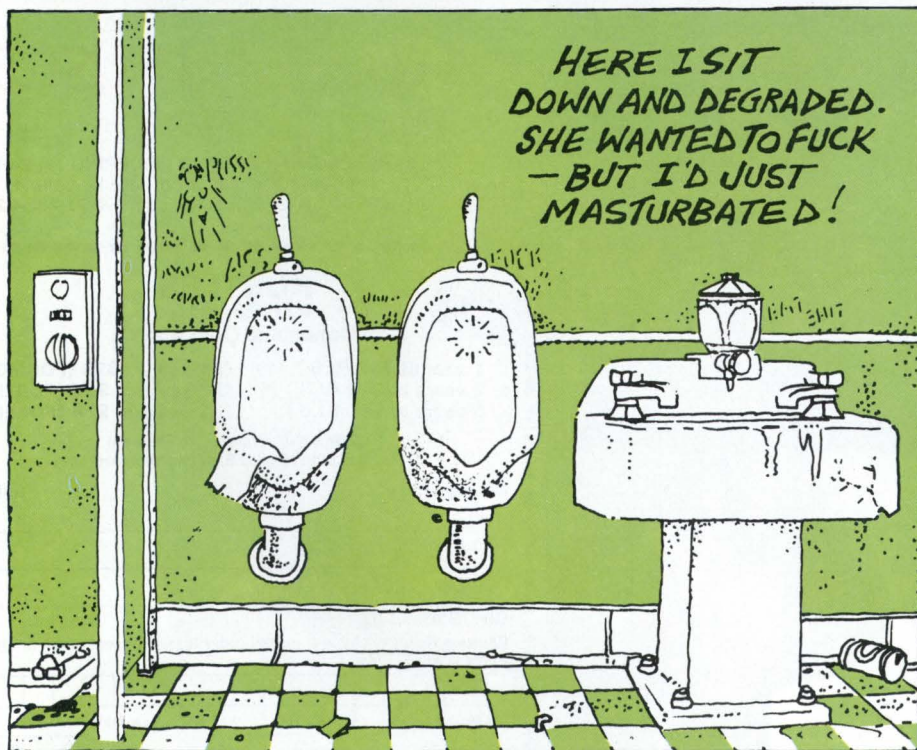
Equal Time: Now that you've won your share of fame with HUSTLER and CHIC, I think it's time you published a magazine for women. I'm tired of watching my boyfriend drool over those luscious HUSTLER Honeys, and I want to do a little drooling myself. Here are some ideas for the mag:

1. Instead of a *Beaver Hunt*, a *Cock Hunt*.
2. Men from all walks of life—especially beach bums, jocks, grease-covered gas-station mechanics, and bikers.
3. Ass—and plenty of it. Let the studs show some pink too, provided they wipe it clean first.

E. S. V.
Blacksburg, Virginia

Beginning next month, Beaver Hunt will feature one guy for the ladies on a regular basis.

GRAFFILTHY



THANK YOU, K. DIERKS, SIDNEY, IND.

Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 W. Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

At least one woman, unable to afford an abortion after the federal government's funding cutoff, has died after crossing the border into Mexico for a \$40 abortion. Investigators from Atlanta's Disease Control Center attributed the woman's death to a virulent infection stemming from the filthy and inept surgery performed by some border-town abortionist.

According to spokespersons of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the death is the first certified fatality of a Medicaid patient as a result of an illegal abortion. Formerly a Medicaid card would have entitled the woman to an abortion in an American hospital under sanitary and safer conditions. The Disease Control Center investigators have reported that at least five other Medicaid patients have contracted the same infection and that they had also undergone abortions at the same place in Mexico. "This type of infection occurs when an abortion is performed under circumstances that are devoid of any concern for the patient," said a doctor in McAllen, Texas.

The Children of God, a fundamentalist religious cult that has often been accused of sexually manipulating its members in the past, is being sued for \$1.5 million by an Akron, Ohio, woman, who says the cult tried to make her a "Happy Hooker for Jesus."


Una Elizabeth Krounapple, 21, who joined the organization as a 16-year-old, claims that cult leaders separated her from her husband when she was pregnant and then tried to indoctrinate her by seminars in the art of seduction. It seems that female members were often urged to entice men into the cult by using sex as a lure. Her suit further alleges that the Children of God forced her husband to become a street beggar, obliging him to sell the cult's literature.

If you are unmarried and living with a person of the opposite sex, there is a good chance you are breaking the law and are subject to some form of legal harassment. Cohabitation is actually against the law in some 20 states, even though the number of unmarried couples keeping house together has more than doubled since 1970. It is estimated that about 1.3 million people are "guilty" of cohabitation. A bill recently introduced in the Arkansas legislature would require unmarried couples to apply for a \$1,500 "cohabitation license" and to register with the local sheriff. Happily, the Arkansas measure seems to be dying on the legislative vine.

Following in the footsteps of Anita Bryant, California State Senator John V. Briggs (Republican--Orange County) has announced a drive to effect a statewide initiative that would allow local boards of education to dismiss or deny employment to teachers who are "open and notorious" homosexuals. Some 300,000 signatures will be required to put the initiative on the state primary ballot this June. New Age, a coalition of gay and nongay organizations working to counteract antigay politicking in California, expresses concern that the gay controversy might well be a factor in next year's governor's race.

"We're concerned about the protection of basic human rights for gay people in California, and we'll oppose any legislation that would take away those rights," said Peter Scott, a consultant to New Age.

Briggs introduced a similar discriminatory bill in the state legislature last year, which, he acknowledges, "went nowhere." He has announced his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination.

Sacramento police are apparently stymied by the man called the "east-area rapist." So far the man has claimed no less than 26 victims since his first appearance in police reports last June. His most recent victim was bound and raped several times in front of her own husband. Police psychiatrists theorize that the rapist is suffering from "homosexual panic," and is trying to prove his own masculinity through sexual assaults. 



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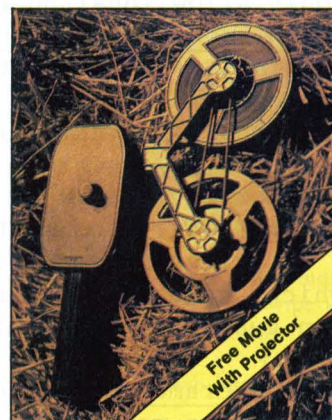
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Things were simpler back then.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question HUSTLER about whatever subject may be on your mind, direct your inquiry to HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My problem is potentially very dangerous and illegal, but I'm sure I'm not the first man ever confronted by it. Like many men, I've been attracted to underage girls, but for the past 51 years I've only looked at them. In recent years these preteen and teenage nymphets have become increasingly open and suggestive to the point where some have come right up to me for action.

I do little to encourage such aggressive behavior, however. For example, after merely saying "Hello" to a pair of young girls, I had to spend an hour trying to discourage their advances and demands.

Please give me advice before I end up in trouble. Apparently I will have to avoid speaking to or smiling at young girls until the age of consent is lowered. Having to shy away from one entire segment of society seems really ridiculous.

E. H.
Tucson, Arizona

You've been doing admirably so far—don't give in to temptation and risk ruining your life. First of all, you need to understand why underage women attract you. The fear of failing in normal adult heterosexual relationships, or a previous bad experience, may result in pedophilia.

Although pedophiles are psychologically disturbed persons, some are simply trapped or tempted by girls who are taught from birth that physical beauty will get them all the praise and attention they could ever want.

Our culture dictates that a little girl should be as cute and enticing as her mother can make her. Stay away from these mischief-makers, even if it does mean avoiding an entire segment of the population. Refrain from giving young girls even nonverbal cues. A counselor or psychiatrist may help you understand the underlying problem.

I really dig the men's gym teacher at my high school. Without boasting, I happen to be a pretty, slim girl with a well-developed figure. Many people think I'm 25 years old. I'm well informed sexually and have had sexual experiences with males and females. The gym teacher has given me the eye many times, and now I have the same lunch hour he does. I really want to get it on with him. It's not a crush; it's purely sexual. How can I get him?

M. K.
Brooklyn, New York

It's not uncommon for students to be attracted to their instructors. You sound mature enough to realize that you could tempt the gym teacher into a situation that could result in his arrest for statutory rape. He would more than likely lose his job. You also stand a chance of getting into trouble with school authorities and with your parents. Ask yourself if the conquest—which is all this relationship would really amount to—is worth the potential hassles.

My girl doesn't have the nerve to go all the way. We have been together for seven years and nothing has happened yet. We have tried going all the way, but she says it hurts her. Can you offer any suggestions?

E. P.
Los Angeles, California

Assuming your girlfriend is in good health, her problem could be psychological. Her pain could be the result of poor vaginal lubrication due to her fear of becoming pregnant, or her concern about social consequences of your lovemaking.

You didn't say whether or not you're both virgins. If so, your girlfriend could be afraid that intercourse will be painful because of her intact hymen. Actually the hymen has a small natural opening that can be stretched. This can easily be done during foreplay, and doing so may relax your girl. If the membrane is unusually thick, there may be considerable pain when you try to enter her. If pain persists, she can either have it stretched by a physician or surgically removed.

I am 18 years old and going steady with a very nice young man. But after we make love, I feel very sore. I try to tell him that he's too big for me, but he says that's impossible. He's 6-4 and weighs at least 200

pounds. When he puts his penis in my vagina it hurts unless he goes in slow, but after it's in there awhile, I seem to get used to the feeling. If we go on for too long, though, it starts hurting again and I have to stop. I have never had this problem with other boys but, then, they've never been as big as my current boyfriend. Could you please tell me what is wrong?

L. C.
Cartersville, Georgia

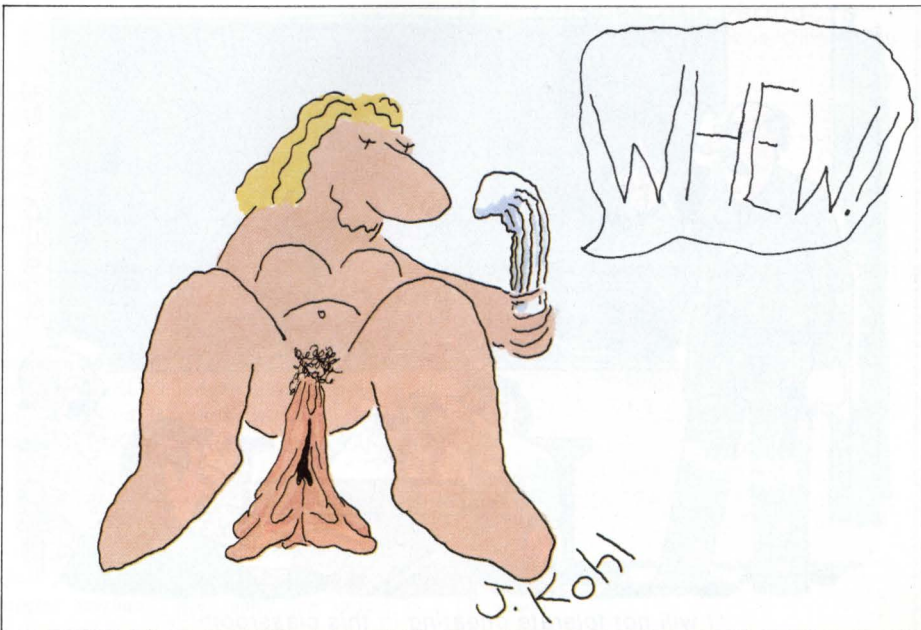
It is possible that when your boyfriend puts his full weight behind his thrusts, he puts pressure on the cervix, causing discomfort in the uterus and muscles of the abdominal wall. Some women find this pleasurable, but you are evidently one of those who find it painful. Try different positions that could take the pressure off, such as side by side or with you on top. A lubricant should help ease any pain you may feel when he first inserts his penis. The vaginal walls have few nerve endings, and after a few thrusts they stretch to accommodate any size penis.

I am 20 years old and have sex with my boyfriend several times a week. I use a diaphragm, but sometimes after we've started making love I don't want to stop to put it in. I know this isn't very smart, but afterward I immediately apply some contraceptive jelly.

How effective is this practice?

C. B.
Hoboken, New Jersey

If you don't insert the diaphragm or apply the jelly before you have sex, the man's sperm will be well on their way to the uterus by the time you get around to doing so. This method of contraception is most effective when the diaphragm and sper-



ADVISE & CONSENT

micidal jelly or cream are used together. The diaphragm prevents sperm from entering the cervix, and the spermicide is a backup in case the diaphragm moves during intercourse.

Insert the device about an hour before intercourse and you won't have to interrupt things. (Don't put it in any sooner because the spermicide will lose its potency.) While it may seem you are "planning" sex, you have a lot more to lose if you don't take proper precautions.

Remember to leave the diaphragm in your vagina at least eight hours after intercourse. If put in correctly, it is about 98 percent effective. And its use has never been responsible for a single death or hospitalization. Most doctors recommend a diaphragm for women who have tried other forms of contraception and had trouble (such as extensive bleeding from an intrauterine device or side effects from birth control pills), or for women who don't have extremely active sex lives. In your case, it may be wise to switch to a more convenient contraceptive method.

If a woman performs fellatio on a guy, is there a chance that any sperm she swallows could get her pregnant?

M. B.
Louisville, Kentucky

If that were possible, deep-throating would not be one of America's favorite pastimes.

My husband and I have been married for three years and have no children, but we want a child very badly. We have seen a physician; the problem rests with me. I'm infertile. Can you tell me how effective fertility drugs are? Is there some way to control the number of children born?

B. A.
Butte, Montana

When fertility drugs were first introduced in the 1950s they caused numerous multiple births. But doctors have learned how to adjust doses to over-

come infertility and diminish the chances of multiple births. Normally a woman's ovaries release a single egg each month.

In the past, fertility drugs often stimulated the ovaries to produce several eggs at once, resulting in multiple births. But now the number of multiple births caused by fertility drugs has been cut almost in half.

I have a perplexing problem. I am 36, am in excellent health, have no offensive habits or mannerisms, and enjoy sexual encounters of every nature. My wife of 15 years is from a strict East Coast family, and is cold and totally uninterested in sex. I have yet to turn her on, and no one else could either. She seems to hold back as if she were afraid to enjoy it. She claims to reach satisfying climaxes, but I doubt it.

I've done everything I can think of to change her (psychotherapy, marriage counseling, books, movies, pornography, threatening to leave, and having extramarital affairs to make her jealous). Can you recommend a good sexologist? I don't want to throw away \$100,000 worth of property in a divorce settlement.

F. S.
Elgin, Illinois

The best advice is to talk things out, and after 15 years of marriage you have probably tried that. If your wife is satisfied with her sex life, it is unlikely that anything you try will make her change. Therefore, you must choose whether to stay and put up with her, or leave and take the chance of losing your property in a divorce settlement. You have a good many years ahead of you, and you can always accumulate more wealth. Happiness and peace of mind are a great deal harder to attain.

I'm 24 and have stuttered since I first opened my mouth. I've tried "professional therapists," but they made me perform

meaningless vocal exercises. A behaviorist told me I was a "latent homosexual" and that I would never stop stuttering, but would learn to "stutter fluently."

My greatest problem is that I'm alone, without the love of a woman. I get laid every now and then, but I'm so shy I don't attempt to say anything to a woman except inane one-liners. I'm going under, and I need to know where I can get professional help.

J. R.
Sioux City, Iowa

Clinics at university hospitals offer the most up-to-date techniques. You might try contacting the Speech Therapy Clinic at Briar Cliff College in Sioux City. The Chicago Clinic for Habits and Tics in Evanston, Illinois, has devised a four-step program that has a reported 80 percent improvement average. A new book by Gerald Jonas, Stuttering: The Disorder of Many Theories, may give you some new insights.

If you don't have any success with these suggestions, keep in mind you are not alone—about 1 percent of all Americans are stutterers. When you do go to bed with a woman, try using more than just one-liners. Case histories show that a person is less likely to stutter when in the company of someone who is sexually responsive. Remember, you can use your tongue for more than just talking.

Are there any surgical operations that could repair the artery that leads to the genital region in order to increase the circulation and supply of blood to the area? Also, I have heard that there is a valve of some type along the same line that can be shut off. A lot of funny things happen when you go over the hill. But I am bound to get at least one more piece of ass before I die. Maybe more.

A. W.
Leeds, Massachusetts

Arterio-atherosclerosis is a condition in which fatty substances are deposited in the lining of a penile artery. The effect is to narrow the passage, interfering with the flow of blood necessary to achieve a full erection. A new transplant technique, in which a section of the blocked area is replaced, has been successful and can help increase the blood supply.

The veins that take the blood out of the penis are now believed to have minute "valves," which slow down the outflow of blood and therefore help maintain erections a bit longer than if the blood flowed freely. But these are not the kind of valves that can be turned on or off.

My husband and I have fairly active sex lives, but we've come across something that neither of us has seen before. One night I went to bed later than he did. When I got into our bed, he was very restless and had a throbbing hard-on, but he didn't wake up. We didn't have sex that night and in the morning he had what looked like a big hickey on the tip of his cock, where the large



vein runs. There were little spots all over it, but he said there was no pain. What could cause this and is it harmful?

B. A. S.
Richmond, Indiana

Two disorders could lead to the symptoms you have described. Occasionally contracted tumescence (engorgement of the penis with blood) without relief through orgasm can cause capillaries to burst, resulting in rashlike spots on the penis.

It is also possible that your husband has a more serious condition known as priapism, resulting from inflammation of the urogenital system or from a tumor. The man's erection is not associated with sexual desires, is often painful and produces sleepless nights. Your husband should consult a physician as soon as possible. If left untreated, priapism interferes with the normal functioning of the spongy tissue in the penis and may eventually make erections impossible.

I wonder how many HUSTLER readers know there is a real aphrodisiac. I am referring to the drug Preludin (phenmetrazine hydrochloride). After several attempts, I finally found a doctor who would give me a prescription. By taking moderate amounts concurrently with vitamin E, I have found I can eat pussy all night and fuck all day.

R. G.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

First, HUSTLER readers should be aware that so-called aphrodisiacs aren't likely to increase one's sex drive unless the person is psychologically convinced they will. Phenmetrazine hydrochloride is a stimulant that affects the central nervous system and cuts the appetite. Thus it is often used as a "diet pill." Its aphrodisiacal qualities are the normal effects of amphetamines: an inability to sleep, increased confidence and a heightened feeling of alertness.

Combining phenmetrazine with vitamin E will not necessarily make the drug more powerful. A deficiency of vitamin E can lead to impotence or a lower performance level in activities that demand endurance (as recent tests on rats demonstrate). But consuming quantities of vitamin E greater than the recommended daily allowance has no beneficial effect on the body.

My girlfriend has acquired a disgusting habit. Whenever she is relaxed she unknowingly places one of her hands on her crotch. This has proved most embarrassing when we go out. She also does this in bed while sleeping. She even gets me with her other hand. How can I make her stop?

C. J. S.
New York, New York

It hardly seems that your girlfriend's problem is serious. Most men would welcome a nocturnal grab! However, your concern over her public display is understandable. She could be unconsciously giving "courting gestures." Men also have "disgusting" habits, such as unwittingly playing "pocket pool." Your girlfriend may simply be

unaware of what she is doing. If she is merely resting her hand in her lap, and not actually fondling herself, then you are being oversensitive.

I am greatly aroused by the sight of women with long, shapely legs who wear black nylon stockings and black garter belts. This fetish extends beyond just admiring women in such attire. I get pleasure and sexual relief from dressing that way myself. After I put on the nylons and garter belt, I like to admire my legs in the bedroom mirror, and I get so excited I can't help but jerk off. But I feel guilt-ridden, frustrated and terribly alone.

If I ever get married, will my wife reject me because of my sexual preferences? Several psychiatrists have assured me my fantasies are perfectly normal, but I know society still considers men who wear feminine apparel to be freaks.

P. O.
Lexington, Virginia

As long as those stockings and skimpy garter belts don't become an all-consuming sexual interest, take your psychiatrists' advice and don't worry about it or let society dictate what gives you pleasure. In the privacy of one's own home, wearing a woman's undergarments is not that unusual. Even transvestism, which should not be confused with homosexuality, is simply an expanded form of this fetish.

When you do meet a woman you want to marry, you should discuss your sexual fantasies with her so there won't be any surprises later. Fantasies can be shared, and if you can't share them with her, you shouldn't be going to bed together.

Lingerie did suffer a setback in the late '60s and early '70s, but is much in vogue again. To find properly fitting undies, write to Michael Salem's Exotic Boutique, P.O. Box 1781, Dept. H477, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022; or Frederick's of Hollywood, Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028.

I am a successful account representative for a midwestern oil company. About two years ago I had the urge to masturbate using 10W-30 motor oil as a lubricant. Since then I have used several "tools of my trade" to attain sexual satisfaction. However, I've now reached the point where the only way I can climax is by using these devices.

I'm afraid I'm going to hurt myself, since the acts get more and more bizarre. Last week I inserted the nozzle of a gas pump (low lead) into my rectum while I masturbated with axle grease and chewed on a fan belt. Yesterday I lodged a spark plug in my anus and I can't remove it. Every time I see one of our filling stations I get a hard-on.

B. M.
Fort Worth, Texas

Aside from going to a hospital and having that spark plug removed, we'd suggest you go in for a mental overhaul. Why don't you switch to a well-lubed lady?



GOOD VIBRATIONS

Are you bent out of shape looking for a vibrator that gives continual pleasure? Leasure Time's Caress Vibrator (#1627) will bend over backward to please you.

Made of soft, flexible rubber, this textured vibrator will gently cling to and caress the wettest vaginal walls. The supple studs at the base will not only stimulate but will provide better traction on those slippery curves. Includes 2 "AA" batteries. \$12.95

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING... 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS

P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216

Please Print HU0278

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. Exp. Date
mo. year

Signature (I am 21 or over.) Date

Please send:

#1627 @ \$12.95 each

Subtotal \$

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax

Postage, handling and insurance 1.00

TOTAL \$

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.)

HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU.



At LEASURE TIME we set our prospects high for making great sex-aid discoveries. Each month we test ride hundreds of vibrators and put them through rigorous quality-control tests.

You'd have to be as stubborn as a mule not to believe our results. The Explorer surpassed all other vibrators in performance, durability and capability to pump fresh blood into tired sex lives.

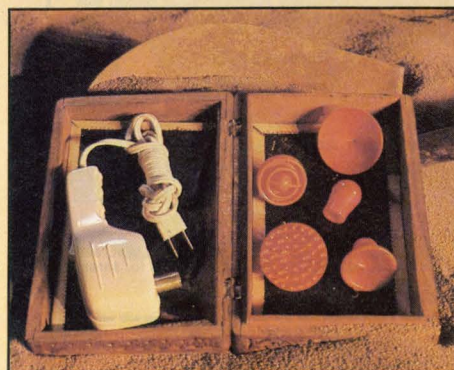
Our revolutionary Explorer is a quiet electric massager that will

help you and your partner achieve intense, mutual climaxes.

This easy-to-handle vibrator has an adjustable speed control that provides a variety of sexual sensations. Equipped with five interchangeable attachments, the Explorer has been carefully designed to stimulate and massage any part of the body.

So the next time you're ready to blaze new trails, remember that behind every great discovery is the Explorer.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)



Please Print **LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS • P. O. Box 2206 • Columbus, Ohio 43216**

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted),
or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.										Exp Date	
										mo. year	

Signature, Date _____

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

HU0278

Please send me Explorer(s)
#0585 @ \$24.95, postpaid.

Subtotal \$ _____

Ohio residents,
add 4% sales tax _____

TOTAL \$ _____

Bits & Pieces

People who become involved in antiporn activities generally seek to hypocritically make other people live up to standards they, the bluenoses, have no intention of meeting themselves. Often some bungling politician-hypocrite will whoop up morality and then proceed to step all over his own cock in a public and comical fiasco.

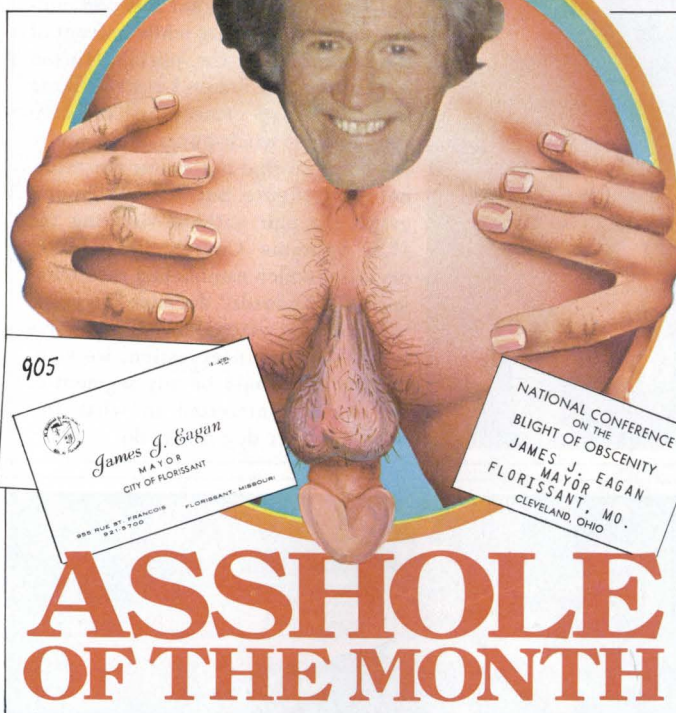
One such fallen angel is Mayor James Eagan of Florissant, Missouri. Mayor Eagan, a staunch Catholic with a wife and ten children, spouts a lot of tough talk about loose living, talk that belies his own cheating heart. We bring you, as a public service, the sad tale of Eagan's fall from grace with a pair of HUSTLER staffers.

It all began in Cleveland when Mayor Ralph Perk, the clown prince of Ohio politics, was shopping for a much-needed reelection gimmick. Perk's secret weapon was to have been the National Conference on the Blight of Obscenity, held in the lakefront city in September of last year.

Apparently, by appearing as the man who had brought all of America's moral bigots under one roof, Perk hoped to gain media mileage that would allow him to take the election in a walk. He was, instead, defeated in the primaries.

None of the bluenoses, members of Citizens for Decency Through Law (CDL) or hungry office-seekers attending the conference could have known that porno-baiting was anything but a surefire vote-getter. It had worked so well in the past that even slapstick acts like Jim Eagan's had been taken seriously. In fact, it had often worked so well that none of the real problems, none of the pressing issues like housing, police and fire service or school levies, could touch pornography as an emotional issue. And let's face it, howling obscenity is sexier, and therefore a lot more fun to do, than dealing in hard facts.

Mayor Eagan, attending the conference with his CDL friends, was by far Perk's most diligent pupil. He was willing to follow his idol right down the line, virtually reenacting every move Perk had made against



porn in Cleveland on a smaller scale back in Florissant. Like Perk, Eagan had mailed out propaganda in the form of a biased and scientifically worthless questionnaire.

Reading the thing gives you the impression that the issue to be decided is whether pornographers should be burned at the stake or just flayed alive. Eagan's PR men flooded the little town with press releases: "We are at war against pornography!" one of them shrieked. "Please join in the battle!" You would have thought Al Goldstein had been caught poisoning orphans.

Even though Eagan's questionnaire was supposed to

determine if Florissant's residents even gave a damn about chasing smut venders, the mayor was too nervous to give them the chance to say no. Like Nixon, Eagan believes in sneaking in the first punch and then declaring war. This is known as the Pearl Harbor method, and the beauty of it is that dissenters can be slapped into line later. Probably this is what was on Eagan's mind when he met up with the two women from HUSTLER.

Knowing of the obscenity conference, we thought it only fair that the community of pornographers be represented. Unaccountably, Ralph Perk's office failed to come through

with invitations, and we were informed that the gathering was to be hush-hush, all the better to keep the smut forces dumb and happy until the ax fell.

This was typical of Ohio politics, so we responded with a classical political countermove: We faked it. Some of our people were sent to the conference with instructions to act like morons and mingle with the delegates. It was the perfect cover, and it worked like a charm.

The two ladies in the photo work in HUSTLER's Columbus office. The toothy jasper perched between them and copping a feel is Mayor James Eagan. He came on to the girls like a rabbit in heat; glassy-eyed, sweaty and half-ready to cut and run. One of the ladies compared being in his company to a scene from *The African Queen*, in which Humphrey Bogart accidentally wades into leech-infested water.

Eagan pestered the girls with remarkable zeal for someone supposedly fighting to take sex from the rest of us. His hands were everywhere, and some of the time he used them to pass along little gifts—including a conference badge bearing his name, a business card with his motel room number—905—written on the back and, finally, one \$50 bill.

Eagan repeatedly tried to pay one or both women for sex. This from a man who is billed as being happily married. It's bad enough that Mrs. Eagan has to mind the kids while Diamond Jim is playing politics, but his weekend flings must be hard to take.

Incidentally, our girls refused to engage in sex with Eagan for love or money. Not only was there a principle involved but, as they remarked, he was "Icky!" Anyway, it wasn't Jim Eagan's morals the bluenoses are wailing about, but yours and ours. The idea is that we sinners require the attention of good people like Eagan and the CDL cranks to keep us in line.

Apparently the bluenoses feel sex itself isn't so bad. The sin lies in enjoying it and saying so. Why, without Eagan and his hypocritical little gang of helpers this country would have gone to hell long ago. Now you tell one.





Heavy Petting

Some people never make their points clear. Take the model who submitted this photo with her portfolio. She wants us to feature her and the pooch, but we're not sure what this odd couple wants to be doing while in front of the camera. And the world's Hinson McAuliffes and Simon Leises (Atlanta and Cincinnati prosecutors) are continuing their witch-hunts. Thus, we're not going to find out unless our attorneys can figure out how to photograph the pair without violating the U.S. Supreme Court's 1973 Miller decision, which established the "community standards" doctrine for porn.

If people were allowed to evolve sexually without repression, we wonder if there would be any segment of our society interested in what this chick and her dog might do.

JEWELRY FASHION:



NIPPED IN THE BUD

When we reported on nipple piercing in our June 1976 issue, we labeled it a new fad. But for some people, puncturing a pert, protruding button of flesh is much more than a casual pastime. Australian fashion model Anne Grey has a wide variety of rings, pendants, chains and even dumbbells that she is hooked on wearing. All of us agree that women can enhance their beauty by wearing jewelry. In Ms. Grey's case, it's too bad more people can't see her display more often.

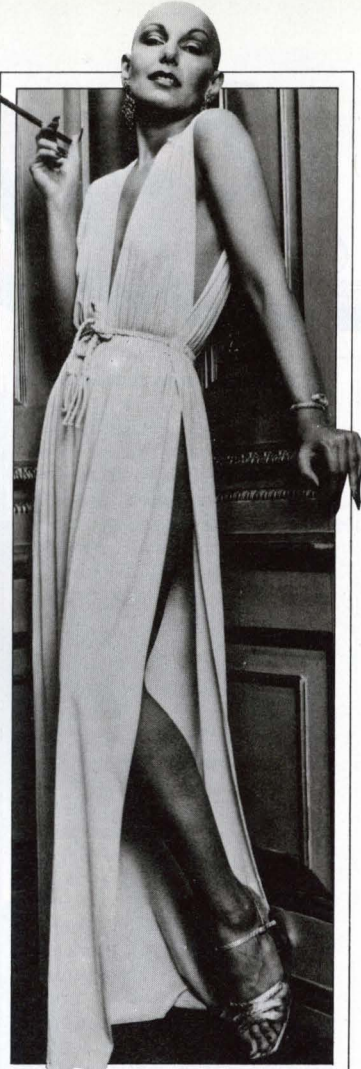


GOOD ROOTS

Determined to do his part for the environment and the ever-increasing profits of the agricultural conglomerates, this jolly giant took to the drought-bleached fields of the American West and offered himself as a

portable irrigation machine. The wind-blown little sprouts dancing at his feet show that his efforts have been successful so far. We'll have plenty of frozen vegetables this winter.

Ho! Ho! Ho!



The Bald Truth

If you think the forthcoming Bald America Beauty Contest is being run by some smooth operators who are just out to skin you, we can assure you the competition is in steady hands. The good folks at *The Razor's Edge* (\$2 single copies, \$12 for a year's subscription from P.O. Box 685, Palisades, New York 10964) are the event's sponsors.

The bimonthly newsletter, designed to provide coverage of "the bald look," regularly features photos and stories of bald women—like Italia (pictured here), Miss Bald America 1977. The 1978 contest is open to men and women looking to slice out a piece of fame.

Interested parties—both viewers and participants—can get information from P.O. Box 1478, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022.

And now you probably expect us to say whoever wins will do so by a close shave. But we're not going to oblige.



LOOK AT THEM JUGS!

Are you tired of pouring your guests water from Tupperware pitchers? You can put some sparkle into your visitors' beverages and be an art collector at the same time.

These ceramic water jugs are exact duplicates of 2,000-year-old Peruvian erotic art and were cast from molds made from the originals, which are now housed at the Museo Largo

Herrera in Lima, Peru.

Each jug is stamped with a certificate of approval from the Peruvian government, insuring that these are as close to the real thing as possible. This just goes to show that anything stamped "art" is okay, no matter how hard-core it may be.

These vessels also prove that ancient Peruvians did it with their hats on, so that if they fell

from one of these positions during sex, they wouldn't hurt their heads.

Perhaps having one of these fine pieces around your home might encourage you to try some interesting sexual positions. These novel pitchers are available for \$49.95, plus \$2 postage each, from Leisure Time Products, P.O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Job Benefits

You work hard all your life and what do you get? Tits? Don't laugh, because a male worker at Dawe's Laboratories near Chicago had to have two breasts surgically removed.

This unusual case is linked to a synthetic female hormone—DES—which is added to cattle feed produced at the plant. The hormone is intended to accelerate the maturation of livestock, but the side effects seem to support the adage that we should let nature take its own course.



Twelve of the plant's workers have suffered serious sexual disorders. Moreover, the substance has turned up in edible portions of the animals, which could mean a nasty surprise for some unlucky consumers.

Dawe's has been modifying its equipment to reduce risks to workers and has appealed the \$49,700 in fines imposed by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. But the company is planning to resume production of its cattle feed despite the problems with DES.

So if some appendages that don't belong on you suddenly appear, don't be too surprised if the doctor tells you it was probably something you ate.

UPDATE

CHILD PROSTITUTION September 1977

Following the mysterious death of a 12-year-old prostitute in New York City, six agencies supposedly aiding the girl cited red tape and poor communications as reasons for their inability to properly handle the case.

The Department of Social Services, Board of Education, Probation Department, Corporation Counsel's Office, New York Police Department and the Brooklyn Center for Psychotherapy were all aware of Veronica Brunson during her year of prostitution.

But somehow the girl—arrested 11 times for prostitution—was never provided adequate counseling or placed in a foster home. The agencies are now "studying" this bureaucratic breakdown in order to develop a more effective program for aiding teenage prostitutes in the city.



RALPH PERK

September 1977

Ralph Perk, running for reelection as mayor of Cleveland on an antiporn slate, was soundly defeated in the primaries, finishing last among three candidates. Perk's blue-nose antics were not well received in that city, where he ordered sanitation workers to deliver an obscenity poll.



Only an estimated 170,000 of the original 280,000 forms were distributed, and less than 10 percent of those were filled out and returned. In addition, the antismut campaign cost Cleveland taxpayers \$50,000 in public-relations fees.

Perk's setback came less than two months after his city hosted the National Conference on the Blight of Obscenity.

September's *Asshole of the Month* took his strong stand on porn after New York City's Mayor Abe Beame got the ball rolling with an antismut march through Times Square. But Beame, too, failed to win a primary. Maybe the time has come when pornography will no longer be a political buzzword.

FRUIT LOOPS

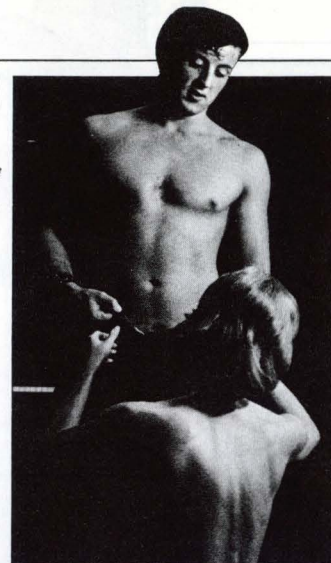


Presumably Chuck Connors is best remembered for his good aim as *The Rifleman* on TV, but we wonder if he was always such a straight shooter.

While a young man, Connors allegedly made a gay fuck film, an 8mm black-and-white production that has been circulating for some time now. Despite the dismally grainy quality, everyone we know who has seen the reel is convinced of this: One of the performers is the same person who later went on to pull his trigger week after week before millions of television viewers.

The flick is called *Chuck*, and it opens with two men out walking in underbrush. They undress, and "Chuck's" steak is devoured by the unsung boyfriend. Afterward the actor we suspect of having ridden sidesaddle pumps his meaty rifle between his pal's buttocks in a variety of positions.

We cannot prove beyond a doubt that this is Chuck Connors. Maybe it's just swishful thinking on our part, and we certainly wouldn't want to be in the position of giving him a *Branded* reputation. But if you want a print of *Chuck*, it's \$20 postpaid from Kinematics, 708 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10036.



Stallone's Roots

This still, taken from a 1970 soft-core classic entitled *Party at Kitty and Studs*, indicates how far actor/author Sly Stallone (*The Lords of Flatbush*, *Rocky*, *F.I.S.T.*) has come in just a few years. Stallone made his porno debut when he was 21, and just starting his acting career.

Today the "parasitical maggots" (his phrase) who own the rights to *Party* are asking \$100,000 for the film. Snorts Stallone, "For a hundred grand I'll be there myself."

Refreshingly, Stallone has refused to cringe at the disapproval of the antiporn crowd. Why should he apologize? As the photo shows, Stallone wasn't the one taking a dive.

George Carlin, Richard Pryor and the late Lenny Bruce are considered to be not merely good comics (like Rodney Dangerfield) but great comics. And like all great humorists, their humor was repressed for a long time because of its social implications and often-sexual nature. Luckily, Carlin and Pryor have succeeded without selling out to the Establishment. But Lenny Bruce died for his independence.

Now MacLean and MacLean are starting out on the same path as the above-mentioned entertainers. To date, these two Canadians have taped a pair of comedy albums—*Toilet Rock* and *Bitter Reality* (GRT of Canada Ltd., 3816 Victoria Park Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada).

Toilet Rock, which is not a particularly good platter, relies

Tasty Discs



on a bathroom sense of humor, although it does foreshadow good things to come from the talented duo.

Bitter Reality, however, delivers a lot of first-rate humor, though some of the material is uneven. When MacLean and

MacLean get down to taking shots, they hit money-raking evangelists, Ken and Barbie dolls, even the problem of taking a shit while trying to act cool at your girl's house.

Ironically the two humorists have been having a hard time getting into the American market, in spite of a good sales record in Canada.

According to Ross Reynolds, president of GRT, "It's been disappointing, but not too surprising, that we have been unable to secure a proper U.S. distribution for the two MacLean and MacLean albums. Most U.S. record companies seem to be afraid to handle this type of record."

Nevertheless, MacLean and MacLean will no doubt make it, as long as they continue pushing without selling out.

—Zbigniew Kindela

Another Porn Breakthrough

October 1977 *Bits & Pieces* told you about *Puritan*, an explicit sex magazine seeking distribution by major newsstands across the country. Now another publication is attempting to bring candid sexual material to the general public, and it appears to have an even better chance of success than *Puritan*.

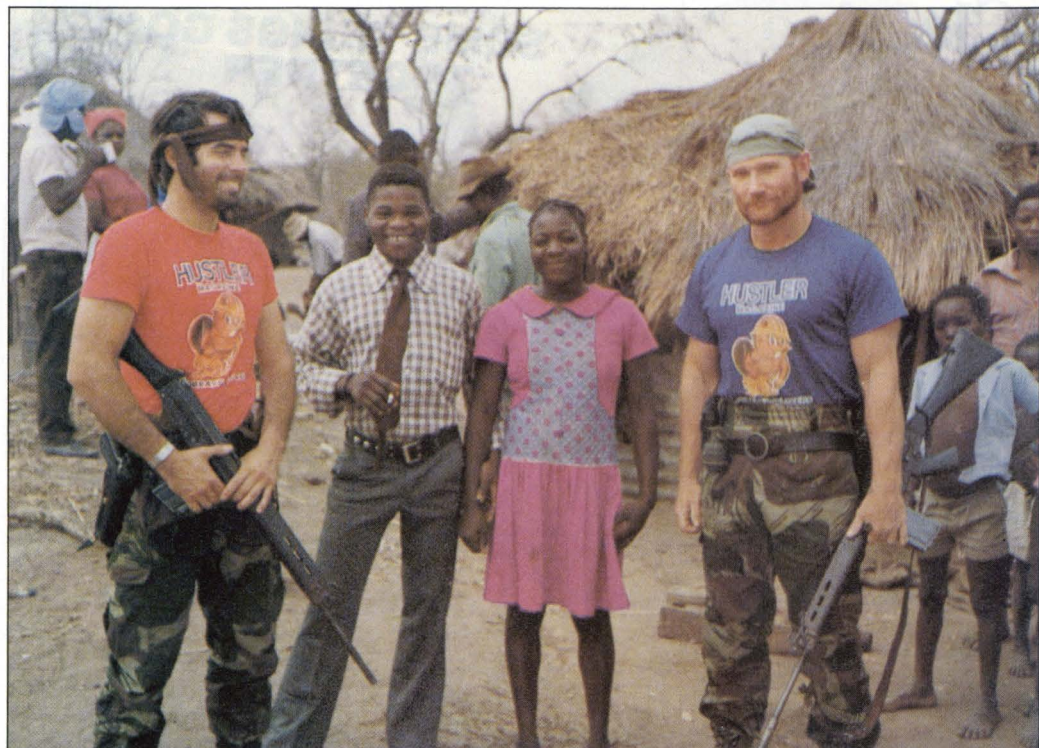
We're going to watch the progress of *At Home*, a monthly sexual self-help magazine (\$2.50 single copy, \$30 for a year's subscription from P.O. Box 58, Rockaway, New Jersey 07866). Unlike other sex guides, it takes the adult view that people seeking sexual fulfillment want more than boring, beat-around-the-bush stories and photos to help them.



Thus, *At Home* is a full-sized magazine containing powerful and candid erotic photos that are both a turn-on and a sex aid. In short, you not only get hot, but you also *learn* something. Today there's only one other magazine which does that—HUSTLER.

If you're still not convinced *At Home* is a winner, consider that the magazine also goes one step beyond the other sex guides. It deals with solid sexual relationships, rather than with how-to-score tactics.

This new publication is for mature couples who take a reasoned, sensible attitude toward sex to the bedroom with them. So bluenoses are automatically excluded from its readership. *At Home* opens a new realm of sexual entertainment and education to people who may never frequent a single's bar, but whose sex drive works just fine in the den or kitchen.



HUSTLER'S SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE

HUSTLER is not only the greatest magazine in America, but also in the world. As a result, we've beefed up our sales staff to bring our message to more people in foreign countries. One addition to that force is Jim Bolen, the red-bearded gent in this photo.

As a salesman, he has earned the utmost respect of all his colleagues, who claim the former Army Special Forces man is the most persuasive salesman they know. Jim, who's always friendly, can get a sale from almost everyone he talks to. And he'll even go door to door in his

search for new subscribers, like these happy Rhodesians.

You don't have to wait for snappy Jim Bolen to show up at your door to subscribe. Just send \$22 for a one year's subscription to HUSTLER Magazine, P.O. Box 2204, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

PET TURD

Staff elf and *Bits & Pieces* Editor Tim Conaway recently took out a short-term business loan in order to turn a lukewarm idea into a sound money-making venture. Tim wouldn't tell us what he was up to, but we did notice that he'd been eating a lot of chocolate squares and spending entirely too much time in the office outhouse.

Finally our staff photographer caught him selling these *Pet Turds* in front of the gas company during a lunch break. When we confronted him with this photo, Tim squeaked, "I'm tired of walking in everyone's shadow. It's time you guys realized I'm not going to hang onto anyone's coattails just to keep up. I think big!"

Tim may think he's become a big shit, be *we* think he's blowing smoke out of his ass.



Clearing the Air

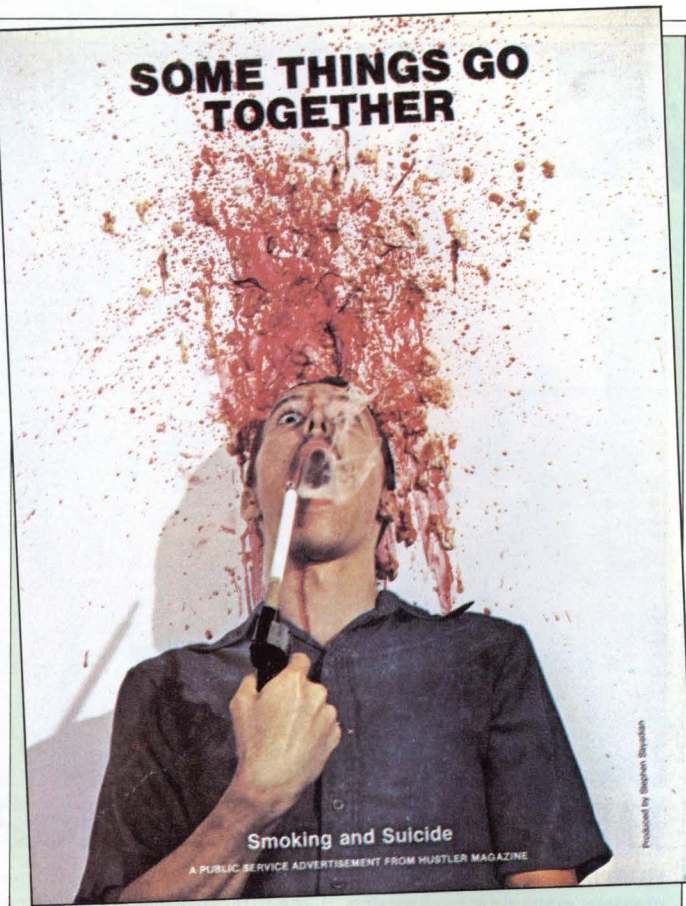
When HUSTLER declared in its December 1975 issue that we would serve our readers rather than advertisers, we took a radical departure from the standard operating procedures of major national magazines.

In the February 1976 issue, HUSTLER's first antismoking ad appeared. Our policy, then as now, is this: National advertisers, including cigarette companies, are welcome to buy ad space in HUSTLER. But they must be willing to advertise in a publication which will speak out, in ads and articles, about products that have proven harmful to our readers.

HUSTLER's decision to forsake national advertising is unique, and a step many have considered part of our iconoclastic approach to publishing. But the questions raised by our policies on cigarette advertising are now being considered by other publications.

Media Industry Newsletter (MIN) ran a series of statements by Dr. Tony Schwartz of Environmental Media Consultants. He raised doubts about the effectiveness of cigarette warnings as opposed to counteradvertising. Dr. Schwartz said that the government has erred in making warnings in ads mandatory. It seems that the warnings lose effectiveness when contained in a message designed to sell the product.

So he suggested that the air time or page space used for these warnings be put to use



instead for messages designed to make people more alert to the danger. "As things stand now," Dr. Schwartz added, "the warning is just a hitchhiker who has bummed a ride with the product salesman."

While Dr. Schwartz's measure seems to be a fair compromise, it is unlikely cigarette companies would go along with the idea of taking ad space in publications that run antismoking ads, judging by HUSTLER's experiences. Another consideration is that many cigarette companies belong to major bus-

iness conglomerates. Therefore, periodicals that take an anti-smoking stance may also face the loss of ad revenue from companies tied in with the tobacco industry.

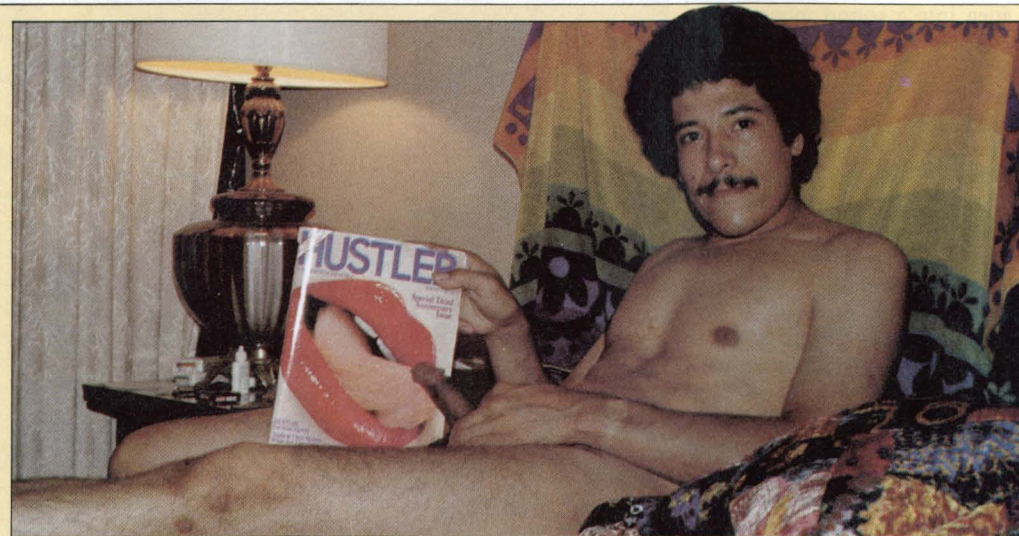
The fear of losing tobacco advertising revenue has caused many newspapers and magazines to continue accepting cigarette ads even though such publications may be concerned about promoting a harmful product. Writing in his "Press Clips" column for *The Village Voice*, Alexander Cockburn offered a suggestion to the

Carter Administration: Any publication willing to drop cigarette ads would receive public-service health ads paid for by the government instead.

Media Industry Newsletter and *The Village Voice* deserve applause for their stands on cigarette advertising. MIN (although it sells no ad space) is using its influence within the media to help deal with the problem of advertising a harmful product. The *Voice*, which does accept cigarette advertising, is taking a chance on cutting its own throat in tobacco-advertising circles by running Cockburn's statement.

Still other questions have been raised by the issue of how to handle tobacco ads. Publications such as *The New Yorker*, *Reader's Digest*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Seventeen* reject all cigarette advertising. However, there are critics who claim that as responsible adherents of the First Amendment, these publications have no right to censor a certain segment of the advertising community. But as we've pointed out, cigarette companies are adverse to competing with anti-smoking ads in the same publication, thereby applying a financial pressure to present only their message.

Now the *Columbia Journalism Review*, which began selling ad space less than three years ago, is reconsidering its policy on tobacco advertising. We are anxious to see how that prestigious journal approaches the problem of pushing cigarettes. Hopefully, the *Review* will take steps to earn the praise we have given MIN and the *Voice*.



MOUTHING OFF

This HUSTLER reader knew his evening was headed in the right direction when he followed a tip and picked up the July 1977 issue. He says his divining rod always points out the best magazine on the stand. You can uncover the same spicy delights by subscribing to the magazine whose name is on the tip of everyone's tongue. But don't let your old lady catch you in bed with HUSTLER. She'll take it away, and you won't get to see it again until she's finished. In the meantime, you'll just have to do a few laps around the bed.

Salad Days

Did you ever wonder why your mother always said not to play with your food? Well, now you know. However, folks who've wrapped a moist melon around the old prong say there's nothing like it. But other fruits are fine too. Imagine the look on a young homemaker's face if she found this chunk in her Chiquitas. No doubt she'd make banana-nut bread.

In any case, if you'd like a 17" x 22" poster of *Penanas* or *Cockaloupe*, they're available from a new company called Dovetail (P.O. Box 11281, Palo Alto, California 94306) for \$5.75 apiece, or \$10 for both. Drop us a line and let us know how you like them.



RUN FOR THE ROSITAS

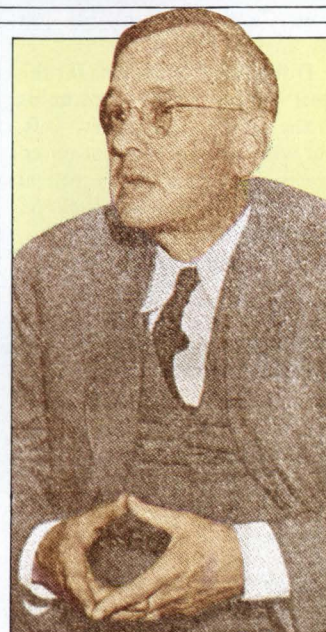
When Filipino artist Alfredo P. Alcala arrived in New York City he was determined to produce illustrations that would blow people's minds. While ghosting relatively conventional artwork for the comic

strip *Rick O'Shay*, he revealed his more bizarre talents in his work for Warren Comics—and in paintings such as the one seen here. Alcala sent it to HUSTLER as a sample of what he can do.

Well, this creation certainly blew Humor & Cartoon Editor Dwaine B. Tinsley's basketball-sized head. He forwarded it to *Bits & Pieces* to see if we could figure out what Alfredo was trying to say. We're not sure, but

we think Alfredo's painting is a comment on Anita Bryant (figure on right), her campaign against homosexuals (in basket) and her husband Bob Green (left), who is attempting to capitalize on the furor. The figure in the middle might represent healthy sexuality—then again, maybe not.

By the way, if you're wondering why there are no bananas in Anita's basket, it's because they're on her chest.

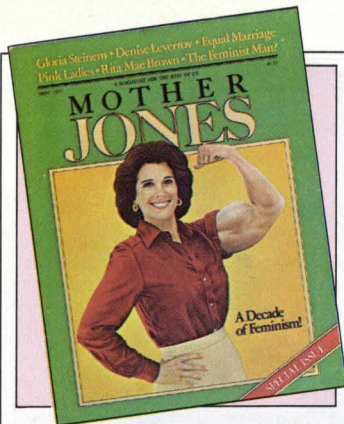


LAME DUCK

We've told you how politicians never listen to good advice. Take Alf Landon, for example. All of the smart money for the 1936 Presidential election was on Franklin D. Roosevelt, but Alf ran as the Republican contender for the Oval Office anyway. Until George McGovern stumbled along, Alf was the worst loser in Presidential-election history. Did he learn from that experience?

Well, what do you think after seeing Alf in this position? He's telling folks, "My doctor told me not to lift anything heavy."





Mother Knows Best

We live in sneaky times. One day you find out lunch meat turns your guts to mush, the next you read that half of Congress is on the take. *What's next?* you wonder. Well, *Mother Jones*, the muckraking monthly from California, probably has the answer for you.

Dubbed "A Magazine for the Rest of Us," *Mother Jones* holds to the politics of the New Left, but with none of the snot-nosed pretension that marks liberal journals of the *New Republic*, *New Statesman* ilk.

For example, the special



"Decade of Feminism" issue (November 1977) attempted to provide a more-or-less balanced account of the past ten years of the women's rights struggle, rather than a platform for feminist rhetoric. However, the New Left attitude of *Mother*

Jones still comes through in the iconoclastic humor, such as this illustration of Jessica Christ and her disciples.

The original Mother Jones was, of course, the crusading orator and organizer who stood up for the rights of the oppressed around the turn of the century. She wasn't afraid to antagonize the powers-that-be, and neither is the magazine that bears her name.

In fact, after the brazen murder of Orlando Letelier on Washington's Embassy Row, *Mother Jones* was one of the first to link the crime to DINA, the intelligence (pronounced "strong-arm") wing of Chile's right-wing government.

This accusation was more than just radical journalism; it was an act of real courage. What was left of Letelier's body wouldn't have filled a thimble. There's no reason to think the thugs who nailed him would balk at blowing off anyone who opened his mouth about the killing. Letelier had been an ardent supporter of Chile's deposed and murdered president, Salvador Allende.

Another issue of *Mother Jones* blasted the Ford Motor Company for manufacturing cars capable of frying passengers like frogs' legs. In the article "Pinto Madness" staff writer Mark Dowie charged that Ford was well aware of the potential deadly hazard of the Pinto's faulty gas tank.

But, said Dowie, rather than dip into the profits to make the car safe, company bigwigs kept the problem under their corporate hat for seven years. Crash tests indicated that rear-end collisions would easily rupture the Pinto's gas tank (thus sloshing gasoline around the scene of an accident). Nevertheless, the company lobbied against any legislation that would have upgraded standards.

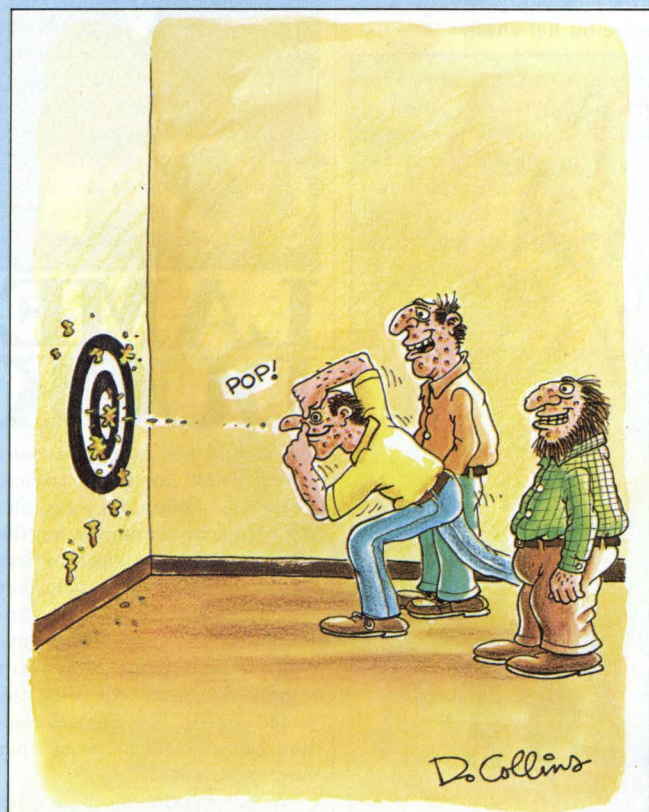
Predictably Ford took issue with *Mother Jones's* report. Citing statistics from the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), company officials claimed the magazine had overestimated the number of burn deaths resulting from Pinto collisions.

But writer Dowie explained why the new statistics were meaningless. Since about half the states do not report burns as the cause of death, and many states distinguish only between makes of cars (Ford, Chevrolet, etc.) but not models (Mustang, Nova, etc.), the figures used by Ford are less than reliable. *Even the NHTSA admits that.* These findings were included in a follow-up report in *Mother Jones*.

In this case, challenged by that bastion of American power—the automobile industry—Dowie and his magazine had the ammo to stand fast. And that's impressive.

For anyone into the counter-culture view, *Mother Jones* (\$1.25 single copy, \$12.50 for a year's subscription from 607 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105) is the best new publication we've seen. It's got wit, intelligence and—most important—the balls to go out on a limb for its beliefs.

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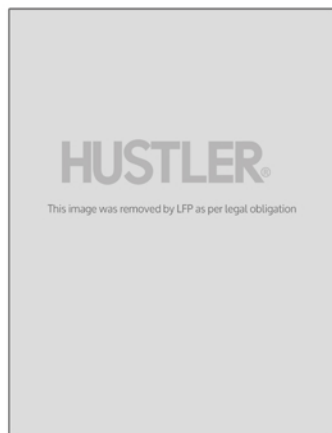
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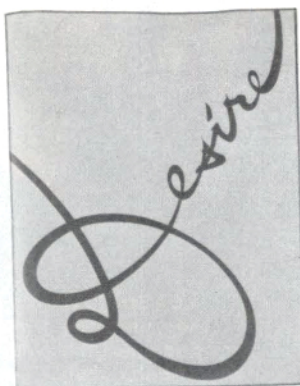
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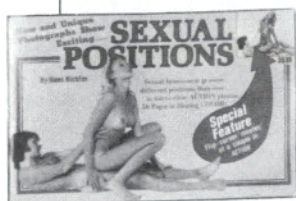
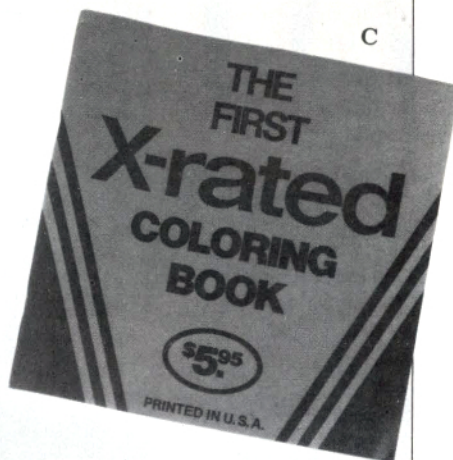
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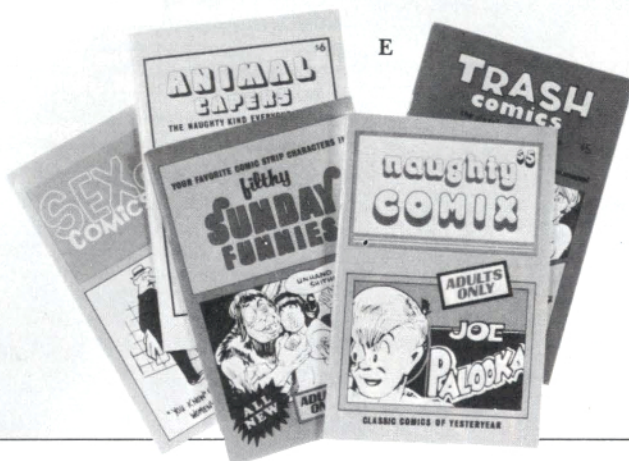
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X-RATED REVIEWS

MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

Seven into Snowy



The greatest asset of the porn-film genre is its ability to allow the audience to escape from reality. And that is why film is the perfect medium for X-rated remakes of children's tales such as *Alice in Wonderland* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. The latter story is the theme for the hardcore, West Coast film *Seven into Snowy*.

The story line is one with which the audience has been familiar since childhood: A virginal young girl's life is threatened by a vain witch of a stepmother. But the film expands upon the original theme by bringing the story into the 1970s.

Snowy (Abigail Clayton) is a rich, fatherless child whose aging but ever-horny stepmother (Kay Parker) starts worrying when her talking mirror tells her that Snowy has become "the sexiest wench in the land." The stepmother casts an evil spell aimed at giving Snowy a host of sick sexual experiences that will scar the girl's psyche and drive her insane.

Unfortunately the "sick" experiences prove to be little more than a bathroom seduction by the chauffeur (Paul Thomas) and some uninspired lesbianism. Rest assured that the evil scheme ultimately backfires.

Snowy, in fact, *craves* sex. And when the stepmother draws her ace in the hole and sets seven pervo leathermen on the darling, Snowy's appetite remains insatiable.

The scene with the leather freaks, which includes a little jerking off and some bondage, is about as kinky as *Snowy* ever gets. (No



Seven into Snowy combines an evil stepmother, a horny leading lady and seven leather perverts. The film is anything but a fairy tale.



HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make certain that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

golden showers, no anal scenes and, believe it or not, *no dwarfs!*) The encounter is broken down into seven separate parts and thus lacks a satisfying continuity. But the film offers a solid production package superior to most porn. The camera work, dialogue and acting are superb, the sound track is unobtrusive and some very beautiful women are featured: Abigail Clayton, whose jugs have grown noticeably larger, and Karen Kushman (a.k.a. Kristine Hellar), who is quite a pert, young nympho. There is also some exquisite beach sex between Clayton and Thomas, and some bizarre sex "inside the mirror" (the stepmother simulates humping a three-foot-long, fist-thick, double-donged dildo).

Seven into Snowy is truly fine porn. But it may not be porn at its best, since the sex suffers from a director (Antonio Shepherd) who was overly concerned with aesthetics and who added ballet-type movement to the fuck scenes rather than passionate flailings. Nonetheless, this is a porn film that neither you nor your mate will find disappointing.

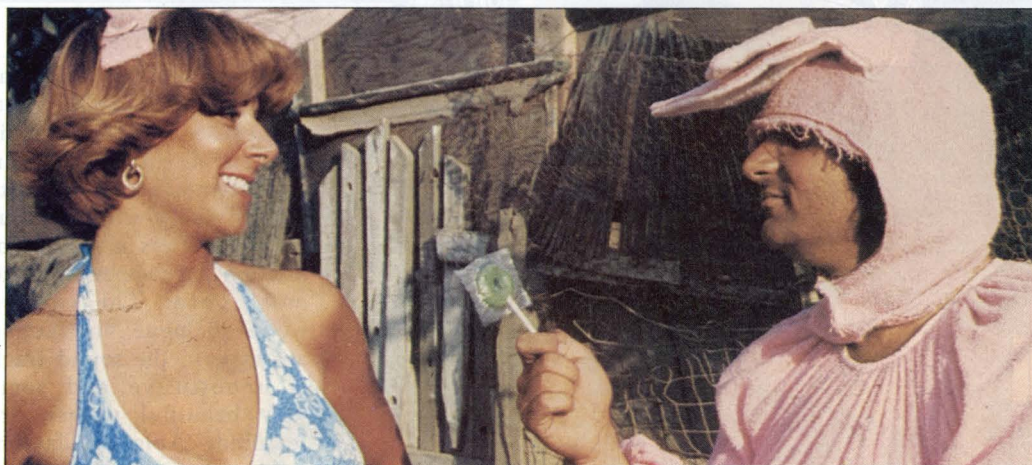
Hard Candy



Joining *The Starlets* and *Funk* in the 3-D smut-film field is an ambitious, humorous piece of erotica entitled *Hard Candy*. If you saw either of those earlier flicks, however, *Candy* will be a letdown, since it lacks the elegant sexual footage of *Starlets* and the superb laser effects of *Funk*.

But it does have some powerful nonsexual 3-D optics (such as a runaway-car-in-the-mountains scene that will make your stomach jump at every turn) and lots of off-the-wall comedy.

Candy has two basic story



Hard Candy's 3-D smut is unbelievably true to life: It offers much less sex than you would really like.

lines. The primary plot follows the escapades of two prudish researchers (Brenda Ram and Hal Walker) at the Dandy Candy Company, who unwittingly produce a batch of aphrodisiac lollipops. But the candy is stolen by Dandy's competitor. Although the bumbling researchers go off in pursuit of the suckers, they catch up with the thieves only after the pops have been sold all across the country.

The secondary plot is totally unrelated to the Dandy Candy story. It involves a man (Sherman Torgen) in a bunny costume, who is looking all over the California countryside for the gates of Troy. One-third of the film is spent on this utter nonsense. Between the telling of the two tales there's very little time left for titillation.

Hard Candy's sex consists of looplike inserts showing people trying the lollipops. The women in these scenes have rarely appeared before in porn, and they're quite attractive. However, the film simply does not contain enough fucking and sucking to meet the demands of today's market. The carnality is as well photographed as the nonsexual footage, but the producers employed a cheap 3-D method that enables the film to be shown at drive-ins and small houses (the screen doesn't have to be painted

silver). When the viewer uses the red/green glasses, the film's color quality is completely destroyed.

Nor was the 3-D used to fully exploit the hard-core sexuality. There are only a handful of cum shots; and only a few insertion close-ups show vaginal depth. The one scene that works is when John Holmes—on screen for all of ten minutes—pokes his sizable pecker up the twat of a chick who has huge mamaries. Holmes's foot-long hotdog looks more like a telephone pole, and when the actress takes it between her swinging jugs, spittle will roll down your chin.

Hard Candy is a good 3-D movie that doesn't contain A-1 eroticism.

Foxy Lady



Few porngooers have ever heard of Sandy Pinney and Valerie Driskell, the "unknown" stars of the West Coast flick *Foxy Lady*. Judging by the quality of their acting talents and looks, and by the quality of their first feature film, you're not likely to hear much from either of them again.

Lady is the tale of an irresponsible playboy, Clifford Jackson (John Leslie), whose wife is abducted and held for \$10,000 ransom by a band of degenerate thugs. Pinney plays Jackson's wife, while Driskell is the brains behind the kidnapping. They are not particularly cute or sexy.

Pinney's generally flabby body nearly overshadows her big tits, and Driskell performs an admirably erotic blow job in the front seat of a car. But neither girl succeeds in putting any emotional or hedonistic intensity into the sexual activity.

The dialogue sounds very much like material found in cheap paperback smut novels: "Oh, you're so wet!" and "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Plot development is kept to a minimum, and the action hopscoches over many drawn-out sex scenes.

The production qualities are quite unprofessional. The color quality varies from reel to reel, and the lens work is shaky and uninspired. At one point the audience is actually gypped out of an anal-sex scene because the camera failed to capture penetration.

The film contains quite a bit of fuck footage, however, and it's not all bad. There are some extremely hokey "rape" scenes—such as the one in which Pinney is forced to fuck with a gun at her head—and some fine oral sequences. The jism rarely stops flowing. So *Foxy Lady* may offer what you want from a sex flick (if you're not a stickler for professionalism). Otherwise, you can forget it.

Hard Candy: Pay money to see it and you'll feel like an all-day sucker.



A Teenage Pajama Party



A Teenage Pajama Party pours sex on to the screen from the first frame to the last with a minimal amount of dialogue, acting and plot structure.

The film is about six teenage girls who make obscene phone calls and play with themselves—and each other—while their parents are at the movies. The girls call men from all walks of life, including a fireman, a soda jerk and a body builder.

Each call becomes a vi-



Teenage Pajama Party: This turkey is closer to being a slumber party.

gnette in which the girls' fantasies about these men are enacted on screen. The muscle man (Gary Cooke) gets greased up and well laid; the fireman (Richard Bolla) gets blown, fucked, jerked off with rubber gloves and finally pissed on; and the soda jerk (Michael Dattorre) makes and eats a vanilla twat sundae.

Barbara James, Priscilla Major and Pam Grimes perform the bulk of the erotic work in *Party* but, unfortunately, these girls only have the acting talent and looks of loop stars. They certainly can handle the sex, and they do an adequate job keeping the audience entertained when featured stars C. J. Laing, Sharon Mitchell and Terri Hall are offscreen. What's nice about this collection of snatch is that none of the girls shies away from such extra duties as butt-fucking or golden showers. In fact, C. J. has one anal scene that will floor you if you're into seeing a woman getting off on pain.

The photography and color quality are the only technical elements of the film that excel, even though the camera shakes at times. The acting is none too good, so you can be thankful that there's not much dialogue. And the sets are effective only because the seamless studio paper backdrops are so simply designed. If sex is all that you're after, *A*

Teenage Pajama Party will suit you just fine. The film is neither exceptionally good nor exceptionally bad.

Dutch Treat

The film *Dutch Treat*, produced and directed by newcomer Navred Reef, is an American production with a European touch. Unfortunately, although the film was shot on location in breathtaking Amsterdam, *Treat* can't shake its low-budget look.

The film has a yellow, grainy tint, and the photography is unimaginative. The plot is good for only one thing—it serves as a vehicle for sexual action. Despite

Dutch Treat is a real turn-on...



the fact that Reef's film features "33 delectable beauties from the Netherlands," few of them fuck and fewer still are even worth fucking. Luci Duval and Christy Kluiver are the notable exceptions.

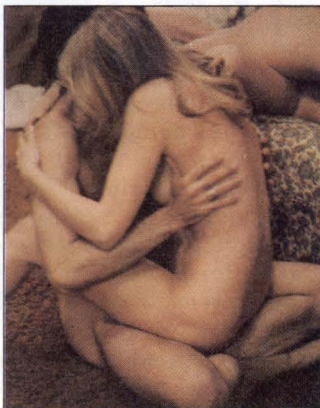
Roger Caine and Zebedy Colt play Chuck and Barney, respectively, two telephone company employees who win a bundle at the track—on a horse named Dutch Treat. Pocketing their winnings, they run off to Holland in search of sexual adventure.

Theirs is a Dean Martin/Jerry Lewis relationship, with Chuck the stud, and Barney his bumbling and frustrated sidekick. For example, in an orgy scene the only girl Barney can woo is an inflatable love doll. When Chuck gets taken for all his money by a conniving tart and gambles Barney's share away at a casino, the hapless duo pretend to be American film producers. But when they finally run out of money, they are unceremoniously booted out of the country.

Caine and Colt play Yankee hard-hats to a tee, and the script does offer some funny lines. ("I can't even plug the dykes in Holland," Barney sighs after he fails to score with a pair of unwilling lesbians.)

So if you don't mind taking some bad with the good, you just might get a kick out of *Dutch Treat*.

... and tiptoeing 'tween two lips.



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Autobiography of a Flea
Barbara Broadcast
Big Thumbs
Desires Within Young Girls
Hard Soap, Hard Soap
In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
Punk Rock!
Sex Crazy

Three-Quarters Erect

A Coming of Angels
Bel Ami
Breaker Beauties
Count the Ways
Portrait of Seduction
The Jade Pussycat
The Spirit of Seventy-Sex
The Violation of Claudia

Half Erect

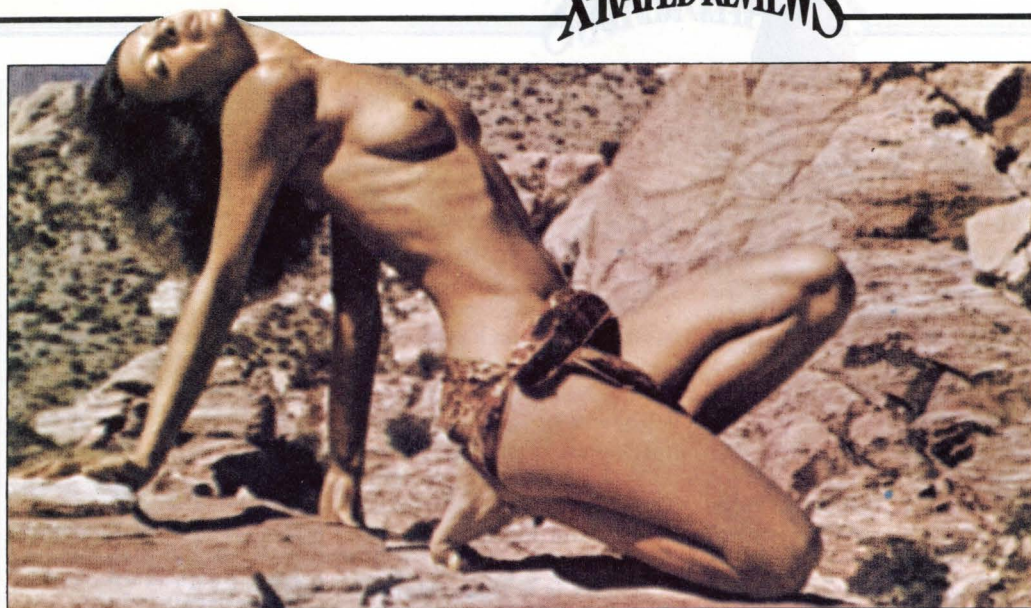
Babyface
Feelings
Inside Jennifer Welles
My SeX-Rated Wife
Reflections
Swedish Minx
Sylvia
The Beast

One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long
Candylips
Funk
Long Jeanne Silver
Overnight Sensations
Sharon Underage

Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers
Cinderella 2000
Let My Puppets Come Reunion



Halmi's Guide to Photographing Women: Stalking the vertical smile with lens and light meter.

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

Photographing Women Simplified

By Robert Halmi

Amphoto

East Gate &

Zeckendorf Boulevards

Garden City, New York

11530

\$3.45



In his native Hungary, Robert Halmi's father was official court photographer for the Hapsburgs. And judging from this book, the son seems to have inherited the old man's way of relating to the models with whom he works.

Photographing Women Simplified is dedicated to the notion that women are vain, moody and potentially dangerous if they are shown a bad picture of themselves. Screw up and it's off with your head.

The problem, of course, is that the photographer should at all times keep his eyes on both the viewfinder and the girl he is shooting. Women's clothes (or lack of them), their makeup and their moods all require the photographer's special at-

tention. In addition, he must keep all these things and more in mind while worrying about shadows, appropriate lens settings and depth of field.

Faced with technical details, most amateur photographers of women would say to hell with it, and use a Polaroid camera or forget the idea. First-rate (although not publishable) pictures may be taken with a Polaroid, or for that matter with a box camera. But the photo hobbyist who lets himself be frightened by the problems surrounding this most interesting pastime is a coward. Women are only slightly more difficult to photograph than, say, a bowl of fruit. Lots more fun too.

Once the cameraman grasps the fundamentals of posing, setting and using flattering lighting, making his lady look good on film is relatively simple. More than that, once the amateur photographer has the basics in hand, it will be no time at all before he's doing artsy stuff.

Photographing Women is a basic book. Halmi argues, and quite rightly, that there is more than enough technical information on the market. What is needed (and what he has written) is a simple book aimed at alerting the beginner to the possibili-

ties of women as a subject. In this regard, his book works rather well. As in making love to women, the hardest part in photographing them is taking the initial plunge. Trust me. Putting women on film is well worth the trouble.

Why Me?

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BREAST CANCER TO SAVE HER LIFE

By Rose Kushner

The New American Library, Inc.

1301 Avenue of the Americas

New York, New York 10019
\$2.50



For many American women who develop signs of breast cancer, the treatment that follows is only slightly better than the damage done by the disease itself. Medical journalist Rose Kushner is a former breast-cancer patient and for a time was a research assistant at Johns Hopkins University. She believes that the U.S. medical profession has fallen down rather badly in dealing with the malady.

For one thing, she says in her book, the American doctor tends to rely too much on an operation—the Halsted

radical mastectomy—in which the pectoral muscles of the chest are lost along with the breast. Kushner and many doctors believe that there are often less drastic methods open to the physician. Sometimes the operation is performed because the surgeon simply hasn't taken the trouble to acquaint himself with newer, equally effective methods.

There are also economic reasons why the surgeon may choose to take the hard road: The Halsted operation may prove to be of more benefit to the doctor's personal bank account than to the patient's health.

But all of the information in *Why Me?* is not this grim. In light of books like Kushner's and several articles in national magazines, the tide is turning. Doctors are not only becoming aware of their treatment options, but are also becoming aware that the public is onto some surgeons' shady games.

Why Me? was written so women could free themselves of the fear and worry that inevitably ensues when breast cancer is first detected. Having worked with doctors, Kushner is obviously familiar with their habit of ducking questions or, alternatively, of insulting the patient's intelligence and education when she dares to ask a simple question. True, only a licensed physician should treat medical problems. But it is equally true that each woman has a right to know precisely what treatment is being proposed for her one-and-only body.

So far there have been none of the anguished howls with which doctors often greet medical books written by laymen. The medicos will certainly be heard from though. Dr. Thomas Doa, of Roswell Park Memorial Institute (the world's first cancer hospital, in Buffalo, New York), has said: "Every woman in the United States should read this book."

Peter Fendi: 40 Erotic Aquarelles

Distributed by
Wehman Brothers, Inc.
Morris County Mall
Cedar Knolls, New Jersey
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postage and handling)

 Peter Fendi, a society artist of 19th-century Vienna, seems to have been typical of the free and easy outlook of that time and place. German and Austrian artists have always had an inclination to dabble with erotica. The Vienna of Fendi's day was a city in which people sought the good life—full of flaky pastry, leisurely afternoons at the coffeehouse, and lots of free-form humping with big-boned blondes.

From the introductory remarks by Karl Merker that accompany these 40 hard-core watercolors, we learn that the Viennese artist assumed another, traditional role in society—the rich man's pimp. Apparently the general belief was that artists, with their bohemian life-style, were the best possible drinking companions and procurers. The service they performed for their wealthy patrons was something like the service performed by blacks for experimental-minded college girls. People believed that artists were capable of turning them on to strange and wonderful experiences. Failing that, there was always a spare model or two somewhere in the wings.

Fendi's subjects were Viennese men and women acting out that fantasy. His couples are shown rutting each other with all the spontaneity and unselfconsciousness of goats. Some of the couples shown are acrobats, performing privately for offstage voyeurs. Other couples are country folk, peas-

ants and haughty aristocrats. In short, Fendi neglected no one but slim people. His women are drawn with huge asses, called "Zeppelin butts" in old Vienna.


About Fendi's artistic skill, we can find little to say. But it is a subject about which Merker has a lot to discuss in his introduction—written in German and English, yet. Merker considers Fendi to be pretty hot stuff. Still, the paintings look like something put on a plate for sale in a souvenir shop. Of course, the fact that the work is not titillating doesn't matter. What we like about Fendi and his work is the cheerful, innocently sexy world they reflect.

We wouldn't have hired

the man to do a portrait, but it must have been great fun drinking with him. Driver, take me back to old Vienna.

The Girl Watcher

By James Lawson
Warner Books
75 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, New York 10019
\$1.95


 The hero of James Lawson's novel *The Girl Watcher* is a man who, like most men, spends the major part of his time thinking about, wishing for and contriving to get sex. Far from being some deviate with snot on his lapels, he is a member

in good standing of the ruling class. Well off, successful, the vice-president of a large advertising agency, he seems to have everything he could want. Everything, that is, except the one thing he really wants—complete freedom to indulge in his insistently itchy sex drive.

He is, we learn, a veteran of countless visits to massage parlors, the customer of *Screw* magazine's classified-ad hookers and a season-ticket holder at every Times Square porno theater and bookstore. His money insures that he will get plenty of sex... but the girls he really desires—college students and 23-year-old secretaries—seem unattainable to him. He could always use his power in the office to seduce the women there, but he realizes this would be just another way to get laid with help from his money.

The *Girl Watcher's* biggest worry is his age. He can't accept the trap his life has laid for him. He could throw his career away and go for the girls as a full-time concern. But would taking such a step be worth it? On the other hand, he isn't convinced that his career has been worth it. Either way, he sees himself as probably wasting the last good years left to him before toothless dirty-old-manhood.

The plot synopsis doesn't do author Lawson justice, and we'll be the first to admit it. But his book is funny, well written and intuitive.

It is, however, a *serious* funny book. Its male readers will recognize the mental damage wrought by horniness of this magnitude as *The Girl Watcher* is tossed between what he needs and what he can get. As Yossarian moans in *Catch-22*: "God, think of all the women and girls I'll see and want and never get to go to bed with, not even once." Oh, well. Maybe if you read *The Girl Watcher*, you can learn to laugh it off. 

Peter Fendi's erotic watercolors: great as gymnastics, lukewarm as sex.



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SEXPLAY

by Todd David Schwartz

When asked about his position on sex, Harry S. Truman reportedly said, "Hanging from a chandelier!"

Almost 2,000 years before Truman uttered that wisecrack, a Hindu named Vatsyayana penned what is probably the original sex manual—the *Kama Sutra*. In his book he described innumerable ways of fucking that will "generate love, friendship and respect in the hearts of women."

Sex is a form of communication. And when you pump your pecker into a woman's box, this "coital conversation" should be charged with wonder and a degree of creativity. One of the most fundamental ways of maintaining excitement in the bedroom is to experiment with different sexual positions. Unfortunately, too many couples routinely copulate night after night with about the same imagination that is required to flush the toilet.

Besides using a little variety to spice up your carnal relations, there are positions that have practical applications—depending upon an individual's physical makeup (i.e., obesity or a small penis). And there are certain ways of making love that can afford more focused sexual stimulation for either the male or the female.

There are two main categories of sexual postures: facing and reverse. In our society the most widely used position (facing) is one whose name often brings chuckles because of the sexual conservatism associated with it.

According to *The Joy of Sex*, edited by Alex Comfort, *missionary position* is the term that Polynesians (who copulated squatting) laughingly designated the matrimonial posture practiced by European missionaries. It is the most common position for good reason, because when all is said and done, it is probably the best. With the man lying on top of the prone woman, she can spread her legs or wrap them around his ass.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



SEXUAL POSITIONS

Therefore the missionary style is the most intimate way to make love, and provides maximum physical contact.

Yet, while lusting along that Missionary Highway, there are different ways to travel. If an individual has trouble maintaining an erection, or if the size of his tool is small, he should, after insertion, put his legs outside of the woman's while she extends hers and places them together. Penetration isn't the fullest, but the cock is more tightly engulfed by the woman's opening. This is also a good position if the woman's hole is large.

It isn't necessary to stay in this one position throughout the lovemaking ses-

sion. If you and your chick yearn for a friendly visit from the stork, you ought to fuck in the regular woman's-legs-spread position up to the point of ejaculation, after which she should straighten her legs and bring them between yours. The semen will be pretty much trapped in the woman's snatch.

Another way to impregnate your lady is to have her put her legs up on your shoulders as you support yourself on your arms. The tip of the penis is in very close proximity to the cervix (opening of the uterus), and you can attain maximum penetration, although the ability to kiss is somewhat restricted. This is another appropriate posture for men with short shooters.

In some instances the missionary position has its drawbacks. If you are built like Al Goldstein or if your woman is frail and crumbles easily, the man-on-top may not be such a cool way to grind your cookies. And if the two of you look like refugees from Weight Watchers, chances are your stomachs are going to get in the way of genital intermingling. The biggest disadvantage of the missionary position, however—no matter how either of you is built—may be the fact that the female is more physically restricted in this posture than in most others.

Not so if the woman is on top: This way the man lies on his back while the woman faces him with her legs bent, straddles him and sits on his tool. The chick controls the speed of movement, angle of insertion and depth of penetration. Hence, this posture is excellent for the female's stimulation. Because most of the humping is done by the woman, this is also a nice position for a tired man who would otherwise be too pooped to pop. He can lie back and enjoy the sensations being maneuvered by his bouncing babe.

When the lady is on top of him, the man is free to fully view the woman in

all her lovely nakedness and to fondle her breasts and clitoris. Impregnation isn't as likely to result because the semen tends to seep out of the woman's cunt. If more intimacy is desired, the lady can lean over onto her lover's chest. This can be an extremely enjoyable way to fan your coals, so don't let misconceptions about the masculine need of being dominant (on top) or the feminine role of being submissive (below) short-sheet your bed life.

And who said that you must remain atop your Sealy Posturepedic while making love? When the sheets get drenched, you might want to move over to a chair. Any chair without arms should do. The man sits down and spreads his thighs. The chick faces him, plants herself on his lap and roots his penis in her cunt. The man is able to grab the woman's ass and help orchestrate the thrusts. He can also tightly embrace her or suck her tits. In this position the depth of penile penetration can be considerable.

If your woman is heavy, you probably wouldn't want to have her on top of you during sex. In this case, an advantageous way to screw is for the two of you to lie on your sides. Actually this makes sense if either of you is overweight, or if the woman is pregnant, because neither partner has to bear the lard of the other.

If the man is lying on his right side, the only weight will be that of the woman's right leg over his hip, and that of the man's left leg resting on her right leg. Both the male and the female can share control of the movement, although penile penetration isn't deep. The side

posture works well when you are both fatigued. And afterwards you can fall asleep without the hassle of uncoupling.

Another position is standing up, which has to be the most inconvenient way to engage in sex. Why this is the least practiced way of fucking is obvious. Movement is greatly limited and both partners invariably end up exhausted. Entry is difficult, and the possibility of conception is poor.

This posture is most often utilized spontaneously. If you're in the shower with your girlfriend, or if you're alone together on an elevator or if you're on a deserted street—and you're suddenly stabbed by the urge to ball—you might want to fuck while standing on your feet. And if your arms will hold out, you can support the woman by holding her buttocks as she wraps her legs around your waist.

As Vatsyayana mentioned in the *Kama Sutra*, you can lean against a wall or pillar. It's probably suitable for the woman to be the one against the wall, since this provides a solid foundation for the man's thrusting, the way James Caan socked it to a grunting bimbo in *The Godfather*.

Even though Vatsyayana felt that porking in a body of water was improper because of Hindu religious law, a swimming pool or a lake is the most practical place to fuck standing up, due to the seeming weightlessness of your submerged torsos.

The most popular of the reverse coital postures is doggy-style. Rear entry is the exclusive form of copulation among virtually all nonhuman mammals. When people boff in this manner, just as in any

sexual position, there are countless variations that can be utilized. Generally the woman gets on all fours or rests her head down, with her ass up in the air. While either standing or kneeling, the man inserts his cock. Penetration is extensive, making this another conducive method of intercourse for the couple who want a child.

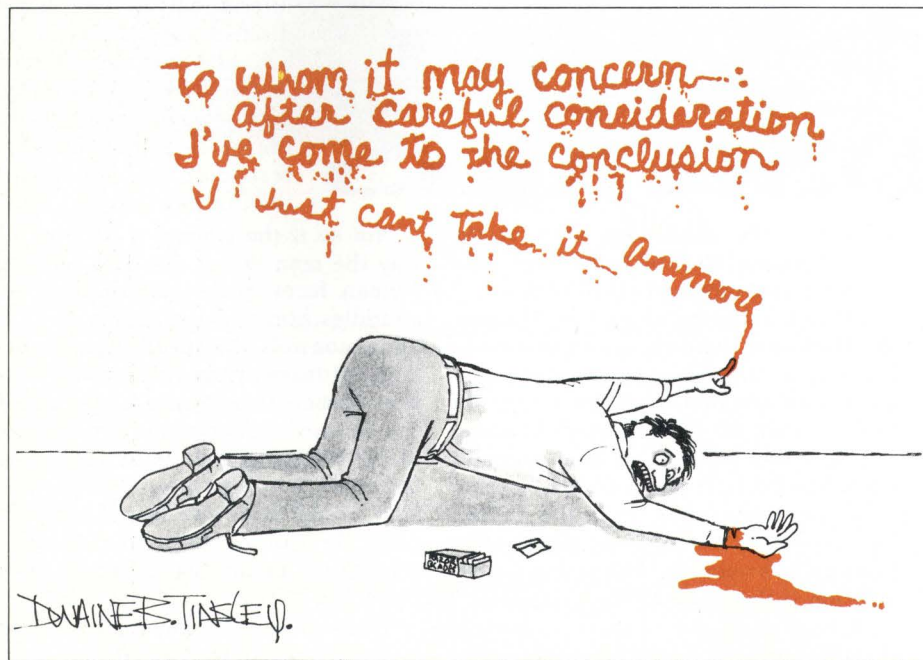
Doggy-style is perfect for guys who are partial to the hind section of the female anatomy. Not only can you squeeze and caress the lady's buns, but you can also reach around to fondle her breasts or play with her clit.

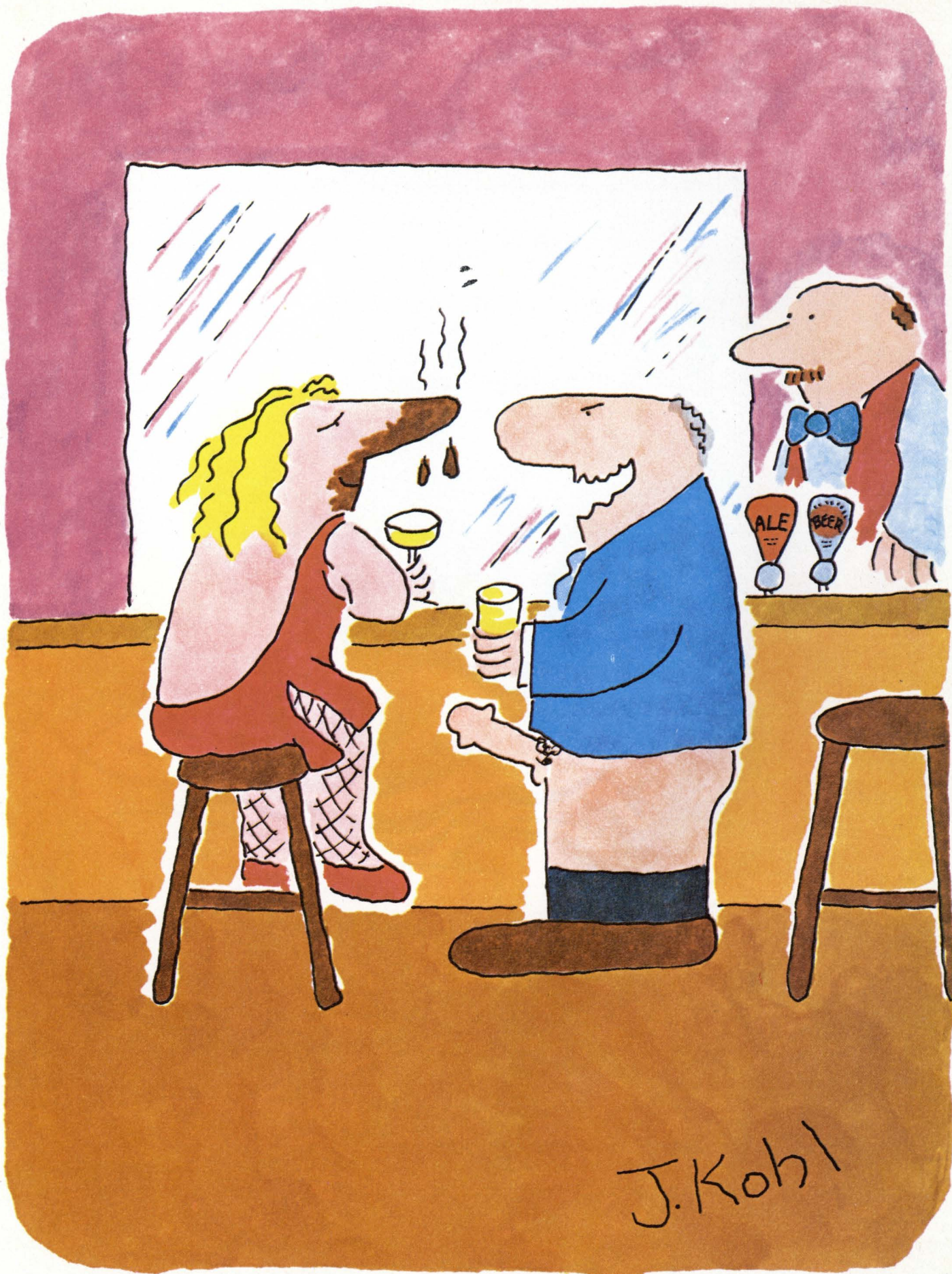
Because the angle between prick and vaginal canal is not compatible (as in the facing positions), friction is acute, although there is a likelihood that the man's penis may keep slipping out. In this position, the cunt expands and fills with air. As the cock plows in, some of the air may be forced out, resulting in cunt farts. However, don't be put off by this innocuous displacement of air.

The reverse side position is ideal for women who can't exert sufficient energy for successful screwing, perhaps because of an illness or a recent operation. In this mode, stimulation is moderate, and this is one of the least tiring sexual configurations. With the male behind the female, both partners lie on the same side of their bodies: The woman sets herself forward slightly and bends her legs a little as the man draws his upper body away from her. This is much like a side doggy-style posture. Entry into the vagina will not be profound, and this is an especially tough position for a man with a small penis.

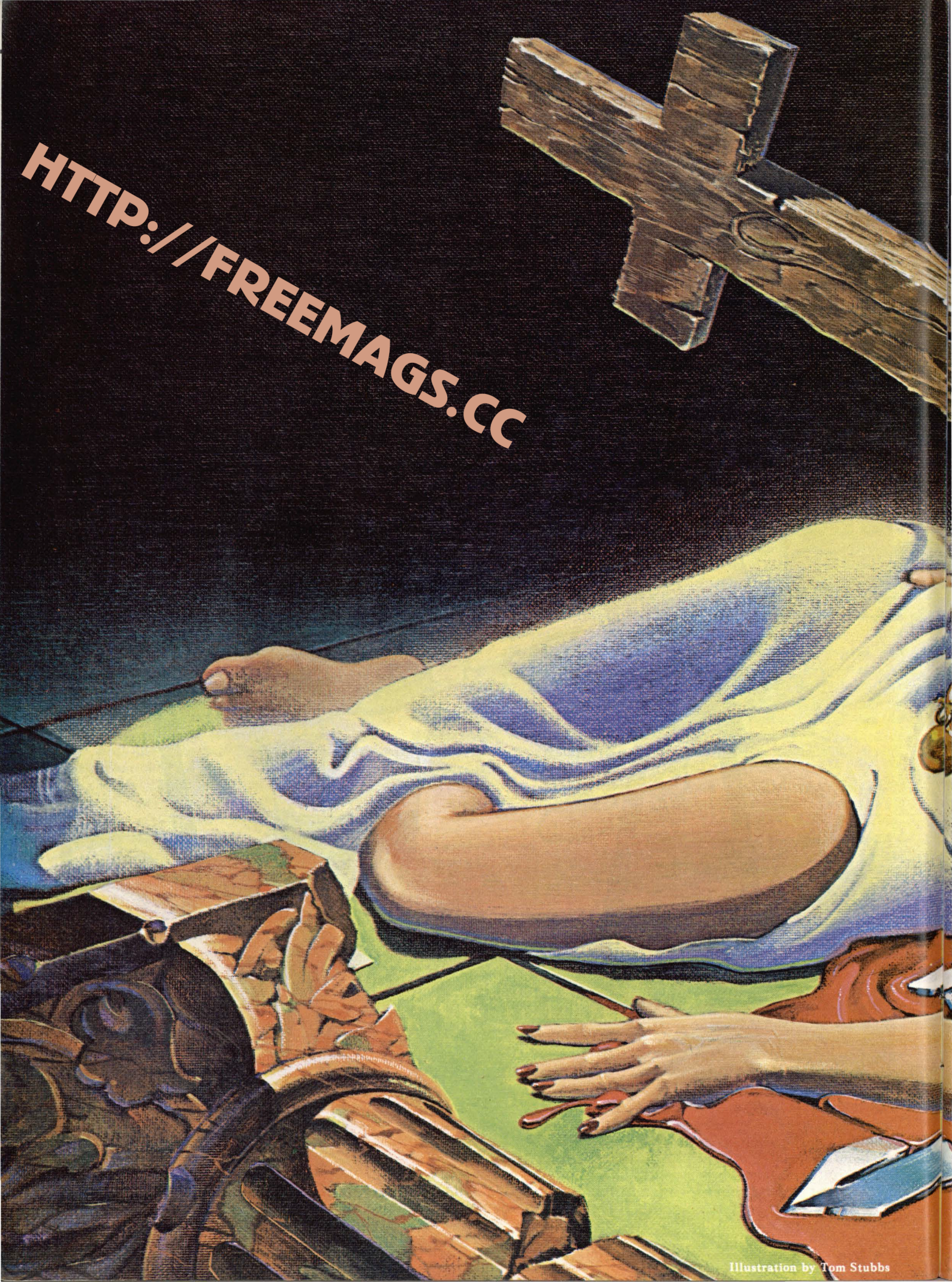
The book *Sexual Options for Paraplegics and Quadriplegics*—by Thomas O. Mooney, Theodore M. Cole, M.D., and Richard A. Chilgren, M.D.—suggests the reverse sitting position of intercourse for a man who is confined to a wheelchair. The female sits on his pecker, with her back to him. To ease insertion, she will have to lean forward while he leans back. The guy can get his prick deep into the girl's snatch, and she can do a lot of the humping. Although this is an effective way to get down with a chick in a car as well, being a cripple or a four-wheeled Romeo is not a prerequisite to fucking in this manner.

These are a few of the more basic sexual positions. You don't have to hang from a chandelier to brighten up a raunchy rendezvous. There's no need to be an acrobat, and you probably don't even have a chandelier. But you *can* add some wattage to a coital encounter by discovering different ways to screw in your light bulb.





"Let's be honest with each other for a moment, shall we? You know I'm looking for some action,
and I happen to know you give great rim jobs!!"



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THE LAW

CAN'T SAVE US

COMMENT BY JOHN HENRY FAULK

Mr. Tom Taylor knows the answer to a thorny problem that has stumped the United States Supreme Court for years. He has figured out exactly what the government should do about X-rated movies, adult-book stores and sexually oriented material in general. He knows just what the law should say. Mr. Tom is not a lawyer. He's a rancher,



and has been one for most of his 86 years. He lives down in Madison County, Texas, where he's a neighbor of mine. He's lived alone since his wife of 52 years, Miss Eula May, died several years ago. He does his own housekeeping, cooking, driving and thinking.

I drove over to his place the other morning, as I do every chance I get, to have coffee with him. I knew at once something was agitating him. He didn't remark on the weather, usually the first subject he brings up. Instead he poured me a cup of his superblack coffee and said, "Let's sit out here, son. We can talk better in the open." He nodded toward the back porch.

"Johnny, you been paying any mind to all that hell and hurrah going on down in Houston? Shutting down them X-rated movies, arresting them fellers that run so-called dirty-book stores?"

"Sure have, Mr. Tom," I answered. "Houston papers and the TV news have been bristling with the goings-on. Sort of stuff that always makes big news."

"Makes me so damn mad I could bite the head off a tenpenny nail," he snorted. "I'd like to go down there and do some high-class butt kicking. Would, too, if I wasn't so old and no-count."

"What makes you mad, Mr. Tom?"

"The way all them self-righteous, Bible-thumping, flag-waving outlaws is using the law to stomp on folks that don't quite agree with them!"

This took me by surprise. I was prepared to hear Mr. Tom express exactly the opposite sentiments. I knew that his wife and two daughters, Elsie and Nelly, had been known for their devotion to propriety and their good works in the local Baptist church before Miss Eula May died and the two girls married and

**Way back yonder
I saw my sister whip
her three-year-old
daughter for running
through the house
naked and laughing.**

moved down to Houston. The Taylor family just about summed up what is known hereabouts as "upstanding, respectable folks."

Trying not to betray my surprise, I commented, "Well, Mr. Tom, I've been thinking about it. I figure that Anita Bryant stirred up the ruckus when she came sailing through Houston awhile back with her Save Our Children crusade. She triggered off the forces of God and righteousness."

"Forces of constipation, you mean! That's what I call them. *Sex constipators!*" he snapped. "Got their own bowels all locked up over sex and want to stomp hell out of folks that don't feel stove-up like they do."

My amazement at Mr. Tom's strong feelings on the subject gave way to fascination. I knew this was shaping up to be a rather interesting session.

"They can get pretty rough on us sinners, can't they, Mr. Tom?"

"Ever notice something 'bout Sister Anita and her breed?" he snorted. "Them crusaders! They're always out to save somebody else! Yessir! Save us from our own feelings! Never think that what this country really needs is to be saved from *them*. Saved from them and their damned, constipated notions."

"Seems that's the common denomina-

tor of those folks, Mr. Tom. Absolutely dead-certain they're right. Ready to punish and jail anybody that don't accept *their* standards of what's proper and acceptable."

"That's their stock-in-trade!" he declared. "Being all-fired right. Clamp the bit in their teeth and there ain't no turning them. They run over anything in front of them."

"Now I don't mind how long and loud Sister Anita and her crowd bray and pray about salvation," he continued. "That's their business and it's their right. Guaranteed by the Constitution. They can get so worked up over their constipated notions that they fall over in a dead faint, far as I'm concerned. But, by God..." (and here he raised his voice so loud his old gray-muzzled hound, Roy, was roused from his slumber on the porch and, tail tucked under, crept lamely down the back steps) "... it's when they go storming after pussy-footing politicians to git their constipated opinions turned into laws, that I want to kick their butts. Government ain't got no business giving into them!"

"You're right as rain," I agreed. "But let's face it, it takes a pretty strong-minded officeholder to stand up to them, Mr. Tom. They brew a mighty powerful concoction of 'morality' and 'decency.' Save Our Children is pretty hard stuff for a politician to fight."

"Like I say," he allowed, "it's their business if they want to inflict their constipated sex notions on *their* children—cripple them up with a lot of shame and bad feelings. Hell, Johnny, I saw my sister—way back yonder—light in and give her little three-year-old daughter a whipping. Then spend another half-hour shaming and abusing her for being nasty. That child hadn't done a thing but go running through the house naked and laughing."

"I got so worked up I told my sister where to get off. Told her if she wanted to jump onto somebody, it ought to be God. He was the one that sent the child into the world without clothes on. She wouldn't speak to me the rest of the day."

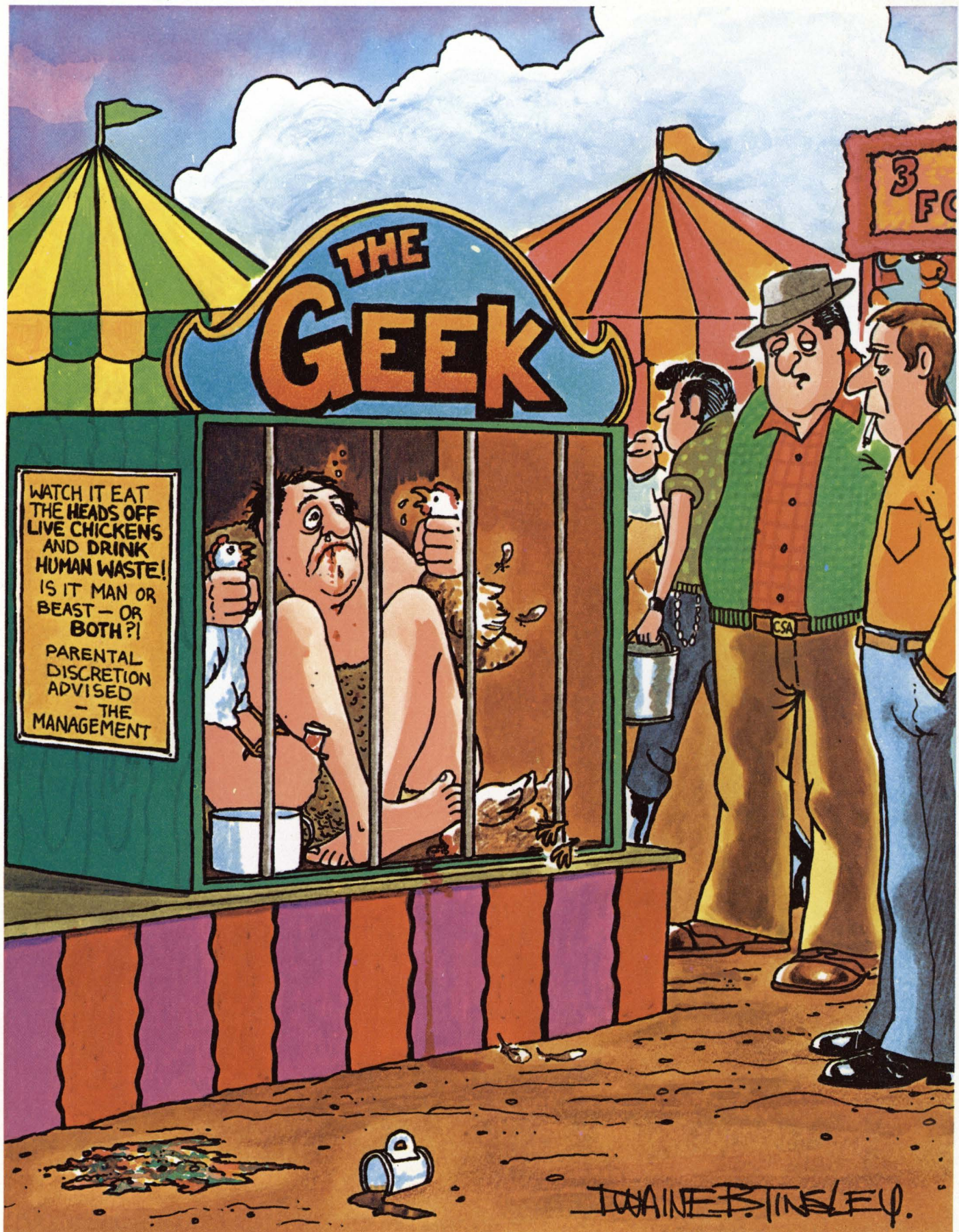
"I maintain my sister and her sort ain't got the right to use the law to make other folks saddle *their* children with such damn foolishness. They run a fever over protecting the public from what they call obscene. Never give a thought nor say a mumbling word about what I think is obscene."

"What's obscene, Mr. Tom?"

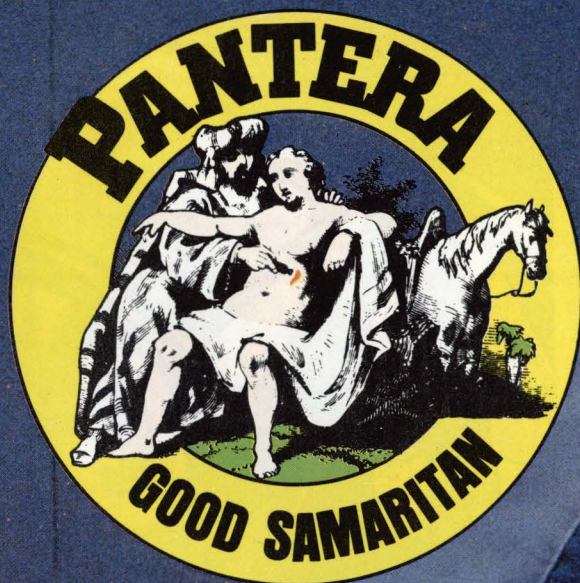
"Far as I'm concerned, what my sister done to that child is obscene. For that matter, it's a damn sight more obscene to let underfed and half-naked children

(continued on page 50)





"They say he was once a judge who presided over an obscenity trial.
Sumbitch hasn't been the same since."





"I believe in the golden rule," says February cover girl Pantera Malone, "do unto others, and all that." This good-hearted resident of West Palm Beach, Florida, considers herself a rarity in a community where, as she puts it, "People look down their noses at anyone they consider inferior—which is almost everyone." On more than one occasion Pantera has stopped to help someone change a flat tire or rescue a cat from a tree. "It's just the way I am," shrugs the amiable 20-year-old. "I like people and people like me. It all depends on how you treat them."







After these photos were taken, Pantera became a regular fixture around HUSTLER's Florida studio, where she now prepares the models for their photo sessions. Her cheerful nature and willingness to help, coupled with a model's expertise in makeup and posing, never fail to put the girls at ease. The models know they're in the hands of a professional who has their best interests at heart.

When she's with a man, Pantera is equally selfless. She wants to please,

and will go to great lengths to satisfy her sex partner. "I like oral sex the best," she admits. "It's one of the most giving things two lovers can do for one another." Of course, she wants to be pleased in return (she's only human), and only a man who can fulfill her needs the first time will get a second opportunity. After all, sex is a game of give-and-take.



(continued from page 42)

root-hog or die down there in them Houston slums than it is to look at pictures of folks that are naked."

"I must say," I said in approval, "I'm with you there. But tell me, did Miss Eula May feel the same way you do?"

"My God, no!" he exploded. "Miss Eula May would of been right in there with them crusaders. Like my daughters down there in Houston probably are. Miss Eula May was all eat up with that sex constipation. Like all her friends down there at the Baptist church was."

"Seems to me that would have caused some friction between you two."

"It would of if I had let it." His voice was traced with anger. "But you see, son, I'd done learnt to live with it by the time I married Miss Eula May. My mother, one of the best and kindest souls in the world, was that way. Hell, everybody was in them days."

"My mother, my wife—both fine people. I loved them both long as they lived. I could argue politics with them. Even argue 'bout church with them. Argue lots of things with them. But, by God, I couldn't argue nothing 'bout sex with them. Their minds was froze."

"You must have had to bite your tongue a lot of times to keep quiet."

"I did," he agreed. "Reckon that's why I get so riled up 'bout it now. Thinking of all the years I had to swaller their damn medicine and keep my mouth shut. Keep my feelings inside."

He paused to take a deep breath and, looking straight at me, said angrily, "Elsie—that's my older daughter—was just seven years old. She was the apple of my eye. She would foller me 'round

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the place here like a pet fawn. One morning, out yonder in that pen," he pointed toward a rail corral, "Elsie was with me when a bull topped a cow. Elsie wanted to know what the bull was doing that for. I says to her, casual-like without even thinking, 'Honey, he's breeding that cow so she'll have a calf.'

"Well, sir, when I went into breakfast, Elsie was telling Miss Eula May and Nelly, my other daughter, about the bull. Nelly was about five then. She started begging to go see the bull and the cow mating. I thought it was the naturalest thing in the world for her to say. I just laughed and hugged her."

"Miss Eula May went all tight-lipped and cold. She sent the girls to their room. Then she turned on me like a district attorney looking at a cold-blooded killer. Her voice was like sleet."

"'Tom Taylor,' she says, 'don't you ever, ever do a thing like that again! Don't you ever expose one of my daughters to your filth!' Then she goes running out of the kitchen."

"I stood there like she'd slapped me 'cross the face with a leaded whip. I was plumb stunned—hurt and mad at the same time. I went out and saddled my horse and rode all day. Studying. Kept feeling mad, then ashamed. Mad, then ashamed. But I eventually worked the

thing out in my mind once and for all.

"I loved Miss Eula May. Loved them two little girls. I knew if I wanted my family, I was going to have to swaller my own feelings and take Miss Eula May's feelings on the thing. Knew in my heart she wouldn't change. Couldn't change. She was froze tight on it. I'd have to learn to live with her that way."

"But, Mr. Tom, she loved you. You loved her. In all those fifty-two years, couldn't you get her to give a little in your direction?"

"Not about no coarse talk, I couldn't," he answered sadly. "Oh, she was warm and loving to me 'bout everything else. She even give up trying to git me to go to church. Got to where she could laugh about it. Said she was praying that the Lord knew what a good man I was. But you let me, or anybody else, bring up something she considered off-color or vulgar, she'd turn cold. Cold and mean. That's what happens to good folks when they git sex-constipated."

"But," he said brightening, "living here by myself now, I can think and talk as I damn please. Reckon that's why I'm so worked up about them crusaders down in Houston. I'd sure love to lock horns with them down there."

"You know, Mr. Tom," I said, "I'm a product of the Bible Belt, just like you. I guess I resent the repressors and forbidders, the sex-constipated folks, as much as you do. They've been springing up all over the country lately. I resent them and their laws."

"But I'm still sort of nervous about striking out at them in public. Guess I'm afraid people will lump me in with the pornographers if I try to defend pornographers' rights. I know a lot of civil-liberty folks that feel the same way. Afraid to speak out on this subject without declaring that they hate pornography as much as the next person."

"I was the same way for years and years," he replied, nodding. "But I got it all straight now. Studied the whole thing out. There ain't but one answer to them folks in this country. And the courts ought to give it once and for all."

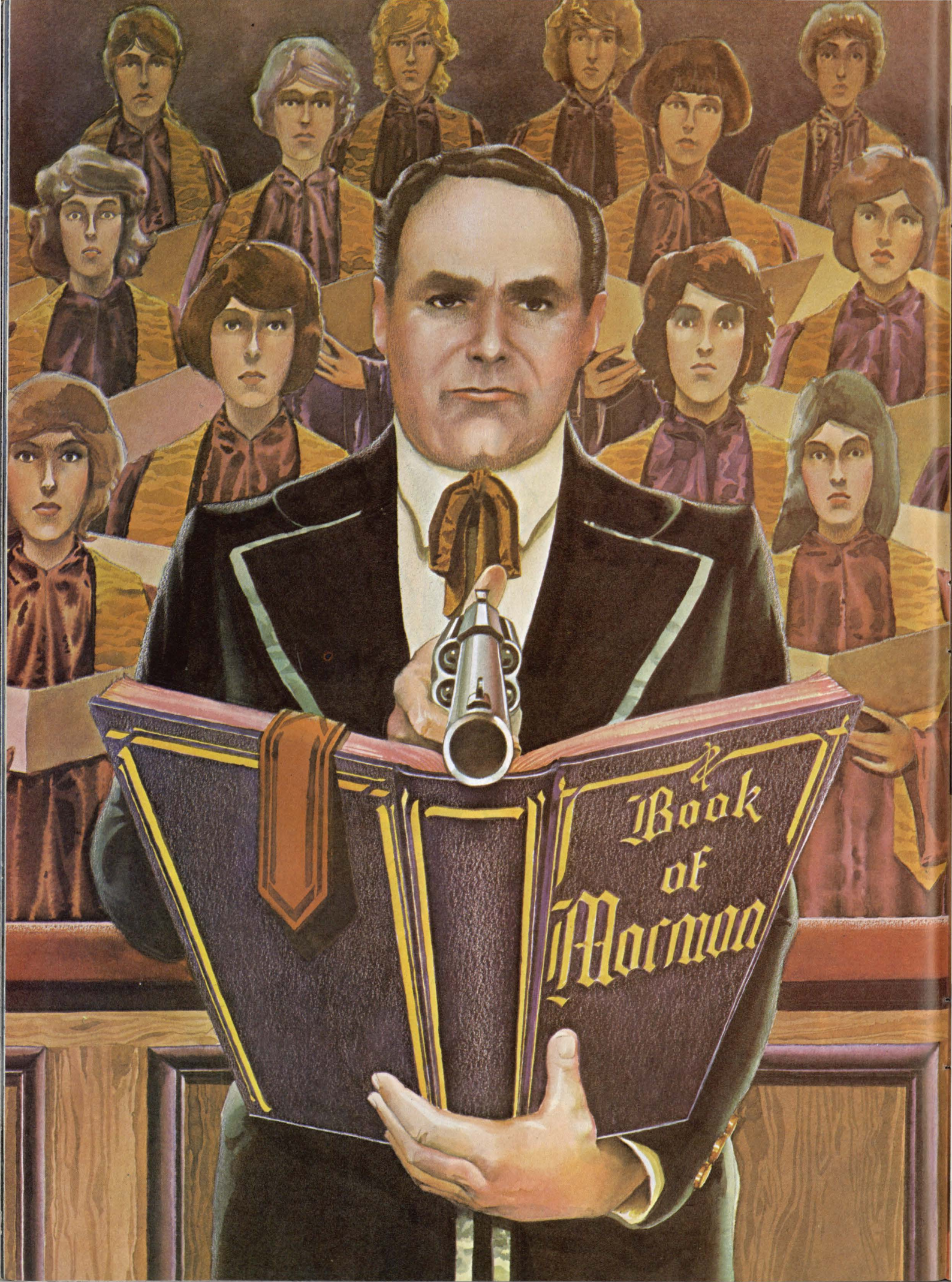
"Well," I said, "the Supreme Court sure didn't give it a few years ago when it ruled that each community could decide what met acceptable standards in that particular community."

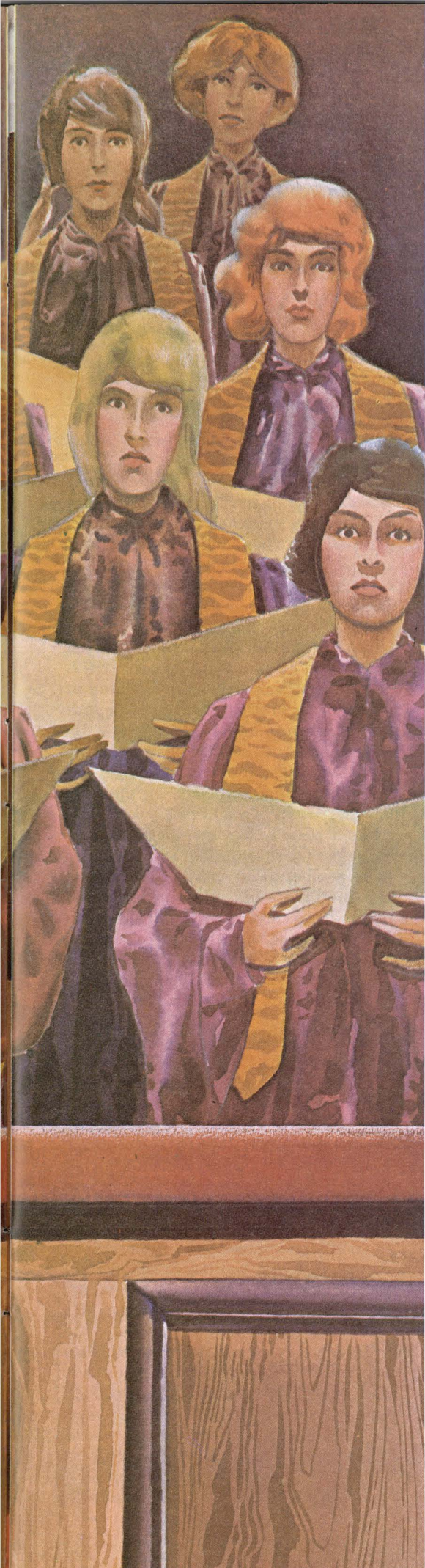
"Hell no, it didn't. The Supreme Court is just as scared of them crusader folks as me and you are—or as I was. They went and throwed the thing right in the crusaders' laps all 'cross the country. Turnt loose the hate peddlers to go after the sex peddlers, 'stead of standing up and giving the right answer to the whole thing. Ending it once and for all,

(continued on page 82)









ERVIL LEBARON

PREACHER, POLYGAMIST, KILLER

Profile by Bruce Margolius

Within the past few months Ervil LeBaron has captured the attention of the media. The leader of a small band of Mormon polygamists, he has been characterized as a cross between Charles Manson and Billy James Hargis. The story of LeBaron and his crew of zealots has all the attractions of a pulp western novel.

A huge man (nearly 6-6 and around 225 pounds), LeBaron comes and goes at will, leading a nomadic life that encompasses half a dozen states and Mexico. He has at least ten wives and more than a score of children—all of whom are portrayed by the media as ready to kill for him.

In truth the Ervil LeBaron story is more like an episode of *Starsky & Hutch* than *Zane Grey*. LeBaron preaches a good line, but is inspired by his pocketbook, not the Bible. What has been called a religiously motivated gang of killers is really nothing more than a protection racket cloaked in a lot of cut-rate mumbo jumbo.

The killing that sparked public interest in Ervil LeBaron occurred on May 10, 1977, in Murray, Utah (a suburb of Salt Lake City). Two young women, dressed in jeans and T-shirts, pushed their way through a crowded waiting room into the office of Rulon C. Allred, a licensed naturopathic physician. After each of the women produced a handgun, they fired six

slugs into the 71-year-old practitioner. Then the two assailants calmly escaped while the terrified patients gathered around the mortally wounded victim.

At first, police theorized that the pair had been trying to steal drugs. When the two women discovered the physician's medicine chest contained nothing more potent than a tossed salad, they slew the old croaker in a fit of resentment. Others—predominantly members of Utah's medical community—suspected that the killers were relatives of one of Allred's former patients and were settling a malpractice claim out of court.*

"The guy was an unbelievable quack," a young doctor confided to me. "When I was working in the emergency room, we'd get one of his mistakes every week or two. Young kids in deep diabetic comas, cases of acute appendicitis—stuff like that. Allred was misdiagnosing diseases real doctors have had a handle on for a hundred years, and he was treating people with shit that had no real medicinal value. Apparently he was some kind of bush-league pope, and his damned, idiot patients kept coming back for more."

Allred, who was related to LeBaron through marriage, was a religious leader with a fervently faithful following. But in fact, Allred's spiritual attraction was not so much his dubious healing abilities but rather his contention that he was the true prophet of a fundamental form of Mormonism. He claimed to be the legitimate heir of Joseph Smith (the founder of the Mormon Church),

*Editor's Note: Naturopaths treat diseases emphasizing assistance to nature, and utilize herbs, salts and vitamins, as well as physical means such as manipulation, heat or light. They are not M.D.'s or osteopaths.

LeBaron's band of religious zealots has been credited with almost 20 murders—including the killing of his own brother.

and thus considered himself keeper of the faith and bearer of the torch.

Allred's followers still practice polygamy (multiple marriage), a practice banned in 1890 by the main body of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, the official name of the Mormon Church. They hold that the church's manifesto was not inspired by a genuine spiritual vision, as all revisions of Mormon teachings must be. Instead they claim it was instituted for purely political considerations. Cult members believe they are walking the true path by following Joseph Smith's exhortation to take many wives, be fruitful and multiply like rabbits.

Some modern-day polygamists believe it was the tendency to multiply that caused the Mormons to ultimately reject polygamy. While a man with one wife (monogamist) and a reasonable number of children could run a farm and make a decent living, a man with a dozen wives and nearly 100 offspring could make himself richer still. Since, even in its heyday, only 25 to 30 percent of all Mormons were members of polygamist households, the monogamists pressured the polygamists to quit competing so unfairly.

In addition, there was the influence of the federal government and of society,

which considered polygamy a heathen practice. Utah was one of the last of the western territories to gain statehood, and one reason frequently given for the delay was the long time it took the Mormon Church to conform to the laws—and prevailing morality—of the land.

The holdouts who still practice polygamy number anywhere from 25,000 to 100,000, depending on whose estimates you believe. They are spread over the western half of the United States and Canada and down into Mexico and Central America. Many (but by no means all) find their authority in what they consider flaws in the 1890 manifesto. Others trace that authority to an ancestor upon whom Joseph Smith supposedly conferred it.

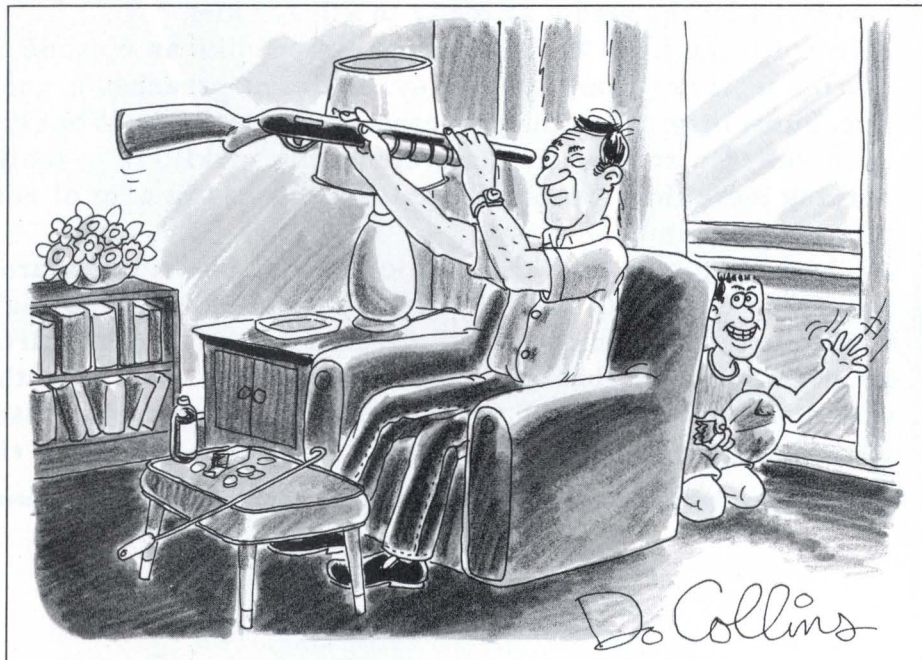
Rulon Allred made such a procedural claim. So did Ervil LeBaron, whom police suspect engineered Allred's murder. LeBaron's band of some 40 religious zealots is thought to be extremely vicious. It has been credited with as many as 20 murders in the past five years. Among the killings is that of LeBaron's brother, Joel, who was beaten and shot in his home in Mexico in 1972. A Mexican court convicted LeBaron of planning his brother's assassination, but he was imprisoned for only a year.

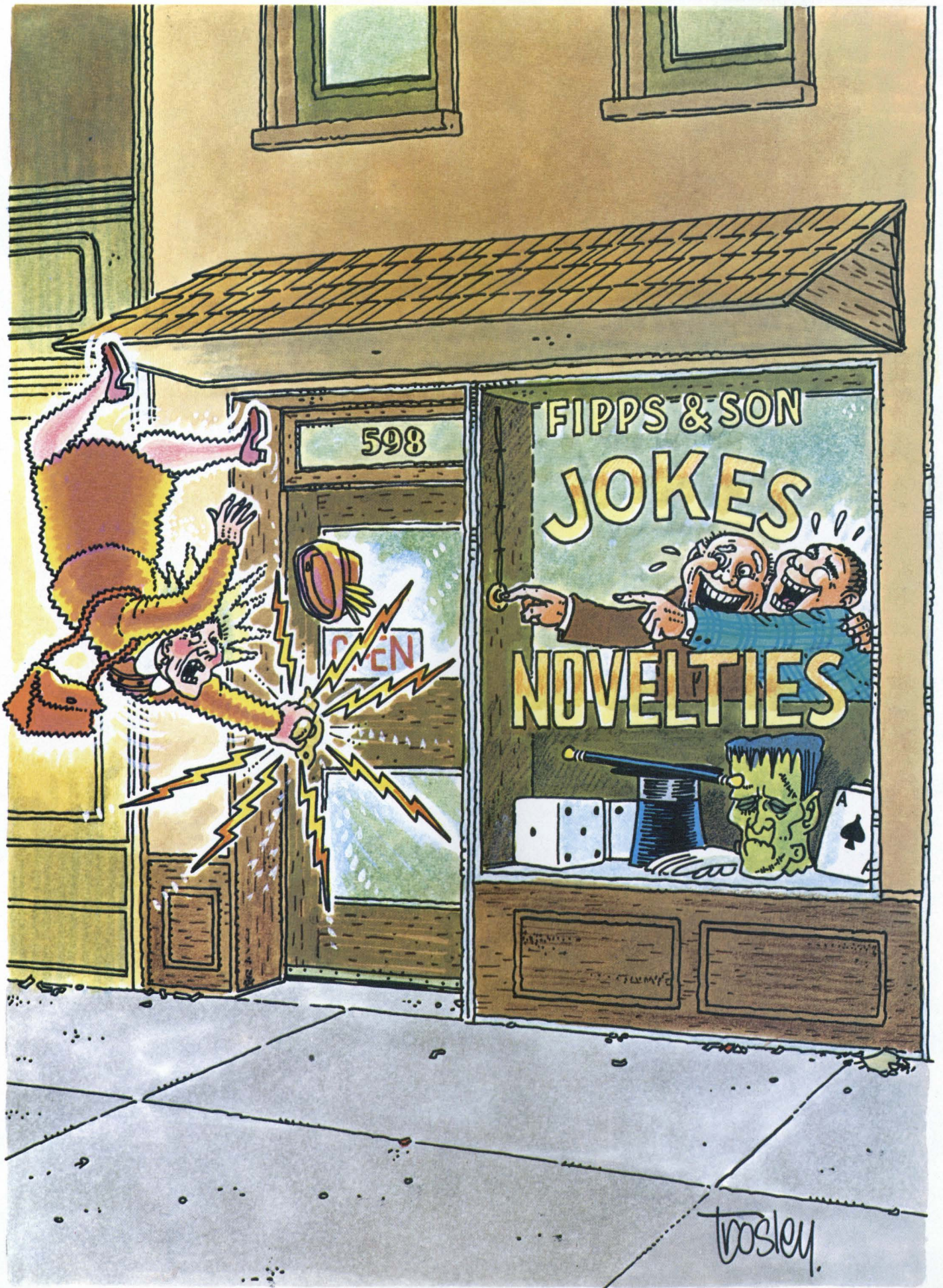
The LeBaron brothers had a falling out when each claimed to have inherited the power and authority of the true prophet from their deceased father, Alma Dayer LeBaron. Alma LeBaron insisted that such power and authority had been bestowed on him by the ghost of his grandfather. He, in turn, had reputedly received it directly from his friend Joseph Smith shortly before Smith was blasted full of holes by an angry mob at an Illinois jail in 1844.

Joel LeBaron was, at the time of his death, the leader of about 500 followers who call themselves the Church of the Firstborn of the Fullness of Times. The cult lives in a small Mexican town that the LeBarons named Los Molinos, about 175 miles south of San Diego. The LeBarons seem to own most of the property in the area, and some accounts of the brothers' dispute indicate that it was control of the town and its land—not theological differences—which caused the bad blood between the two brothers. Apparently Joel wanted to use part of Ervil's adjoining land for a communal farm, but Ervil took exception. He wanted to turn it into a resort.

In one way or another most of Alma Dayer LeBaron's surviving six sons have laid claim to the mantle of the prophet. One has spent most of the past 20 years in various mental institutions, where, presumably, he attempts to convert

(continued on page 115)





BEVERLY





If you think you've seen Beverly Kaszycki before, you probably have—in our November 1976 *Beaver Hunt*. When a friend of hers sent us that "terrible" (as she calls it) photo over a year ago, this 23-year-old never imagined it would lead to centerfold stardom.

"It's like a dream come true," she says, "and I hope I never wake up."

So far that dream has taken Beverly to Florida, where she spent a lazy week sunning herself at the *HUSTLER* mansion before being photographed for this spread. More than that, her appearance as a centerfold has made her \$1,500 richer, and she hopes to make even more of her big break: She intends to parlay this

opportunity into a modeling career in Los Angeles.





A lifelong resident of Norfolk, Virginia, Beverly has small-town tastes (drag racing, bowling), except when it comes to men. "I like an exotic man—tall, dark and handsome—who'll let me be the aggressor. But you don't find many men like that in Norfolk."

We're confident this feature is the start of something big for Beverly. Just remember, you first saw her here.











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It was their first date, and the young couple stayed out until almost 5 a.m. While he was kissing the girl good-night, the Romeo had to use the bathroom.

"I can't wait," he insisted nervously.

"But Mom and Dad will wake up when you flush the toilet," the girl answered, "and they'll kill me for getting home so late. I'll tell you what," she added. "If it's that urgent, you'd better use the sink."

A few minutes later he poked his head out of the door and whispered, "Psst, sweetheart, got any toilet paper?"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *frigid woman* as: one so cold the furnace kicks on when she spreads her legs.

Two hillbillies took a trip to California. Upon their arrival they discovered they had only 88 cents between them. The first hillbilly asked his traveling companion, "What can we do with 88 cents?"

"I'll tell you what," answered the second hillbilly. "Give me your money and I'll go to the drugstore and see what I can get."

Then he disappeared around the corner. At long last he returned with a box of tampons. The first hillbilly looked at the box and asked, "Now what in the hell can we do with these?"

Turning the box over, the second hillbilly replied, "Well, it says here we can go swimming, horseback riding, hiking..."

Early one morning an out-of-work Polack went to the post office to read wanted posters, one of which read, "Wanted: Italian for Rape." The Polack turned to the clerk and said, "Those goddamn Italians get *all* the good jobs."

Late one night a horny drunkard met a whore, but he had only a dollar to his name. Obviously this was not enough for her services, so he asked her if she would go into a dark alley and piss into an old tin can. The hooker agreed.

After she had left, the drunkard pulled his cock out of his pants and swished it around in the can. Looking down, he muttered, "Eat soup, you son of a bitch! Meat is too damn expensive!"

During hostilities in the Mideast, an Arab tank and an Israeli tank collided. The Arab climbed out, raised his hands and yelled, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, I surrender!"

The Israeli Jew just sat there holding his neck and cried, "Whiplash! Whiplash! Whiplash!"

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

Following their marriage a young blue-collar worker and his wife had eight children in as many years. The wife, being somewhat tired of all the trips to the maternity ward, finally lamented, "You know, dear, in this day and age there are ways to prevent having one child after another."

"But the Bible says to marry and replenish the earth," her fertile husband countered.

"True," said the exhausted wife, "but it doesn't say *we* have to do the whole job."

When she was pregnant a woman had taken an experimental drug and eventually gave birth to a perfectly formed head. Despite strenuous objections, the head was taken home and grew up as normally as could be

expected, considering the circumstances.

Finally, on the head's 18th birthday the family threw a huge party, and everyone brought presents. The guest of honor was perched on the end of the table while everyone sang "Happy Birthday" and opened their gifts.

Belatedly the father came in carrying a box. "I've got a really great present for you, son," he shouted to the head. "Can you guess what it is?"

"Oh, shit," said the head disgustedly, "not another fucking hat!"

A midget was sitting at the end of the bar, drinking a highball, when in walked a mean-looking guy with two shiny .45s strapped to his sides.

Looking the place over, the gunslinger said, "Listen, all of you sons of bitches: I'm a mean motherfucker from Texas and I'm going to shit on all of you except that midget sitting over there." Upon hearing this, the midget confidently strolled over to the Texan.

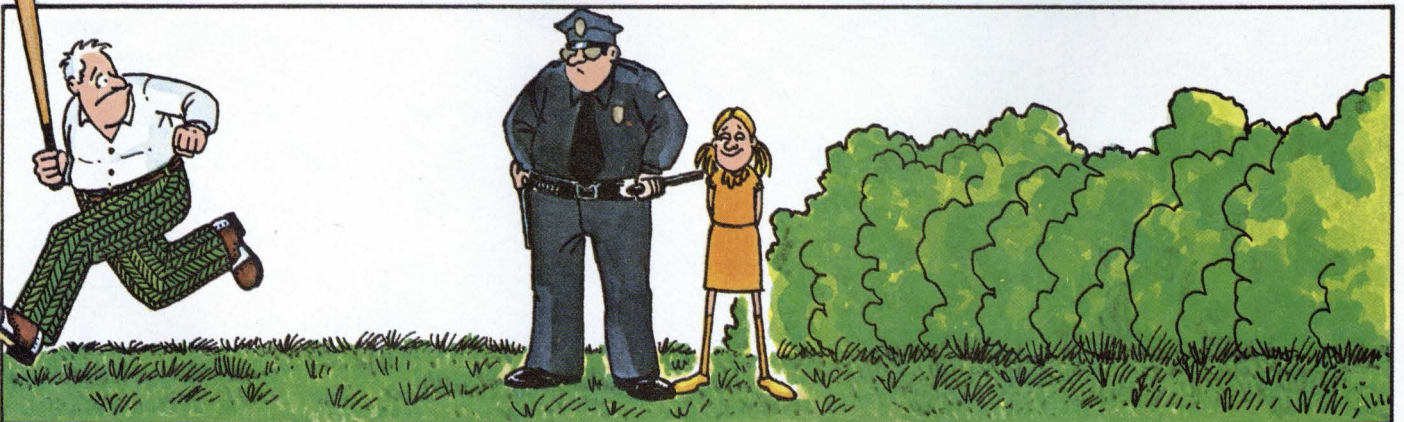
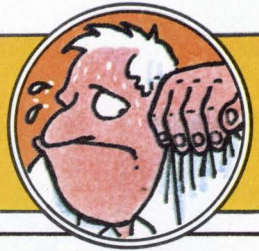
"Listen, punk!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean you're going to shit on all these people and not on me? Don't you know that these people are my very best friends?"

"Look, midget," the Texan snarled, "the only reason I'm not going to shit on you is I'm going to use you to wipe my ass."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *anal intercourse* as: a crack shot.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke to us on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, but we cannot return jokes.

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



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COCKFIGHTING

Article by Michael Bane



Illustration by Steven Douglas



"Cockfighting. Pitting two specially bred roosters against one another, usually to the death. Illegal in almost every part of the United States and much of the rest of the world. Usually portrayed as some savage relic from pioneer days. A sport engaged in by cretinous farmers and mongoloid illegal aliens who don't know better. Generally believed in the enlightened U.S. of A. to be contained in a few remaining pockets of barbarism—most notably in the South (especially the *deep Deep South*), southern California and the Texas-Mexico border country—where anything can be had for the right price. Thought to be a dying pastime for old men; the last remnant of life from the old country."

I tick off my hastily assembled "common knowledge" about cockfighting as I push a 1977 Ford rent-a-wreck toward the tiny twin towns of Cankton and Sunset, Louisiana, located some 30 miles west of Baton Rouge. The names of these two places keep coming up again and again as I try to get a handle on the sport. Just go on down there, friends told me, and ask around.

Louisiana, it seems, is one of the few states (Kansas and Alabama are two others) in which cockfighting is more or less legal—thanks largely, the story goes, to the ad hoc

committee of the state's Humane Society. Back in 1975 these perennial do-gooders launched a concerted campaign to do away with the fighting of roosters. In the ensuing rout, the state assembly rejected the proposed legislation. If cockfighting wasn't declared illegal, it must be legal. The once-clandestine cockpits came out into the open.

"Before they tried to outlaw it," said one rueful Louisianian, "they shoulda counted the number of black limousines with state license plates parked in front of cockfighting establishments. That woulda sobered 'em up."

I'm on my way to the last true American honky-tonk—Jay's Country Lounge and Cockpit, which exists in a "time warp" just south of Cankton. A sprawling wooden barn, the structure is on the verge of collapse, and has been since it was built 70-odd years ago. The aging gray wood and fading metal sign features two fighting cocks—Jay Saucier's more or less "official" signature.

Inside, the long wooden bar with its mismatched stools gives the place the kind of funky, homey air that a New York City or Nashville or Los Angeles club owner would kill to have. On this particular night there's a local Cajun band playing, and I pay the \$2 cover and head for the bar.

I can't help but feel instantly at home, which is good, since Marie, Jay Saucier's pretty blond wife, informs me that the proprietor has headed off into the bayou to fish and won't be around for a couple of days. She grabs Chick, the bartender, and asks him to take me out back and show me the pit.

I suppose I expected to see a furtive chicken-wire arrangement strung between the roots of some cypress trees. Instead the area is a scaled-down ver-

"You see these guys and girls go back to the cockfighting pit. Then they sort of stumble out and puke on the ground."

sion of a basketball court, without backboards and nets. The "pit" itself is a raised concrete slab, three feet off the ground and about 20 feet square. In two corners there are water faucets and concrete steps leading up to the pit. Along all four walls are bleachers with enough seating for about 400 people, as long as they are real friendly. The whole operation is lit by numerous florescent lights, which enhance the illusion of a miniature coliseum.

"Gets pretty hot in here when there's a fight goin' on," Chick says.

The birds themselves are in the back, where dozens of cages house some 75 fighting cocks.

"Jay's real down," Chick adds. "He used to have about three hundred roosters around here."

Even in the dark the birds strut and crow at any disturbance, raise their hackles (neck feathers) and stand ready to face any invader.

Later I speak with Marie Saucier. "We've shipped birds as far away as Alaska," she says in her pleasant Cajun-accented English. "And we get as much as two hundred to three hundred dollars—sometimes four hundred—for a good rooster."

Alarm bells start ringing inside my head. I came looking for a backwater pastime only to have Marie Saucier tell-

ing me about big business. The shipment of birds around the country; trips to Mexico to scout out roosters with improved bloodlines; outrageously high prizes and outside bets; and an international network of breeders.

So much for common knowledge.

According to Jay Saucier, it's all in the egg—in the breeding. He has returned from the bayou with a mess of catfish, which is now frying on the stove along with some Cajun dirty rice. We're in the living room of his house, next door to the lounge. Jay is middle-aged, a hunter and camper, the owner of a successful upholstery business and, most important, a chicken fighter.

"I've been a chicken fighter all my life," he says, working on his second bottle of beer. "My daddy was a chicken fighter before that."

Jay Saucier's roosters fight with "natural" spurs—"nekked," says Jay—as opposed to steel gaffs. Before you get the wrong impression, "natural" spurs aren't exactly natural. Each rooster has his own set of spurs, about an inch and a half of bony material on the back of each leg, just above the foot. Even with these a rooster can inflict substantial damage on an adversary—or even kill it outright. But the sport of cockfighting requires that a special set of spurs be put on the bird for combat.

The auxiliary spurs made from metal are called *gaffs* (which look like small, curved ice picks) or *slashers* (which resemble a two-and-a-half-inch scalpel blade). On the other hand, a "natural" spur is a two-and-a-half-inch needle of bone, cured for strength and treated to slide in and out of the opponent's body more easily, and honed from a rooster's natural spur.


Jay picks up his spurs in the little town of Water Valley, Mississippi, where a national soup chain operates a processing plant. The legs of tough, stringy old roosters are cut off and sold to chicken fighters for \$1 apiece. The carcasses are then forwarded to the soup company for 75 cents each. The soup that you had last Saturday might have been made from a bird that fought in Cankton last fall.

The rough spurs are patiently honed until they resemble curved knitting needles or overambitious toothpicks. Then the spurs are treated with an epoxylike resin to harden them and with an agent to make it easier to extract them from a hapless foe. The finished spurs are taped or tied to the rooster's own armament and—*voila!*—a fighting cock.

As Jay talks, he becomes more enthused, lapsing momentarily into the Cajun dialect. Like the majority of his

(continued on page 76)



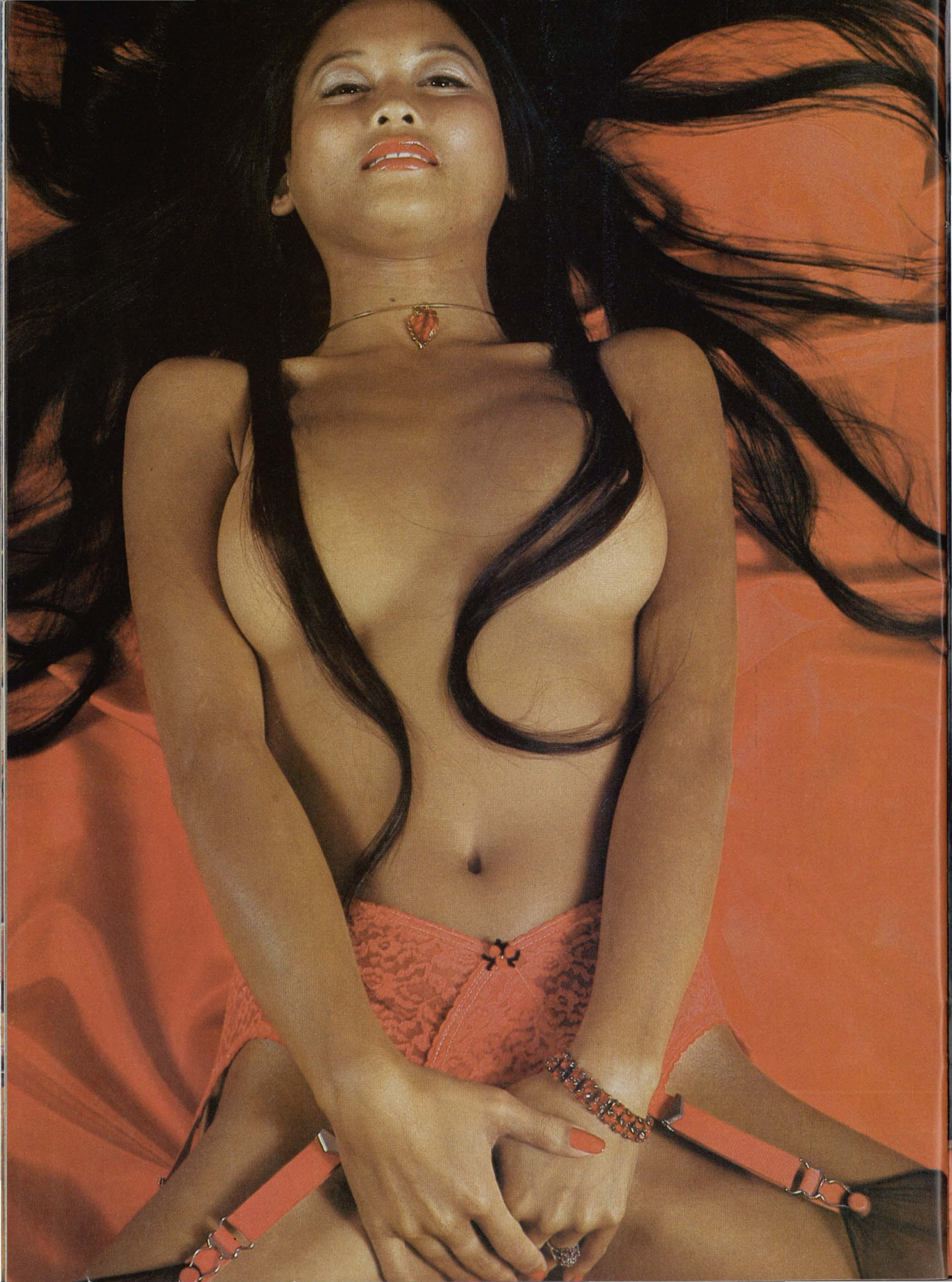


Mercedes

MIXED BLESSINGS

Twenty-four-year-old Mercedes ("Mercy" to her friends) was born in the Philippines, but for many years has made her home in Charleston, South Carolina. Her soft rebel accent is startling when you hear it coming from such an exotic-looking lady, but then, that's Mercy for you—a walking contradiction. Quiet and a little shy in private life, Mercy is one of the most sought-after strippers in the South.

Her reserve vanishes the second she takes center stage and lets down her magnificent black hair. In just a moment the wide-eyed innocent is transformed into a sensual wildcat, one part Suzy Wong and one part Scarlett O'Hara.

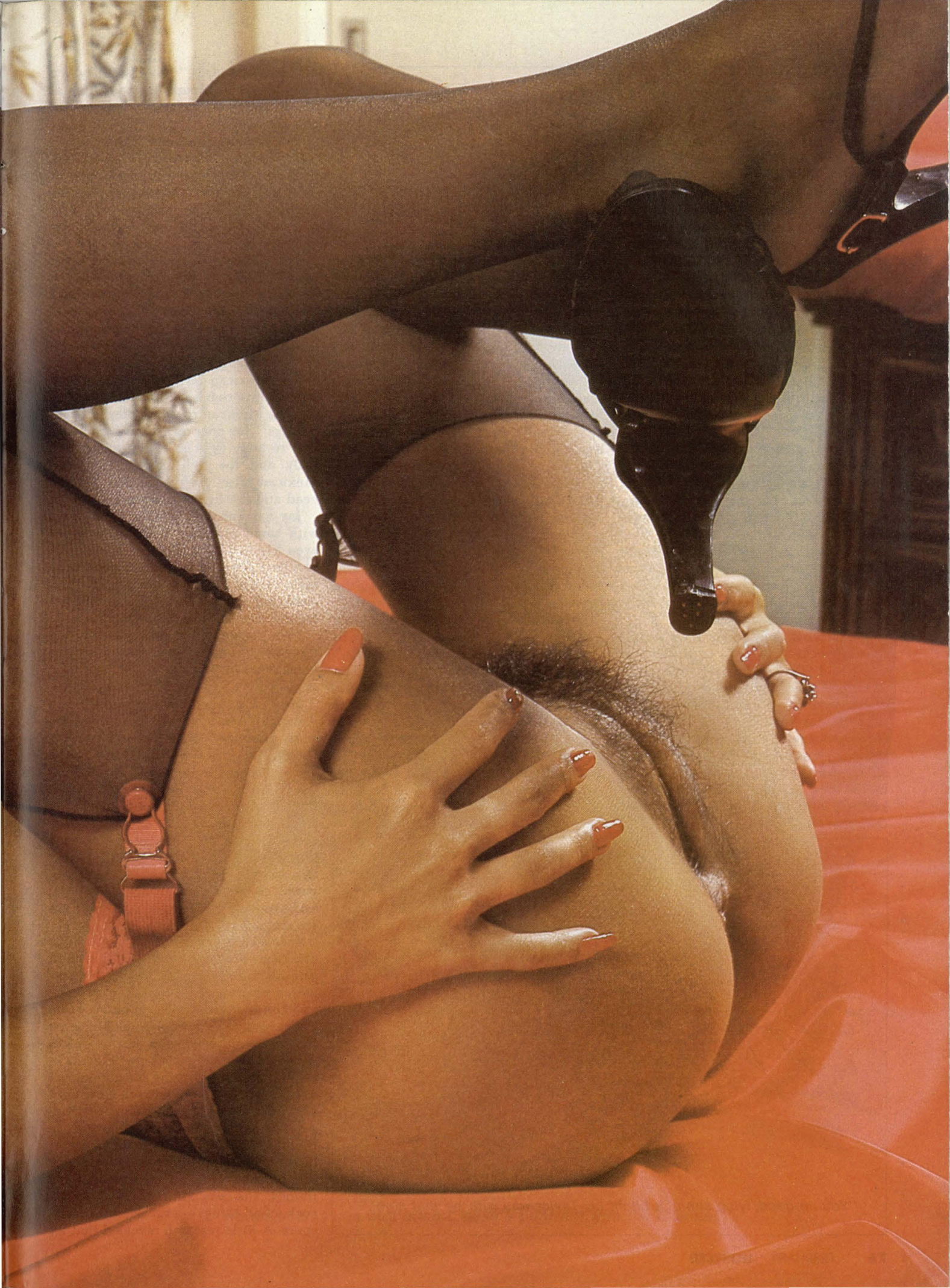




"Maybe I'm a split personality," she says. "I was raised to be a typical Asian girl, quiet and totally submissive. I'm still like that in many ways. The other dancers get off on the power they have over men. I strip because I like the power men have over me. Give me a good audience and I come off stage primed and ready to get it on."

Not surprisingly, Mercy's fans cheer every flying tassel and unfastened zipper like suddenly liberated territory. "I think of the men in the front row as possible lovers. I try hard to please them, offstage and on. It's something I enjoy, getting to know someone who likes my act. And besides, you never know if Mr. Right is in the audience." We're sure you agree with us by now. The quality of Mercy is not strained.





COCKFIGHTING

(continued from page 70)

cockfighting clientele, he's Cajun through and through. On the small farms and oil land around Cankton, French and Cajun are the primary languages; English is secondary.

But Jay has another reason for his pride and enthusiasm—he's become something of a cockfighting missionary. Jay's Country Lounge and Cockpit has become a legend of sorts.

In addition to the cockfights, Jay's offers the very best in progressive country music. Asleep at the Wheel, David Allan Coe, Ray Wylie Hubbard, Michael Murphy, bluesmen Jimmy Reed and Lightnin' Hopkins, and literally dozens of other sought-after country acts have ventured into the bayou to do gigs at Jay's.

Jay says he first tried Cajun music, but he couldn't lure customers away from the established Cajun lounges down the road. "Cajuns, you know, they don't like to change much," he proclaims. "Then I tried plain ol' hard country music, but there just wasn't enough people around here that listens to that stuff. About eight years ago I started listening to progressive country, and I said to myself, 'That's it.'"

That *was* it, and pretty soon people started flocking to Jay's in droves—as many as 1,000 a night and from as far away as Austin and Little Rock. It's not uncommon for a large contingent of folks to make the two-hour drive from New Orleans. Young people, college students, hippies, freaks, kids in jeans and T-shirts, girls in cutoffs and skimpy halter tops, foreign students and Yankees all come for the music and then they find the cockpit.

Prominent country musicians fight their birds in the town of Sunset right along with plain dirt farmers from down the road.

"Most of the people who come to the cockfights are just ol' Cajuns who've never been out of Louisiana in their lives," Jay says. "But now they're coming here to listen to the music, and the kids are beginning to come out to see the birds. Boys and girls, they never seen no rooster fights before, and a lot of them like it. And a lot of the ol' Cajuns like the kids."

"It's really weird when the fights and the music are both going at once," says Chick, the bartender. "You see these guys and girls go back to the cockfighting pit. Then you see them sort of stumble out and puke on the ground. Then you see them girls—you know, with those shorts and hardly nothing on—go back to the pit with them old Cajuns and spend the rest of the night watching the roosters. Gets really weird, you know."

"Most people," Marie tells me, "can't make up their minds whether to stay in the dance hall or go see the fights." Women, she points out, are allowed in the cockpit without paying admission.

Quickly Jay is back to his favorite subject. "The problem with Louisiana birds," he says, leaving country music and women far behind, "is that they've become so inbred they're not nearly the fighters they should be."

This explains why he's been scouting in Mexico for some better talent.

"Louisiana birds," he adds, "they're a cross between Spanish and Oriental blood, which is probably all Greek to you anyway."

It is, but he continues like a patient teacher with a slightly backward child. Spanish gamecocks are small, maybe three pounds or so, and meaner than the guy who guards the gates of hell. Fast and mean, but light and—so the locals believe—lacking in endurance.

The Oriental breed, on the other hand, is a beefy heavyweight—maybe five pounds—with a solid reputation for hanging in there when things get thick. The Louisiana bird, according to Jay, is a hybrid of the two, ideally incorporating the best features of both birds.

The Mexican bird, however, threw a wrench into that time-honored theory.

"The Mexican roosters, they're head-hunters," Jay goes on. "Louisiana birds, they're body fighters. They stab at the body and the fight goes on forever. Mexican birds, they go straight for the head and the fight's over real quick."

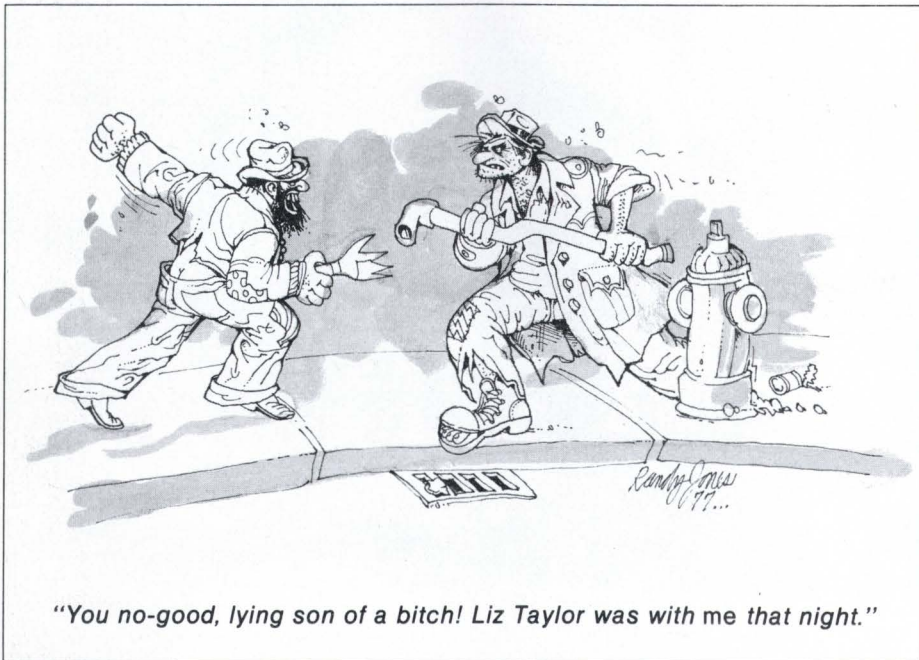
Jay has knocked around Texas a bit with some Mexican breeders. He has even handled their birds in fights. (The handler, obviously, is the person who takes care of the cocks during the fight, removing spurs too deeply embedded for the rooster himself to shake loose.)

"We cleaned up," he says, relishing the story. "Them Texas roosters never knew what hit 'em."

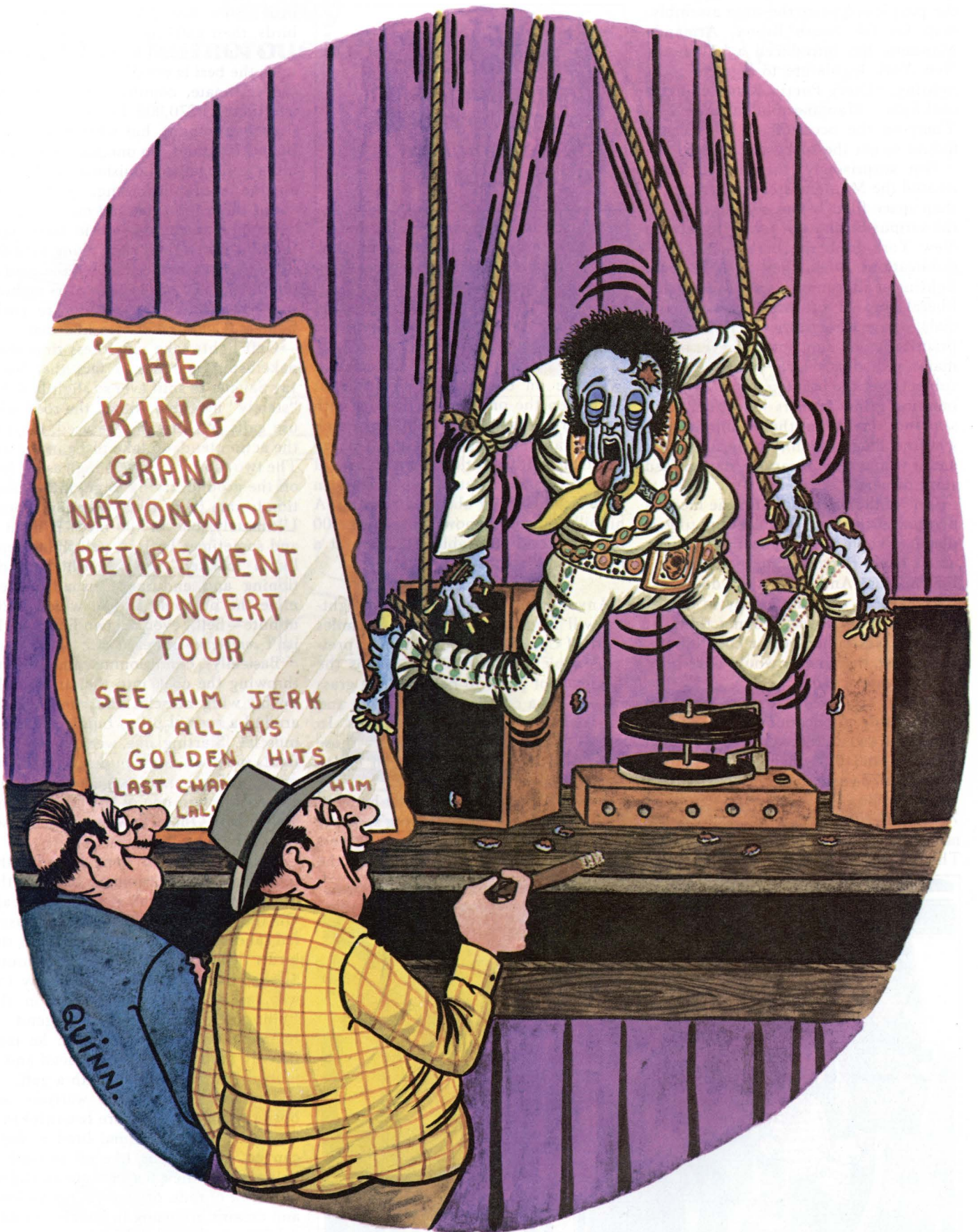
How big, then, is cockfighting in America? Ask how big General Motors is or organized crime or any random iceberg in the North Atlantic. The answer is always the same—much bigger than you think. A pamphlet put out by the United States Humane Society in 1952 (and still distributed) claims that some \$10 million changes hands each year as a result of cockfighting. Before this assignment I would have been prepared to dismiss that figure as total and absolute bullshit. But now I'm not too certain.

Instead of a dying sport engaged in by arthritic old men speaking broken English, I discovered an incredibly pervasive pastime involving men, women and children all over the country. From the bayous of Louisiana to the bluegrass hills of Kentucky to the barrios of Los Angeles, from Kansas to Florida—cockfighting is anything but dying.

Even a neighbor of mine in New York City gave me a story to toss into the hopper. She happens to be a social worker in the predominantly Puerto Rican sector of the Big Apple's own wasteland, the South Bronx. One day while making her rounds, she was attacked by a gamecock, of all things—a rooster with metal spurs. A little research revealed that for



"You no-good, lying son of a bitch! Liz Taylor was with me that night."



"No smart-ass son of a bitch breaks a contract with the Colonel."

the past seven years the state assemblyman for the South Bronx, Armando Mantano, has introduced a bill in the New York legislature to legalize cockfighting. "Every Puerto Rican enjoys a cockfight," Mantano told the *New York Times* on the occasion of his seventh failure to get the sport sanctioned.

Not surprisingly, the august *Times* treated the Mantano story as little more than space filler before getting down to the serious business of trying to salvage New York from the barbarians. Most publications, when they address cockfighting at all, can't resist falling into the liberal trap of tut-tutting the provincials. I have three stories in front of me, practically the sum total of everything major periodicals have written on the subject over the past ten years. All three mention grimy farmers (two from Kansas and one from the Philippines, a genuine illegal alien), towheaded kids and a whole slew of service station/feed store owners.

One of the big reasons for the media's myopia is the fact that cockfighting is illegal. People intimate with the sport aren't likely to pass along incriminating information. And when they do speak, they have an amazing ability to talk at length and not reveal a damn thing. If Richard Nixon had been a cockfighting enthusiast, there never would have been a Watergate scandal.

There are at least two national cockfighting publications: *Grit and Steel* (P.O. Drawer 280, Gaffney, South Carolina 29340), which has been published for 77 years, and *Feathered Warrior* (Route 3, Box 204, DeQueen, Arkansas 71832). Their circulations are "undetermined" but rumored to be quite large. The magazines are filled with accounts

Cocks fight from a hatred too deep for men to understand, except on those darkest nights of the soul.

of fights, ads for birds and gaffs, and all sorts of items of interest to chicken fighters. Where the money comes from to publish *Grit and Steel* and *Feathered Warrior* (producing a national magazine is anything but cheap) and where the magazines go are guarded secrets.

There's simply not much information available on cockfighting. You might have seen the only movie dealing with the sport—that is, if you looked quick enough and hang out regularly at sleazy theaters. Aptly entitled *Born to Kill*, it starred Warren Oates and played in New York City for about 90 minutes. A hillbilly singer I know drove over 100 miles to see it on cable television at a hotel in Alabama.

Anyone really interested in cockfighting will have to visit Sunset, six miles north of Cankton and just about as pretty as a picture postcard. Sunset is the ideal sort of place to be *from*: the grass grows only a couple of inches high and the lawns never seem to have ants. In Sunset the birds fight with gaffs—those wicked little ice picks that can end a match in a matter of seconds.

Every January, Sunset is the home of what has to be cockfighting's Super Bowl. All winter long, chicken fighters from all over the country descend on the

little town, bringing with them their birds, their gaffs and their money.

To win in Sunset is to be the best, and to be the best is worth money—lots of it. One estimate, counting side bets here and there, is \$70,000. I could never confirm that amount, but whenever I mentioned 70 grand, no one laughed. Gambling is illegal in Louisiana, but before anyone starts crusading, he'd better count those limos parked out front.

Prominent country-music stars fight their birds in Sunset right along with the plain dirt farmers from down the road—old-timers who have spent years making sure you don't find out they're cockfighters. Cockfighters are like that.

Gaff fights take much less time than naked-spur matches, a fact that leads Jay Saucier to sniff ever so slightly at his "stately" neighbors down the road who use gaffs. When gaffs are used, most of the action tends to take place in the air. The two roosters jump as high as six feet off the ground, trying to get into a position to ram their deadly weapons home. Ultimately, one of the birds is dead—and sometimes both. A gaff fight is not like a "nekked" fight, in which conditioning and endurance usually determine the outcome and in which a 20-minute—hell, even a two-hour—fight isn't *completely* unheard of.

Basically, conditioning amounts to throwing the cock into the air to build up his wing muscles and running him around a special pit to build up his leg muscles. Starting one week before the fight, the cock is given a series of vitamins, either mixed specially or purchased through one of the cockfighting magazines. One fellow here in Sunset uses only baby vitamins.

If it hasn't been done already, the rooster's comb is trimmed back so the other bird can't grab it with his beak. On the day of the fight the cock isn't fed, and the spurs are attached to the bird's legs only at the last minute. Slasher blades (the steel gaffs), by the way, seem to have originated in the Philippines. According to legend, a referee there was killed when he mistakenly thought a cock was dead and it jabbed him in the heart with a gaff.

These little feathered warriors are born to kill. And they are beautiful in a way that only an animal bred to fight can be. Shimmering like oil beneath a rising moon, their feathers are an iridescent flow of reds, oranges, ochre yellows and creams billowing in hackles around a long, straining neck. Their long tail feathers, a glossy jet black, are carried stiffly erect, a curving plume attached to a scaled-down engine of destruction.

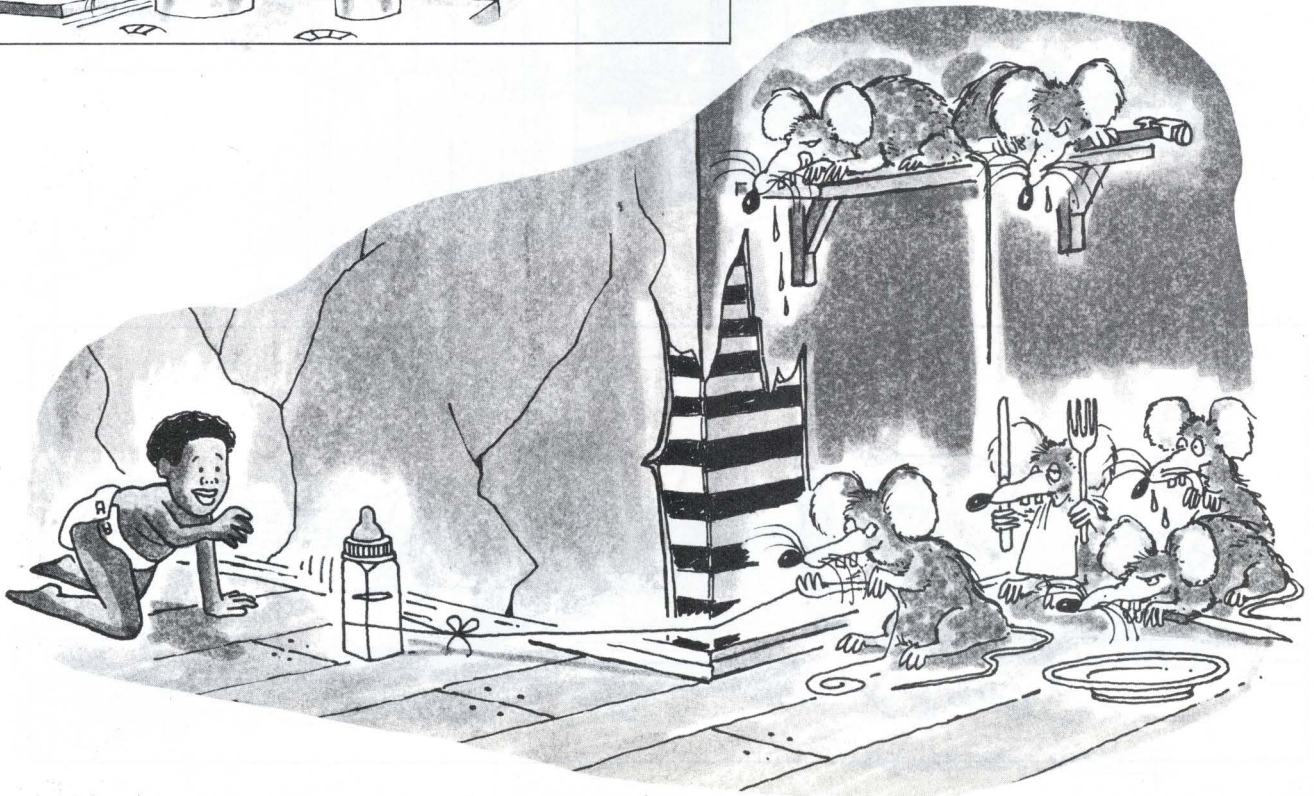
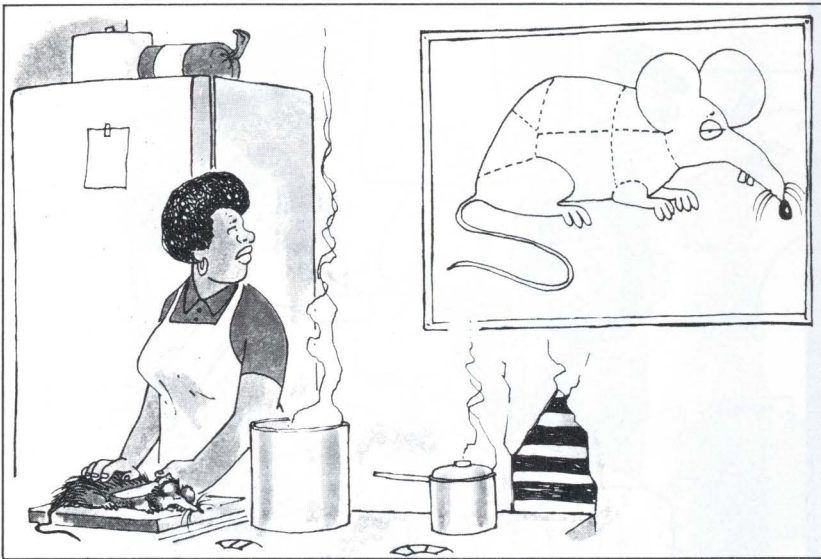
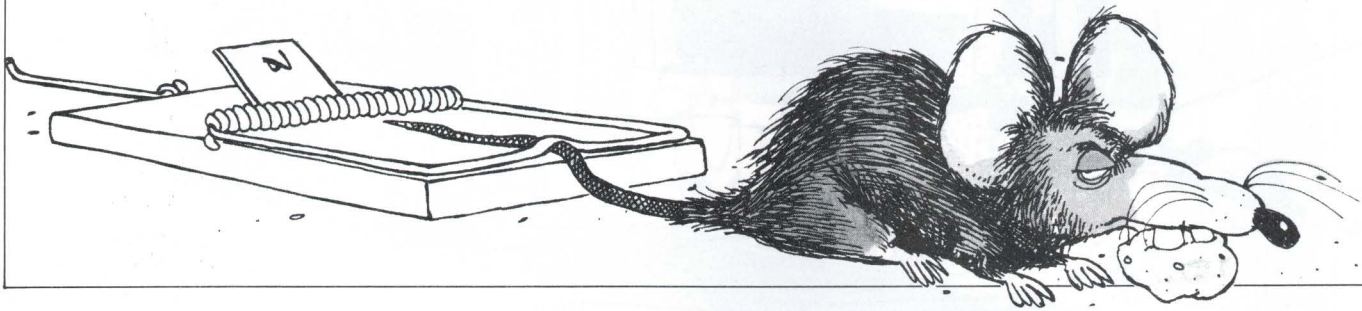
The gamecocks' strutting and preen-

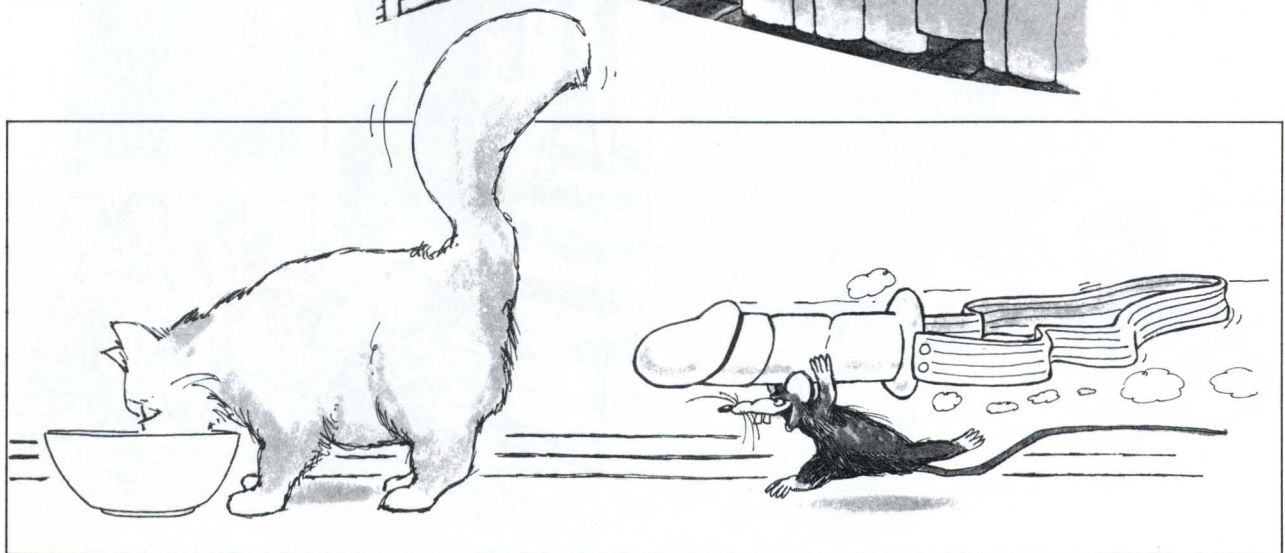
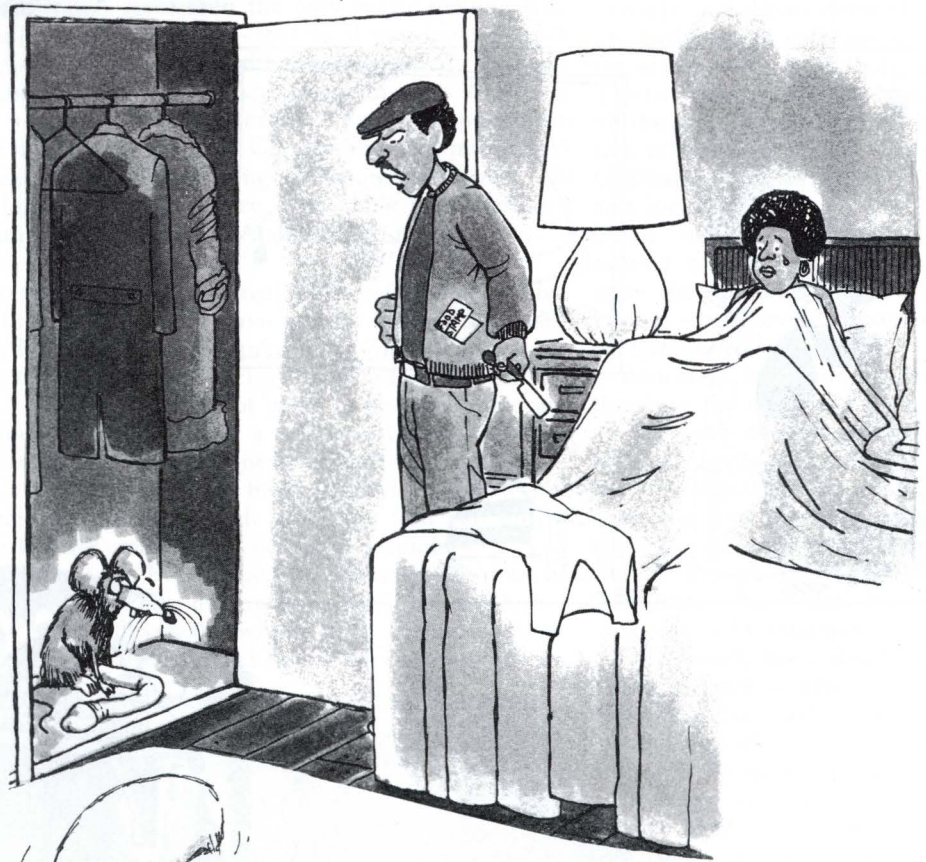
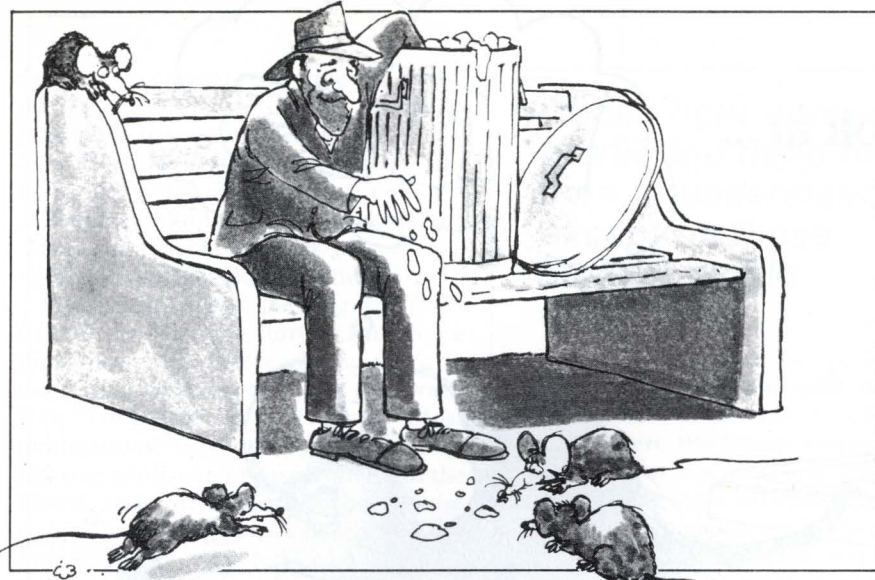
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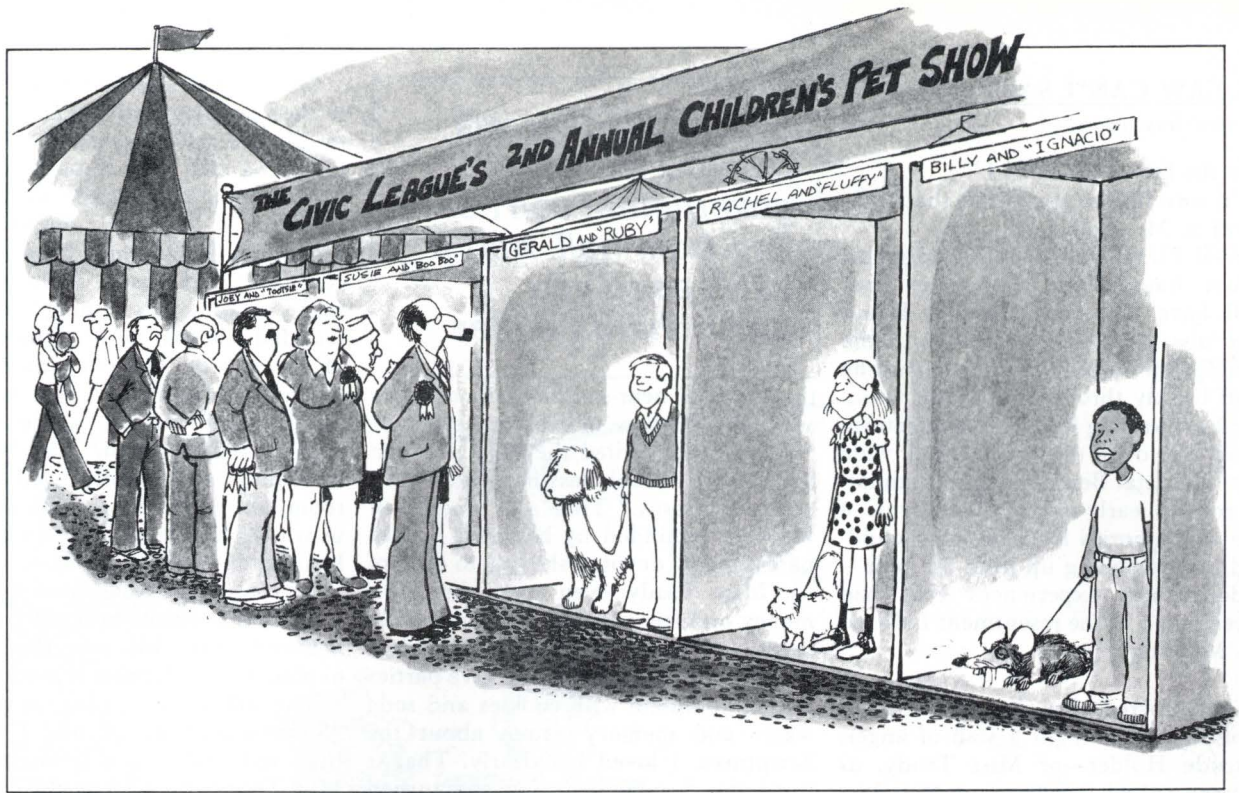


Dwaine B. Tinsley
takes a humorous look at...

RATS.







THOMAS TINSLEY

THE LAW CAN'T SAVE US

(continued from page 50)

far as the law is concerned."

"I'd sure like to hear what that right answer is, Mr. Tom."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, lifting his six-foot frame from the chair, "but you'll have to wait a minute. Damn coffee always works my bowels in the morning. I'll be back directly." And he set off briskly through the house.

As I sat waiting for Mr. Tom's return, gazing out over the corrals and wide acres of coastal Bermuda grass undulating in the early-morning sunlight, a wave of memories from my own childhood came flooding up from the past—incidents and experiences that had shaped much of the resentment I shared with Mr. Tom.

I remembered Miss Gertrude Holder. Recalling her brought a stab of anger. Gertrude Holder—or Miss Trudy, as everyone called her—was my Sunday-school teacher when I was seven. My family lived on a farm just outside of Austin, and our community was evenly divided between Baptists and Methodists. We were Methodists, and my parents were pillars of our church.

In addition to teaching our Sunday-school class, Miss Trudy's energies were dedicated to good works and caring for her elderly parents. Her being unmarried at the age of 40 was the result of an unselfish sense of duty to her ailing parents, as grown-ups in the community pointed out with approval. This sense of duty to church and family, along with her ever-present smile, her retiring, diffident manner and the sweet, cooing quality of her voice, had elevated her to

Every preacher will tell you that the government can't save you from hell. And it can't send you down there neither.

the status of near-sainthood in my eyes as well as in those of everyone else.

Miss Trudy called the eight of us in her Sunday-school class her little "Sunbeams for Jesus." Time and time again we were reminded by her, and by our parents, how devoted she was to each of us. Miss Trudy even spent her own money on little presents for us—usually cards and books relating to the Bible. Every few months she would give parties for us, complete with cookies and soda water and memory games about the Scriptures. I loved her dearly. That is until the Sunday morning she turned monster on me.

Several days before that fateful Sunday, I had become privy to a wondrous and awesome secret. Snookie Bates was one of eight children of the black family who lived on our place and who did the farm work for my father, a lawyer.

Snookie, a year older than me, was my constant, cherished companion. We were sitting on a fence near the barn, watching a cow bring a calf into the world. It was not a rare sight for either of us. Frequently we had observed the arrival of new life on the place, as well as its "getting." We knew exactly why bulls mounted cows, dogs topped bitches and why roosters chased and caught hens. It was all old hat for us.

On this particular morning the sight of the emerging calf prompted Snookie to disclose, quite casually, the astounding news that our respective mothers had brought us into the world by the same route. "Except," Snookie added, "women folks take on a heap more than cows do. And has to have a midwife there, washing and helping." My dumb-founded reaction to this spanking piece of news sent Snookie into a fit of laughter, after which he went into minute detail on the whole matter of human reproduction, start to finish. Snookie's entire family lived in a two-room house. What was dark mystery to us white children was more or less first-hand knowledge to Snookie.

My peers and I had been told by our parents that storks brought babies. We believed that this was the universal explanation of human reproduction.

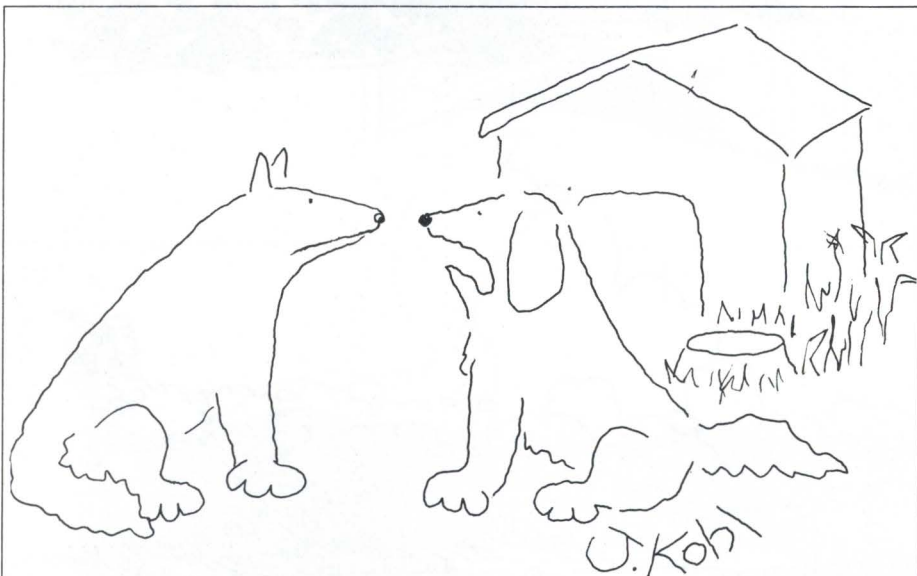
The following Sunday, as my fellow "Sunbeams for Jesus" and I sat in our little red chairs in a semicircle before Miss Trudy, she told us she had a great secret to share. Frank Todd was absent, she said, because he was spending the week with his grandparents in Liberty Hill. And the reason he was spending the week with them was because an old stork was going to come circling down out of heaven and land at the Todd home. And guess what?! The stork was going to leave a little baby with the Todds. The following Sunday, Frank would tell us whether the stork left him a little brother or a little sister.

We all smiled and nodded. At that moment Miss Trudy was summoned from the room by the Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. Scott Cabell. Although I had been atingle to share my great secret, I had learned—even at such an early age—that matters relating to the urogenital region of the human anatomy brought severe reprimand from grown-ups. Miss Trudy not only had set the stage but also had conveniently disappeared. The coast was clear.

I leaned forward and explained to my classmates that Miss Trudy didn't know what she was talking about. Mrs. Todd was going to *have* a baby, not receive one from a stork. I asked them if they had noticed how Mrs. Todd's belly pooched out. They nodded eagerly, agape at my certainty and knowledge. I warmed to the subject—my voice no longer a whisper—and described how the baby came to be in Mrs. Todd's stomach, Mr. Todd's role in the deal, how long it had to stay and how it would come out.

The "Sunbeams for Jesus" were enchanted. Everyone paid attention. I was in the process of taking questions from my audience and elaborating on the

(continued on page 96)



"... And so I knew it was all over between us as soon as I smelled someone else's shit on her nose."



Trosley

"Everyone gets a last request, sir."

THE NAKED... AND THE DEAD

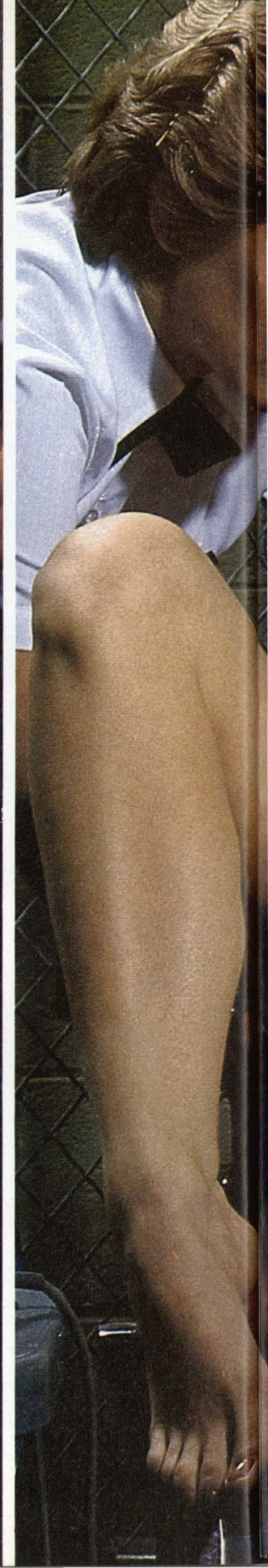
Some people are so scarred by repression and guilt that they need an atmosphere of force or violence to become sexually aroused. They have been taught to believe that sex is evil, a sin, and that "the wages of sin is death." Probably some people, seeing these photographs, will be erotically stimulated for the first time because they see sex being "punished."

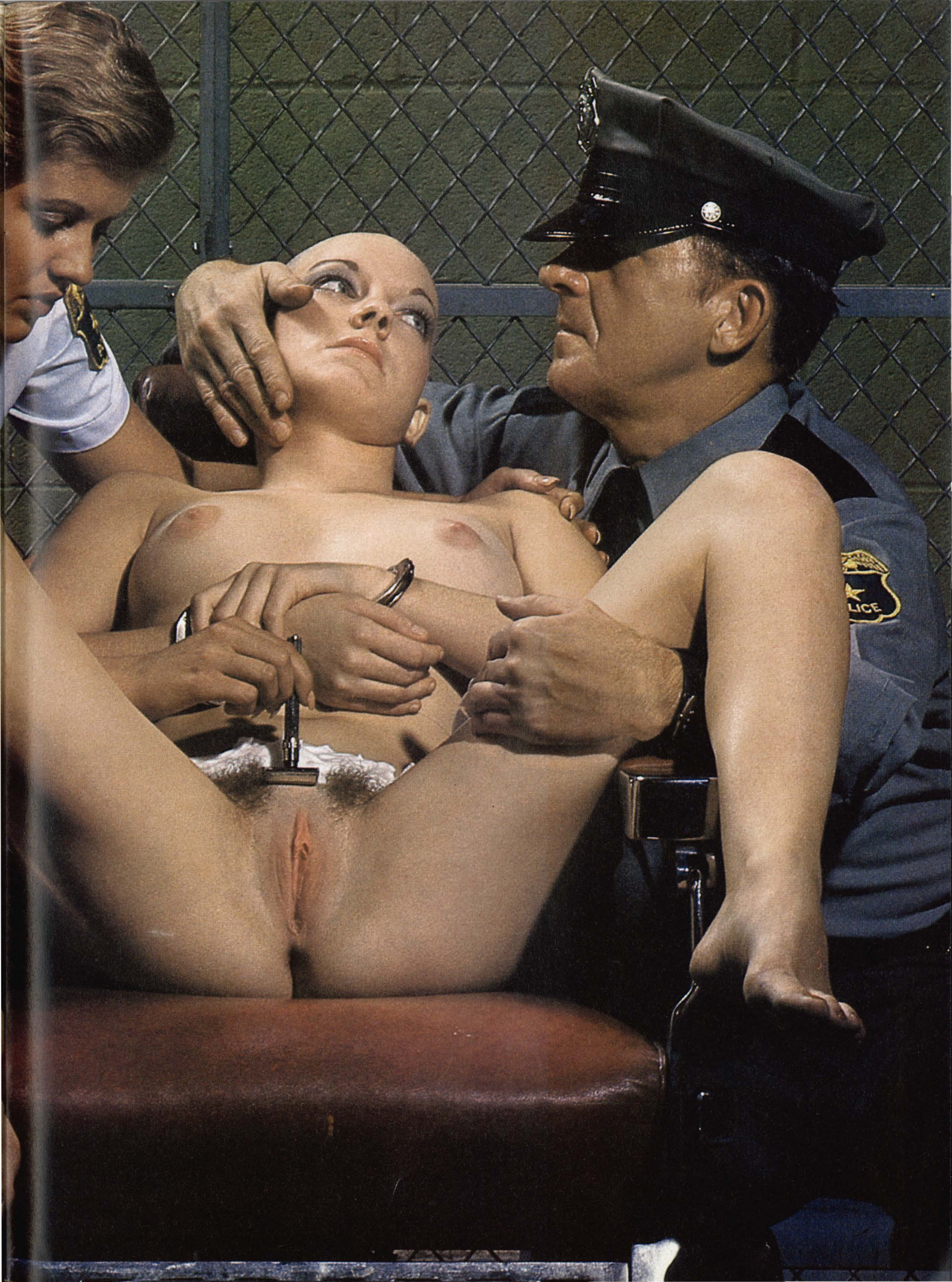






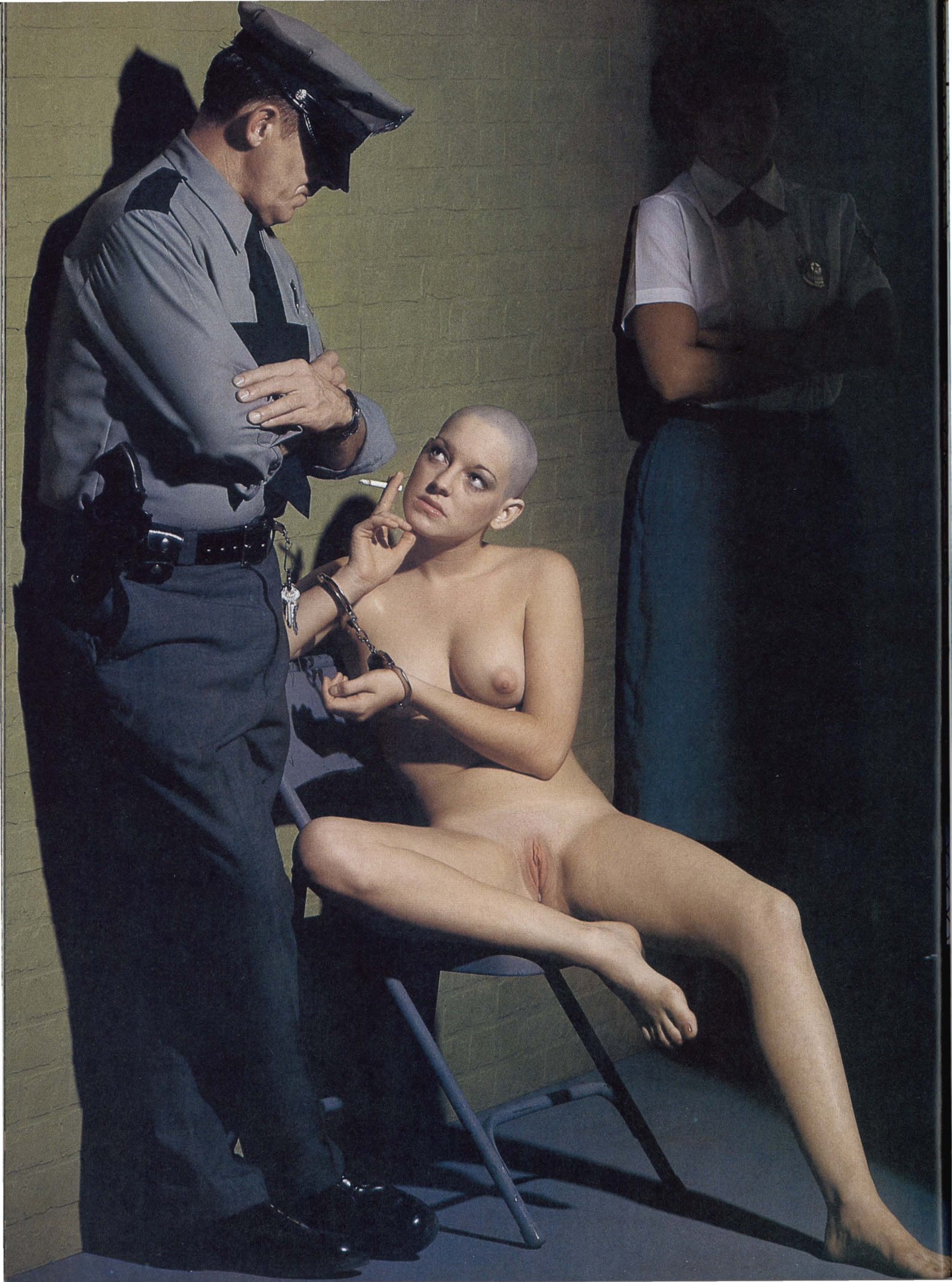


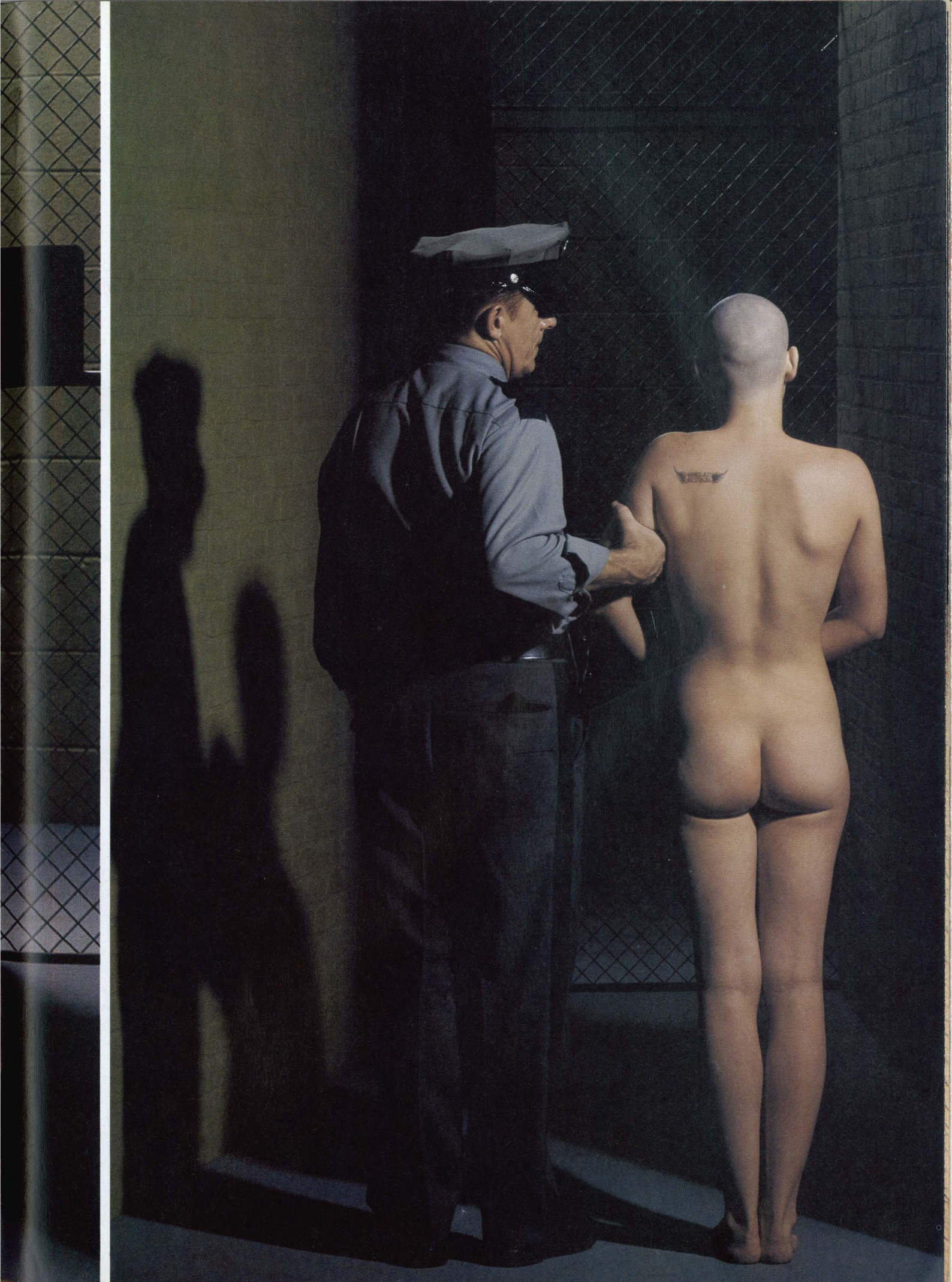














POOF!

THE LAW CAN'T SAVE US

(continued from page 82)

Todd's procreation process when suddenly the door jerked open. Miss Trudy, who had obviously overheard my lecture through the thin wall, her face contorted into a gross mask of hatred and fury, hurtled into the room. She delivered a mule-kick blow to the side of my head, sending me out of the chair onto the floor. Then she reached down and caught my left ear in a viselike grip, lifted me by it and slapped me soundly. I was too stunned by the suddenness and violence of her onslaught to feel anything other than stark terror.

I was only vaguely conscious of her hoarse, choking voice: "You filthy, little animal! You nasty, nasty, nasty creature! You're not fit to be in God's church," as she dragged me through the door toward the back steps. She deposited me there as she went off to find my mother, teaching another Sunday-school class, and inform her of my "horrible" crime.

For all the outrage and hurt I felt as I sat weeping on the church steps that morning, I also felt a sickening shame and guilt. I had committed a dreadful, unforgivable offense. I knew that my crime, as unpremeditated as it had been, had placed me outside the protective sympathy of my family, the church, even the community.

And that was exactly the case. I remained under the cloud of that transgression for months. Any word or action of mine, however inadvertent, that could be construed to indicate I was not eternally repentant for my sin was seized upon to refresh my memory.

Reliving that experience in my

thoughts as I sat waiting for Mr. Tom's return, I felt the same pain and anger that had contributed so much to the frustrating resentment that we shared.

Then my thoughts turned to Mr. Frank Moseley and Mabel. It was about six months after my Fall from Grace with Miss Trudy. Mr. Moseley was a neighbor of ours, a well-respected grocer and a Baptist deacon. His daughter Mabel was 19, a warm, laughing girl who often made taffy for her little brothers and sisters and who always invited me to join the candy-pull. Mabel would tell us stories, sitting with us under the shady chinaberry tree in the Moseleys' yard. She taught us songs—and not just church hymns—including one about Barney Google and his goo-goo-googly eyes. All of us adored her.

One afternoon at dusk, Mr. Moseley took Mabel out to their barn and beat her back bloody with a buggy whip. Her little brothers and I were told to stay in the front yard, but we could hear her wails. It had been reported to Mr. Moseley, on the good authority of his minister, that Mabel was wearing lipstick and rouge at school socials and had been seen on several of those occasions dancing the Charleston with boys.

Like myself, she became an outcast. And like my punishment, hers was never questioned. Some extreme liberals, my parents among them, did take mild exception to the severity of the beating, since it was some weeks before Mabel could wear clothes on her back. I don't remember Mabel laughing much after the incident. But then I never saw her much after that.

This brought to my thoughts Mr. Scott Cabell and Willy May Bates, Snookie's oldest sister. She worked as a

housemaid for Cabell, who, as I've said, was our Sunday-school superintendent. Since Mrs. Cabell was in poor health, Willy May did the cleaning, cooking and washing for her.

Snookie and I were playing under the porch when Willy May came home early one day. We heard her crying and Snookie's mother comforting her. Willy May was saying that she wasn't going back to the Cabell house anymore. That afternoon, while Mrs. Cabell was off at a church meeting, Mr. Scott Cabell had come home. He started fooling around with Willy May, talking about her breasts and her bottom. She told him to go on and leave her alone. He shoved Willy May down on a bed and tore off her single undergarment. She managed to break away from him, but he slapped her several times and bloodied her lip. Mr. Cabell told her she had better keep quiet about what had happened. If she didn't, he'd report her to the police for stealing from Mrs. Cabell's purse.

We could hear the angry voices of Snookie's mother and father denouncing Mr. Scott Cabell, but cautioning Willy May not to tell anyone.

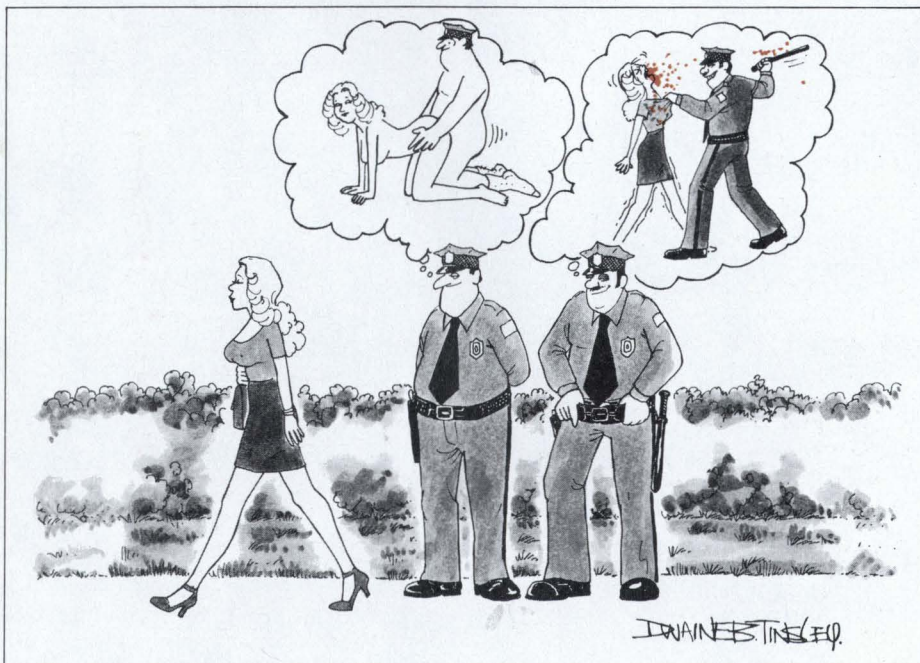
"Best keep quiet 'bout it, honey," her mother said. "You knows how that ol' buzzard is. He jest mean enough to call the law on you. He mighty big over in Austin. Mighty big in church too. Him bein' white, they all goin' take his word agin yours."

Several days later I heard my father telling my mother at supper, "Brother Cabell was by my office today. Had some papers for me to draw up. He told me that Sister Cabell had to get rid of Willy May. Said the girl had been stealing money around the place. Said he didn't want to get the girl into any trouble. Just wanted me to know why they had let her go so suddenly."

My mother said she found it hard to believe that one of the Bates children would steal. "There's not a more dependable family of darkies in Texas," as she put it. "Lem and Lenny Bates are as honest as the day is long."

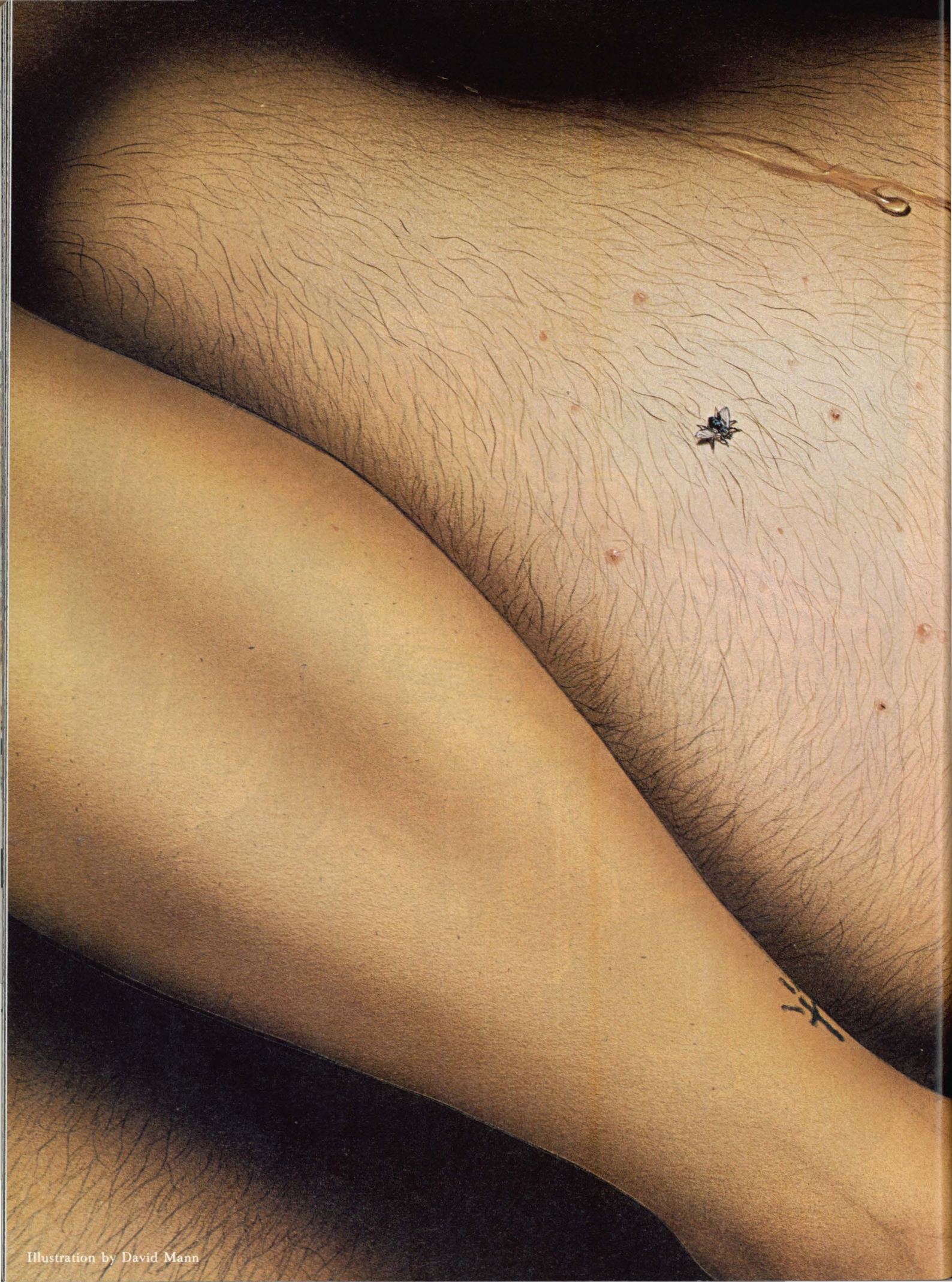
It would never have occurred to either of my parents, or to anyone else in our church, to question the accuracy of Brother Scott Cabell's account. Not many men in the community could match his reputation as a dedicated churchgoer and a no-nonsense foe of sin. His firm, fervent and frequent pronouncements against the loose morals of the "jelly beans" and flappers who were infesting the University of Texas campus over in Austin became legend. Bootleg whiskey, dancing, bobbed hair, short skirts, high heels, rouge and lipstick—all the marks of the 1920s—

(continued on page 108)





"If he doesn't learn it from us, he's liable to learn it on some street corner or in a locker room."





SCORPION

Fiction by
Nicholas St. John

Matamoros is a real seedy town, brick buildin's an' dust on the Mexican side o' the Rio. I'd been hangin' out 'round the ratty town square for more than an hour, sweatin' under the hundred-degree sun an' watchin' donkeys pullin' stiff horsehides an' cottonseed destined for the U.S. There were

some street Mexis standin' 'round an' mongrel hounds were circlin' me, makin' me feel uneasy. The hounds were just waitin' for me to goof an' turn my gaze so they could drive their fangs into the back o' my legs.

Two o' the dogs got into fuckin' by the curb, an' the male had such a long, skinny prick that I set to watchin' him work the bitch over. He was jammin' his pecker to the hilt every time, an' the bitch's legs were wobblin' an' her tongue was laggin'.

The Mexis seen 'em too an' came 'long with sticks to beat the bitch away. They grabbed the bull an' held the base o' his prick with their fingers an' blocked it from slidin' back into the foreskin. It took 'bout five minutes for the mucous 'long the dog's cock to dry.

Then they let the dog go an' watched as the hound went wild tryin' to get his cock to enter back into the foreskin. But with the lubrication gone, the dog's cock just hung limp an' shriveled, makin' him yelp an' run away arch-backed. The thugs thought it was great fun an' rolled in the dust, laughin' an' spittin' at him. The dog just split an' ran off down the crowded street.

A wetback chick I'd met an' boffed in Brownsville, Texas, had invited me down there. She wanted me to come to her town to see what real fuckin' an' peyote were like. I'd agreed to meet her at noon, but it was already quarter after one with no sign o' her. I got discouraged 'an started shufflin' back toward the border station.

"Donde va, usted?"

The voice sounded familiar an' I turned 'round. There was no one. Then her long, skinny figure slipped out from behind a buildin'.

She rolled onto her back an' spread wide open. The hot, sweaty perfume wafted up from her crotch into my nose.

"*Senor*, you're leaving?" She took my arm. "I'm sorry I'm late."

I nodded an' let her lead me down Dust Street, the main drag. The band o' Mexis watched us with cold eyes.

"Your friends is a jolly bunch," I said.

"They're the ones without jobs. They have nothing to do but hang around and cause trouble."

I sped up my step. "Yeah. They worked over a poor hound just now."

"They take out their frustrations on animals—and others."

"They don't dig strangers, do they?"

"No Mexican likes strangers."

I glanced at her. She continued, "We've learned that anyone who's come to Mexico has either tried to conquer or dominate her. We've developed special ways of handling that." She stared me right in the eye. I just spat an' kept walkin'. The flies were gettin' worse, coverin' my forehead like a bandanna. I asked when we would reach her pad. "Soon. And there are no flies either. It is very cool there, and the flies stay only where there is heat."

I brushed the flies away. "Yeah, I ain't into all this Mexican culture."

She laughed an' stopped short. I looked at her for an explanation. She said, "We have arrived, *senor*."

She pointed to a two-story butcher

shop with half a side o' beef, completely covered by flies, hangin' in the sun.

"They sell that meat?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Uh, don't flies freak nobody here?"

"Why should they?"

I knew there was no sense carryin' it further. I just kept my distance from the carcass as we opened the cellar door an' walked down some stairs into the dark.

It was nice an' cool there, an' when she turned the light on, I could see there were no flies 'round. It looked like a typical stone cellar, nooks an' crannies 'long walls covered with spiderwebs, an' everythin' was based by the hard earth floor. She'd thrown rugs 'bout an' put tapestries up tryin' to give the pad a lighter look, but you can't hide a cellar behind curtains. In the middle o' the floor was a mattress with a rumpled Injun blanket layin' over it. I assumed that it was the bed. She told me to sit down. I did.

I stretched out on the bed while she snooped 'round a bit, gettin' some Mexican grub for us to eat. When I saw it was straight chili, I had to pass it up.

"I could dig a beer," I said.

"I'm sorry, I have no beer."

So it was like that as I waited for her to eat the chili. She took her time lickin' her fingers, an' I just looked close at the walls, noticin' the gapin' holes an' crevices where there were probably half a thousand spiders an' gila monsters. "There ain't nothin' in them holes in there?" I asked.

"Like what?"

"Like spiders or snakes?"

She laughed. "No, *senor*, no snakes."

I didn't like the way she laughed, but I forgot 'bout it when she got up an' fetched a wooden replica of a Mayan pyramid. She took the top off an' offered it for inspection. The peyote was inside. She sat next to me again. "Now you'll see the difference between Texan and Mexican peyote." She stuck a small bit o' peyote in my mouth. "Chew."

I hesitated, the odor bein' close to rancid, but when I saw her pop a chunk an' chew it, I figured that's just the way it's done so far south. The stuff tasted like shit. I swallowed to get it outta my mouth. She smiled an' broke off another piece for me. I didn't think I could eat any more. "This stuff really tastes like shit, you know."

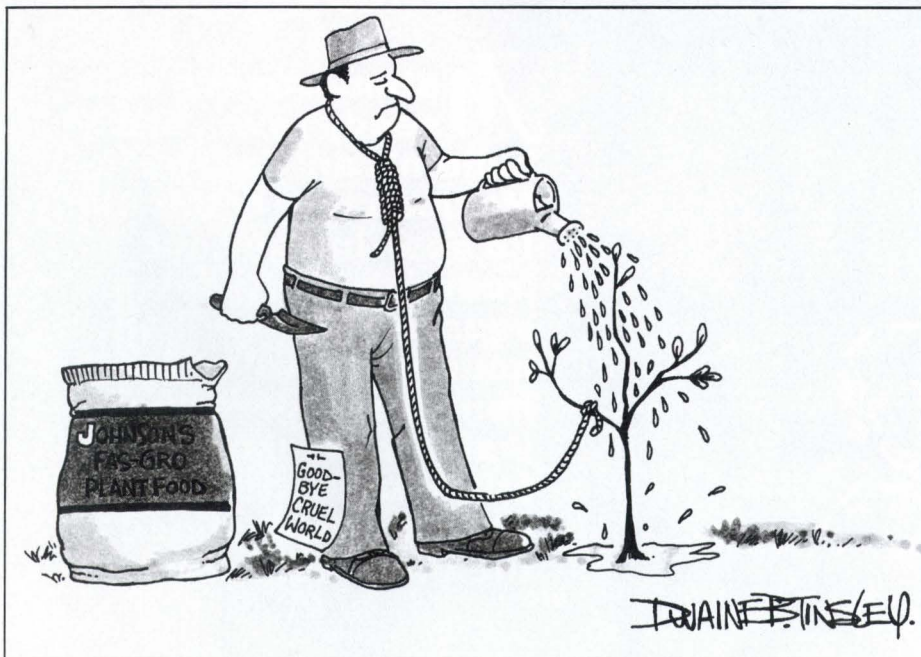
She nodded. "Yes, it does." An' then she lay back on the bed. I ate the second piece an' floated down next to her to wait for the high. It wasn't long comin'.

"Beginnin' to feel the skullcap?"

"Si."

My brain cells started oozin' an' felt as if they were pressin' hard 'gainst my

(continued on page 106)





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BEAVER HUNT



This is the time of year when greeting card companies, candy makers and other holiday lampreys drag out that naked archer, Cupid, and sell, sell, sell. If you're a *real* man, you probably hate the little sniper as much as you hate the people who make a fortune hyping him around Valentine's Day. Well, at least we can all learn a lesson from the Lee Harvey Oswald of love: straight shooting gets results. And these are the results you'll get when you aim your camera at your Valentine and shoot her for *Beaver Hunt*: first, you'll get in her pants (hell, they're already off!), and second, you'll get something nice from HUSTLER.

Here's what you have to do: Send us a sharply focused, HUSTLER-style color photo—no black and whites, please—of your favorite model in the nude, plus a short personality profile. Coax her to be as can-

did as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form that appears on page 107.

Send your entry to *HUSTLER Beaver Hunt*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Sorry, but all photographs become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

If we publish your girl's photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and everyone who sends us photos will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If she's chosen best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your lady may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a \$1000-\$1500 fee as a professional model. There's no reason why we all can't make a killing off of Cupid and Valentine's Day.

Photo by Gary Fuller



Terry Baker describes herself as a "lady of leisure." This 20-year-old from Dayton, Ohio, uses her free time to pose nude for her boyfriend, spend his money and "eat." She dreams of "making love in the rain and being invited to a stag party."

Teri Phelan, a 20-year-old vixen from Reseda, California, is a model. Her hobbies include decoupage (laminating pictures on wood) and skinny-dipping, but her real passion is "to fulfill my man's every wish."



Photo by Steve Sherman

Photo by Robert S. Shunk



Norcross, Georgia, is the home of Joyce Smith, a dancer and waitress whose fantasy involves some degree of showmanship—making love in the middle of New York City's Fifth Avenue.

Photo by Mr. D'Augustine

Photo by Chris Welte



Nina Franklin hails from Kansas City, Missouri, and works as a cocktail waitress. For fun, this 25-year-old skates and dances. She has "various" sexual fantasies.



Twenty-six-year-old Sarah of Greenville, Maine, is a secretary. She is spending this winter indoors sewing, crocheting and reading. This summer she hopes to have a chance to make it with two good-looking guys.

Photo by Elvion Cation



Tammy Harris, 23, has made a career out of winning beauty contests in her hometown of Chicago—four to date. A globetrotter, her dream is to one day make love on a surfboard somewhere in the South Seas.

Photo by Darrell Nelson



Phyllis Brown, 23, a dancer from Monroeville, Alabama, is into golf, tennis and swimming. Her dream is to one day screw Larry Flynt and the HUSTLER staff. We wish her luck.

Photo by Mike Wolf



Twenty-four-year-old Pat Kummer, a nurse's aide from Milwaukee, likes to spend her free time at bowling alleys and campsites. Her fantasy is "making it with couples in the woods."

1 STOP
2 LISTEN FOR TONE
3 DEPOSIT COINS

BEFORE
NO COINS NEEDED
EMERGENCY ASSISTANCE
DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE

NO COIN
STATION CA
THIS AREA
OTHER AR
PERSON, CR
THIS AREA
OTHER AR
DIRECTORY
THIS AREA
OTHER AR
ASSISTANCE



Twenty-two-year-old Carole Roberts, a dancer from Columbus, Ohio, is fond of music, clothes and travel. Her fantasies revolve around a man with whom she can go places and do things.

Photo by Bill D.

Twenty-five-year-old Gerrie Akins, an Oakland, Tennessee, dispatcher trainee, would like to move on from horseback riding and waterskiing to becoming the "center of attention in an orgy."

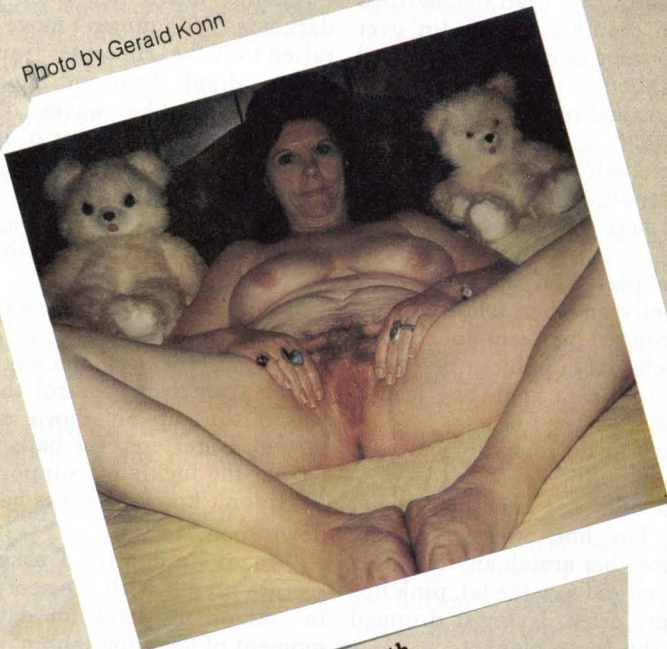


Photo by Dwayne Akins



A college student who likes bike riding and Scrabble, 26-year-old Suzie Bercier of Potsdam, New York, has a fantasy of running around nude and "fucking in the sun."

Photo by Gerald Korn



A housewife from Plymouth, Wisconsin, Dorraine Korn dabbles in photography, painting and nude modeling. She daydreams of finding a guy with ten inches or more.



Go-go dancer Phyllis Rae Buchanan of Virginia Beach, Virginia, likes the great outdoors, where she enjoys sunbathing and swimming. This 22-year-old would like to make it with three guys at one time.



Photo by Jack Edwards



Photo by Jerry Olson

Bloomington, Minnesota's Karen Schinske, who likes animals, works at a kennel. She also has a fantasy of being photographed in front of two nude men, and our obliged the 21-year-old farm girl—again and again.



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SCORPION

(continued from page 100)

eyeballs an' eardrums. I felt the mattress undulatin' an' then her hand slidin' over my chest like she was givin' me a hot-oil bath. She rubbed an' warmed my skin till the heat rushed right to my prick. It raised its head.

"You're excited?" she asked.

"Just fuck it off." I wanted them thick pussy lips o' hers wrapped tight 'round my staff.

I sat up an' peeled off my clothes. She watched quietly an' then followed suit. When she dropped her jeans an' showed me her pitch-black pubies, my cock almost tied itself in a knot. She leaned over an' took it in her fingers.

"We'll have to do something to cool this down," she said.

She rolled onto her back an' spread wide open. The hot, sweaty perfume wafted up from her crotch an' forced its way into my nose. I saw the fat, pink lips waitin' for my prick. I almost dropped my load on the Injun blanket.

She pulled me atop her, with one hand guidin' my swollen prick into her drenchin' cunt. I gave one deep lunge an' then started pumpin' smooth. Her pussy swallowed the entire shaft, kissed it, soaked it an' spit it out again with every jam. The peyote had given eyes to my cock, an' it could see her insides spasmin' an' sweatin' the grease that was lubricatin' the machinery. "Bitch, I'm gonna fuck you inside out."

"Oooohhhhhh" was all she got back to me. I could feel her hands scratchin' my back in a frenzy an' it urged me on to even more intensive jammin'. My cock went in to the hilt every time.

"Senor."

I could feel her tensin' up. Probably ready for her first orgasm. "What is it, baby?"

"Your back," she said.

I didn't know what to make o' that. I felt what I thought were her nails by the small o' my back, an' then I became aware that her hands were restin' on my shoulders. Somethin' other than her nails was scratchin' me!

I controlled the urge to jump out o' bed an' lifted my head slowly to look at her. Those black-olive eyes were peerin' over my shoulder at the center o' my spine. "*El escorpion!*" she screamed.

Adrenaline shot through my veins like ice. I finally caught on to what had been scratchin' an' rubbin' me while I was thinkin' all the time it was her in climactic ecstasy.

My breathin' went to a minimum. I was afraid even to whisper, the noise perhaps puttin' a scare into him an' triggerin' his fuckin' tail. I lay there just

sweatin' an' thinkin' over an' over that I'd been screwin' with a desert scorpion ridin' my backbone.

Then I heard her voice pierce the darkness. "You mustn't move. His tail is raised to strike. He senses fear." No shit, I was afraid. Fear an' nausea flowed through me like waves of hot oil, washin' away the effects o' the peyote. It's amazin' how a man sobers up in the face o' death.

My prick slid into miniconvulsions an' started lettin' out huge shots o' cum.

"Senor, please stop!"

But I couldn't till I was emptied. Then I lay still, lettin' my cock soak inside her. I was completely enveloped in the struggle to control the fear that was rattlin' up an' down my nervous system. I mustered the balls to whisper, "What the fuck am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he will climb down soon."

"An' if he don't?" I asked. I could picture myself with the scorpion campin' out on my back for days an' in a moment of abandon jabbin' me a dozen times with his tail for practice.

The scorpion was movin' now. His long needle-feet were pinchin' 'long my spine—up onto my shoulder blade. The beast approached my neck. The girl slid the hand nearest the scorpion a bit lower, farther from him an' over closer to my chest.

"Don't move, goddamn you," I said. She pissed me off, movin' her hand like that for fear o' gettin' stung. What would she have done if it were *her* back the critter was skatin' over?

"Well," I whispered in her ear, "what the hell are you gonna do now?"

"*El ajo.*"

"Speak English!"

"Scorpions hate the odor of garlic. They run from wherever it is."

Hope established itself for a moment, but then faded like a fallin' star.

"That's a myth."

"What should we do then?"

I thought for a minute. "Where the fuck you gonna get some garlic?"

"I thought of that. It's by the edge of the bed. Beside the chili. I never eat without garlic."

"Think you can get the garlic without jarrin' the goddamn scorpion?"

"I'll try."

I began sweatin' again.

She sensed it. "Yes, I know I can do it," she said.

I swallowed hard. "Go ahead, but if this fuckin' bastard stings me 'cause you make a wrong move, I'll break your arm 'fore I sign out."

She didn't respond. Her right hand, the one on my left shoulder, began spiderin' away, followin' my shoulder

muscles down to my biceps an' 'round my arm. The unwelcome visitor on my back didn't budge, but occasionally lifted a pincer—perhaps to clean itself off—an' seemed oblivious to everythin'. I was breathin' a lot easier.

"Take your time with that hand o' yours," I cautioned.

She nodded 'gainst my ear an' kept movin'. She was away from my body already, crossin' the sheets an' blankets with a delicacy I didn't think she possessed. I was prayin' nothin' would hitch, but—like always—it never happens that way.

My cock was startin' to bother me, water-itchin' from the amount o' time it was soakin' in the wetback's cunt. I could feel it shrivelin', tryin' to dislodge itself from the hairy lips, drenched with sperm an' cunt juice. The entire lower half o' my body was shudderin'.

"My cock's killin' me."

"My cunt too. Keep still."

"I can't. I gotta dry it off 'gainst the sheet or somethin'."

"Don't be such a *nino*. Let me try to get the garlic."

I relaxed my ass muscles. She was right 'bout me. I was bein' a baby. "All right, get the friggin' garlic, but move your ass 'bout it."

So I lay there just hopin' that nothin' real serious was gonna happen, an' that if it did, I'd still be 'round somehow to tell 'bout it later.

Her hand slid lightly again an' soon was off to the side o' the mattress. She started searchin' the floor. Minutes passed—an' still no garlic. I was gettin' nervous again. "Goddamn it, didn't you get it yet?"

"I can't find it."

"So that's how it's gonna end. I'm gonna get my ass bit off 'cause o' some dumb-ass Mexican whore." I'd had it. Now I was gonna take my fate in my own hands. "I'm gettin' up."

"No, don't."

I was done waitin'. I was prepared to make the lunge to get the beast from my back. This bitch would make me suffer forever. Then I felt the needle-feet dancin' 'long my ribs. He was headin' toward the small o' my back again. I had to move fast 'fore he lost himself in the crack o' my ass. I tensed up—feelin' I was in for some trouble.

"Wait! I've found the garlic!"

The hand had done its job. The girl began bringin' it back home.

"Hurry," I said.

The scorpion was roamin' 'cross my upper ass, ready to descend into the valley o' *mierda*.

"I have it here," she said.

I could smell the garlic as she brought her hand near my shoulder again. "Put

it by my ass. I can feel him goin' down toward my balls."

The sweat was pourin' from me like rain. Finally the scorpion stopped an' lodged firmly on my scrotum. His feet were diggin' into the soft skin, an' the pinchin' triggered the itch on my cock again. "I'm gonna flip."

He was kneadin' my bag with his pincers. The chick's hand was rubbin' down my spine, trailin' the garlic ahead, leavin' an oil slick o' juice behind.

"Which way is he facin' now?" I asked. "He can't see your friggin' hand comin', can he?"

"Hold still. I'm going to wedge the clove in the crack of your ass."

Her long fingers rested on one cheek as she slowly pushed the clove into the crevice. A garlic suppository. The scorpion stepped up his dancin'. "He's shit-wild now," I said.

The spiny feet were prickin' my scrotum so hard I could feel the bag swell from irritation. I was sure it would strike blindly now 'cause of the garlic, an' I was sorry I had fallen for the wetback's old wives' tale. I put my head on her ear an' whispered in a thoroughly disgusted voice, "I'm finishin' this scene. I'm liftin' up."

"Don't you dare move. He's by my cunt too, you know."

I knew that an' I also knew he could just as easily hit her as me in his garlic-induced frenzy. His feet were jackhammerin' an' the pain was mountin' in my balls. I had to do somethin'.

My heart was poundin' so hard I could feel it shakin' the Mexican under me. Then the pin-feet suddenly stopped. No pinch, no weight, no movement. My balloon-sized scrotum registered no alien presence.

"I think he's gone," I said to her.

"Don't move for another minute. He's probably nearby in the blanket."

I didn't care where he was as long as he wasn't on me. I let out a deep, deep breath an' dropped my head onto the Mexican's shoulder. "Christ, just let him be gone."

She nodded an' whispered somethin' in Spanish.

* * *

Pullin' up my jeans, checkin' inside the legs for the poisonous beast, I told her, "This sure was one crazy, fucked-up scene, you know."

"I'm sorry, *senor*." She was still lyin' on the bed, nude.

"An' how can you stay in that fuckin' bed knowin' he could still be there?"

"He's gone. The garlic is very offensive to him."

"Yeah." I got a cigarette from my pocket an' lit it. It shook in my mouth.

She laughed, "You're nervous, *senor*?"

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must complete and send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 101). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Send model release to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary.

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____


Parent or Legal Guardian _____

"Fuck you!" I lifted my shirt from the bed an' shook it. Nothin' fell out an' I put it on. I was ready to leave. "I'm goin'. If you're ever back in Brownsville, look me up."

"I will."

I turned an' started out. I saw a lump movin' behind one o' the wall tapestries. Instinctively, with lightnin' reflexes, I jammed my foot 'gainst it. Somethin' crunched an' a splotch grew under the fabric. I looked back over my shoulder. The Mexican was immobile, her cunt puckerin' under the black bush.

"Hope that was your friend," I said.

She just looked at me with them black-olive eyes. "Me too." 

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THE LAW CAN'T SAVE US

(continued from page 96)

brought Brother Cabell's moral indignation up to the boiling point.

* * *

As I sat remembering how Brother Cabell's status had plummeted in my eyes after that incident, never to rise again, Mr. Tom Taylor came out and eased into his chair.

"Bowels ain't got the git-up-and-go they used to have," he remarked.

"You were going to tell me what the law ought to be on obscenity."

"Well, let me put it this way." He leaned back in his chair. "It so happens I ain't never been to one of them sex movies. I don't go to church for the same reason. I ain't interested in what they're selling. But it ain't none of the government's business how I feel about either one. Ain't that a fact?"

"Yessir. I would say that's a fact."

"Course, me and you both realize there's folks that think we're going straight to hell if we put a foot into one of them movies. Or look at one of them books. They want to save us from hell. Good folks, like Miss Eula May, get all tore up over that. Join in with the Sister Anitas of the land and raise a thunder of a racket about it. And it ain't a damn bit of the government's business if they do. Long as they just holler and roar.

"And we can roar back at them. Loud and long as we please. Course, we ain't going to change their minds and they ain't going to change ours. But the government can't get into the fracas 'bout that any more than it can over going to church.

"Now the fact is that every preacher in the country will tell you the government can't save you from hell. And the government can't send you down there neither. They all agree on that. Yet here comes the sex-constipators to pull in the government on their side, to save you *their* way! Passing laws to tell you what you can and can't think or read!

"So I say it's just a matter of common sense when it comes to the law; the way a person feels about this sex business is just exactly like the way a person feels about religion. The government not only *shouldn't* stick its nose in, it *can't*. Not without violating its own laws that guarantee people the right to think and feel as they please. And violating common sense to boot. The Supreme Court of the United States itself knows that well as I do."

"Then what you're saying is that the government really can't do a thing about pornography and obscenity?"

"Nothing, son, abso-damn-lutely nothing," Mr. Tom replied. 🍷

KINKY KORNER

by Todd Curtiss

I know there is a big stink about kiddy porn in America now, but I think it's a lot of crazy bullshit. Real men don't want to take advantage of children, and there are plenty of girls who are old enough and good enough to make any potential kid-freak happy. Take my situation.

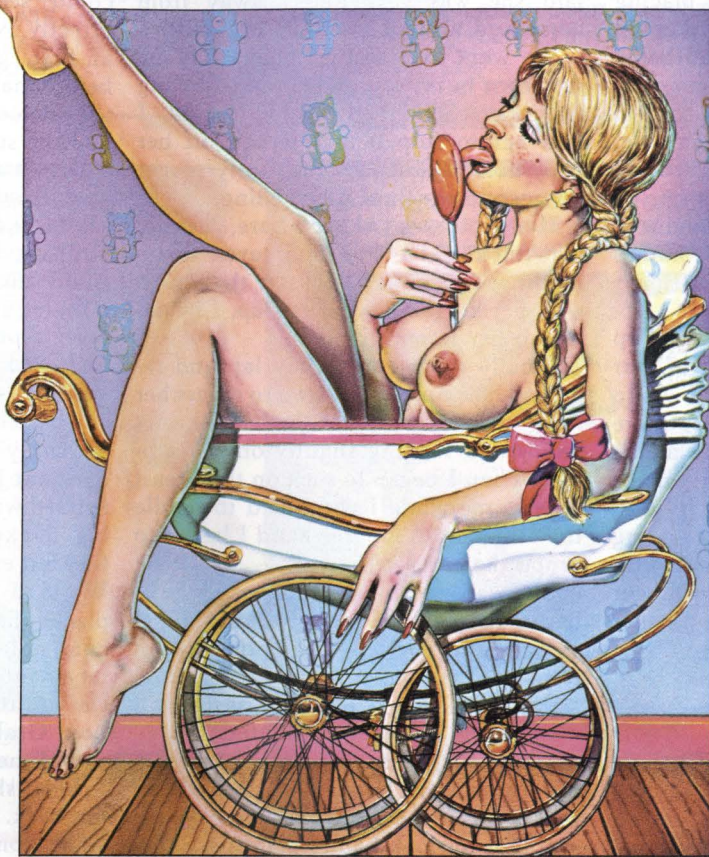
While in college, I was drafted and spent four years in the Army. After I had been discharged, I bummed around, and it was only about a year ago that I "settled down." I got a job with an insurance firm and rented a house out in the suburbs, even though I don't fit in with the suburban crowd. But I like having some space around so I don't have to put up with bullshit from my neighbors about how loud I play my stereo or any of that other garbage.

Even though I'm about 30, I thought I should make up for the time I had lost in the service, so I consider myself to be only about 25 or 26. I tend to hang around bars frequented by young people. It was in one such place that I met a chick who had just graduated from high school and had moved into her own apartment.

The night I met her we eventually started to play cards, and since both of us were pretty smashed, we started betting for various sex acts instead of beers. I figured we were just kidding around, but when the game was over—and I had won—the girl said she was ready to pay off.

She was a young-looking chick, with a flat belly, average-size tits (but as firm as a 15-year-old's) and a nice, little ass that had probably never been tan. Since she acted like she was going to follow up on the game, I sure as hell wasn't going to say no. Still I figured she was teasing, so I wasn't going to push it. I'd had so much to drink I didn't care whether or not I got laid right away. In fact, I figured I'd probably want to fuck more in the morning. I'm always horny as a jackrabbit when I'm hung over.

Do you have an unusual story you'd like to share concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it all down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine or ten typed (double-spaced) or neatly printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.



FANTASY FATHER

The chick insisted that we go to her apartment. I guess she was proud to have her own place at so young an age. I drove. I didn't think she could, and I wanted to have a sure way home if she didn't come through. Then she started playing with my leg, but I pushed her hand away. It was already bad enough trying to drive when I was seeing double. Driving while this nymphet was distracting me was impossible.

As soon as we were inside her place, she pulled off her halter top, exposing her braless boobs, and said, "Suck on these, big daddy!"

What the hell? I leaned against the

edge of a desk and grabbed her waist, pulling her tits straight toward my face, and took her small, already-hard nipples between my lips to nibble on them. Tit sucking had been one of the bets I'd won, so I wasn't about to pass up her size-34 boobs with those tiny, red nipples.

While I was slobbering on her tits, she undid my pants and rooted in my shorts for my pecker. It was so hard that it popped out of my briefs right into her hand. She may have just turned 18, but she knew how to handle my rod, stroking it with her fingertips and then squeezing it with both hands. She even grabbed my dork with one hand and tickled the tip of it with the fingernails of her other hand. I felt like I would shoot my load any minute, and I hadn't even seen her cunt yet.

I pushed the girl back far enough to get to her jeans, which I quickly unzipped and pulled down. When they reached the floor, she lifted one leg out of them and with the other she kicked them onto a chair. Slipping her fingers under the hem, she slowly rolled down her bikini panties until she exposed a sparse patch of light-brown pubic hair. I nearly shot my wad right then when I saw her puffy outer lips peeking through her bush. I was on my knees before she had her panties all the way down, and I finished tugging them off while I kissed her lower belly.

I had one cheek of her ass in each hand, and I was squeezing that tight butt while I worked my kisses lower and lower across her hair pie.

Eventually we moved over to the couch, on which she lay back and spread her legs. Her tiny, pink slit didn't look like it had ever been used, and I wondered if I'd be able to get my cock into it. I figured I'd better moisten it up a bit first, so I ran my tongue from her tight, little hole up to her clit, which soon grew enough to look like a woman's instead of a little girl's. I hadn't been

licking her cunt for more than a couple of minutes when she wrapped her legs around my neck, dug her heels into my back and pressed her cunt into my face while she clawed the couch and continued to moan.

Then she pulled on my head, and without a word I climbed up over her. Positioned between her legs, I ran my cock along her wet cunt lips, while she reached down and stroked my shaft with her fingernail once before placing it near her tiny cunt. I was so hot I could have rammed my rod up into her belly, but I knew I'd better take it easy with this chick. I had to press pretty hard to get the head of my pecker into her hole, but then there was no holding back. As soon as I had the tip in, she started pumping against me, and I jammed it in all the way to my nuts. We were humping away as fast as dogs, and in no time I blasted my wad deep inside her.

Afterward, while we were cleaning up in the bathroom, the subject of our ages came up. She was surprised I was so much older than her. I told her there wasn't anything wrong with that, and it certainly hadn't made any difference during our toss on the couch.

I explained that I was compensating for lost time and that I felt more youthful making it with chicks much younger than me. She made a crack about my not acting my age, but I didn't think anything of it. We drank some more beer. Then I split, after agreeing to return to her place the next evening.

I was eager to see her again because she was one of the best pieces of ass I'd ever gotten. Her young twat was so com-

pat it rubbed every inch of my shaft while we fucked. Her whole body was smooth and tight, and I could hardly wait for her to open the door. When she did, I got the surprise of my life.

The girl's long, brown hair was in pig-tails, tied with pink ribbons that matched her pink baby-doll pajamas. My eyes almost popped out of my head. Giving me an anything-but-innocent smile, she invited me into her place and said she was very lonely away from home and wanted me to be her daddy.

We went over to the couch, and she sat down in my lap and started tickling my ribs, which really pissed me off. I told her to stop it as I jerked off her baby-doll pajama bottoms, only to get my second shock of the evening.

Her crotch was shaved bare, making her thick outer lips look even more inviting. As she lay back on the couch with her ass propped in my lap, I began to rub her smooth mound.

Finally she sat up in my lap and removed her top, and I began to caress her firm nobs, encircling them with my hands and tugging slightly on the nipples. Then I began to suck on the breast nearest me while I continued to fondle the other. With my free hand I began to probe the crack of her ass.

She was breathing pretty heavily. She began to unzip my pants, asking me to show her my cock. But when the head of it popped out of my Jockey shorts, I asked her if she'd like to kiss it. Still playing the game, she hesitated.

When I threatened to whack her fan-ny, she dropped to her knees, helped me pull my pants and shoes off and gave me an innocent look before planting a tiny

kiss on my crank. I grabbed her by the pig-tails and forced her to take the whole thing into her mouth, and then her lust took over. Her mouth moved on my cock in so many ways I thought I'd blow my load before getting a chance to hump her tight, little twat.

I made her stop and told her that nice little girls like her deserved to have their pussies kissed. I lay back on the couch and made her straddle my face so I could see her hairless, girlish cunt directly over my face. I played her game at first, gently kissing her outer lips before making a line of kisses along her slit. It looked like a girl's cunt, but it had the strong aroma of a woman's.

That's all it took to get me lapping greedily at her love box, and the strange sexual excitement of this little game had built us both to the point where we could no longer play. In just a few minutes she was riding my face like a cowgirl on a bronco as I reached up and squeezed her tits. Her climax made her entire body shake.

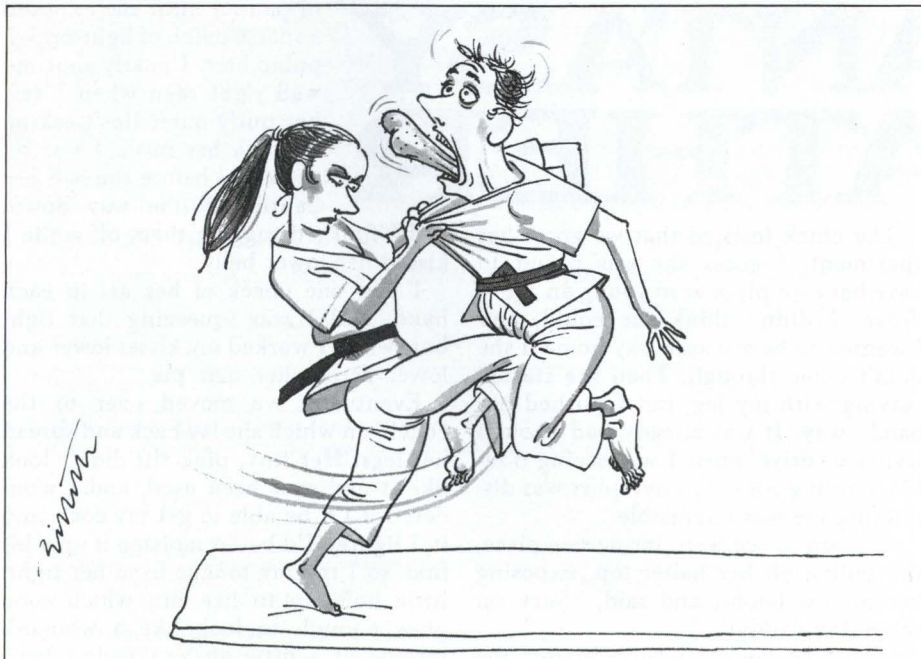
Then I told her it was time to sit on daddy's lap again. She squatted, with her cunt just above my tool, which she rubbed with her hands and said was real big. I explained that it might hurt at first but eventually would feel real good. We both laughed at this, and then she placed the tip of my dick against her wet cunt hole. I pressed against the tight meat, and with one slow, easy stroke slid the entire length of my shaft into her box. Grabbing her ass cheeks, I began to pull her up and down on my root.

Soon she was frenziedly pumping on my cock. I continued to stroke her ass, sliding one hand down the crack of her butt so I could finger her asshole. I ran the tip of my finger lightly over the hairs surrounding her sphincter, pressing harder and harder until my finger plunged into her brown bunghole up to the first knuckle.

That set the chick off again, and her cunt tightened on my cock as she continued to pump wildly. The cum boiling in my balls shot up my crank, and it seemed like the entire wad came out in one blast. When we had finished humping uncontrollably, she leaned forward on my chest and told me what a good daddy I had been.

We had a good laugh over the fantasy we had acted out, but we also agreed it was by far the best sex either of us had had for quite some time.

Next month, in Part II of this Kinky Korner, the couple futher explore—both in their minds and in bed—this new aspect of their sex lives.



HONEY HOOKER

by MIKE
TOOHEY
&
FAB
FERNANDEZ

EVER SINCE SHE INSULTED SANTA CLAUS BY CALLING HIM A "POT-BELLIED ASSHOLE," HONEY HAS BEEN RECEIVING LATE-NIGHT OBSCENE PHONE CALLS FROM THE NORTH POLE-- COLLECT!

...YOU CUNT, WAIT'LL NEXT YEAR....I'M GONNA REAM YOUR ASS WITH A SANDPAPER DILDO AND LEAVE PENGUIN SHIT IN YOUR STOCKING...
FUCKIN' TROLLOP.

SO HONEY DECIDES TO LAY LOW UNTIL THE JOLLY FAT FUCKHEAD COOLS OFF! WHILE GLANCING THROUGH THE TRAVEL SECTION OF THE DAILY FASCIST, SHE SPIES AN INTERESTING AD!

CREW MEMBERS WANTED FOR SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE! FONDNESS FOR RUBBER SUITS A MUST! NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

LATER, ON THE SHORES OF LAKE EERIE, HONEY REALIZES THAT THE AD WAS PLACED BY NONE OTHER THAN JACQUES LESTRAP, THE FAMOUS UNDERSEA EXPLORER!

THE ANDREA DIARRHEA! WHY THAT'S THAT FROG FROGMAN'S BOAT! HOW EXCITING!

ON BOARD THE SHIP...

SO YOU WANT TO BE ZEE DIVAIR, EH? HOW LONG CAN YOU HOLD ZEE BREATH?

HELL, ALL DAY! BUT IT MAKES IT HARD TO SWIM.

NO, NO, NOT ZEE BREAST! I MEAN HOW LONG CAN YOU GO WITHOUT ZEE AIR, ZEE AIR?

AS LONG AS IT TAKES TO DRIVE THROUGH LOS ANGELES!

LIKE ALL NEW CREW MEMBERS, HONEY STARTS OUT IN THE GALLEY HELPING MUNG THE CHINESE COOK!

MUNG, I SIGNED ON AS A DIVER! SO WHAT AM I DOING DOWN HERE HACKING UP THESE SLIMY LITTLE MOTHERFUCKERS?

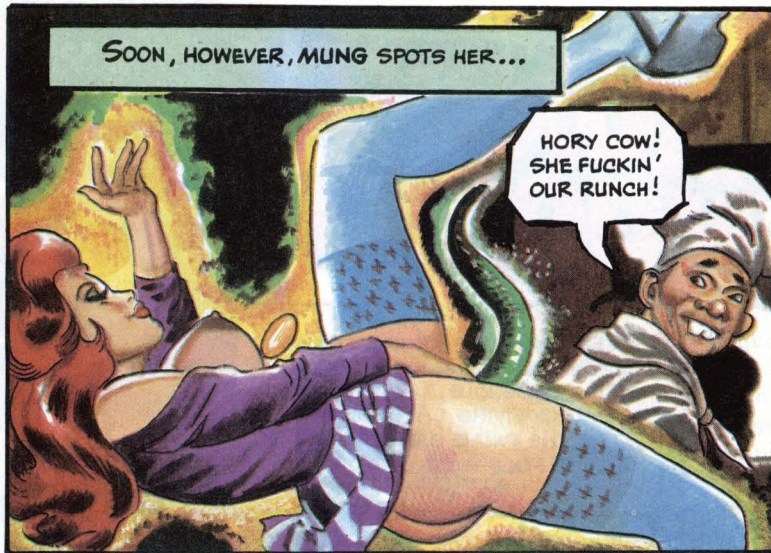
CONFUCIUS SAY: "WHEN CAPTAIN TELL YOU TO SLICE EELS, DO IT CHOP-CHOP!"

FORTUNATELY, THE BOREDOM OF HER GRISLY CHORE IS RELIEVED WHEN HONEY FINDS A LIVE ELECTRIC EEL AMONG THE SLIPPERY GRAY CORPSES!



NATURE'S VIBRATOR!
AND IT'S ALREADY
LUBED!

SOON, HOWEVER, MUNG SPOTS HER...



HORY COW!
SHE FUCKIN'
OUR RUNCH!

... BUT INSTEAD OF JOINING THE FUN, THE COOK REVEALS HIS SLANTED VIEW OF SEXUAL PLEASURE BY THREATENING TO TAKE A CHINK OUT OF HONEY'S HEAD WITH A MEAT CLEAVER!



YOU
BETTER CREAM
UP YOUR ACT,
RADY!

FUCK YOU, MUNG! I WASN'T
DOIN' THAT EEL ANY HARM! THE
DAMN THING ALREADY SMELLED
LIKE FISH!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER THE ANDREA DIARRHEA IS FAR FROM SHORE, AND CAPTAIN LESTRAP FILLS IN THE CREW ON THE PURPOSE OF THEIR VOYAGE!



...TO GET ZEE TAN! AND
ZEN, IF WE ARE LUCKY, TO
FIND ZEE LEGENDARY
LAKE EERIE MONSTAIR!

YOU'RE TRAVELING THROUGH
ANOTHER DIMENSION! A
DIMENSION NOT ONLY OF SIGHT
AND SOUND, BUT OF MIND.

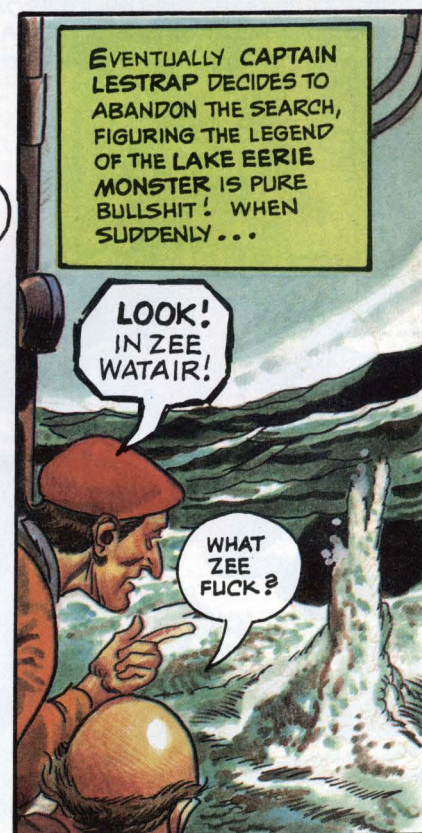
LATER,
ROD!

OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, LESTRAP AND HIS CREW ENCOUNTER A SCHOOL OF GIANT LOVELACE FISH...



THAR THEY
BLOW!

SNIFF
SNIFF



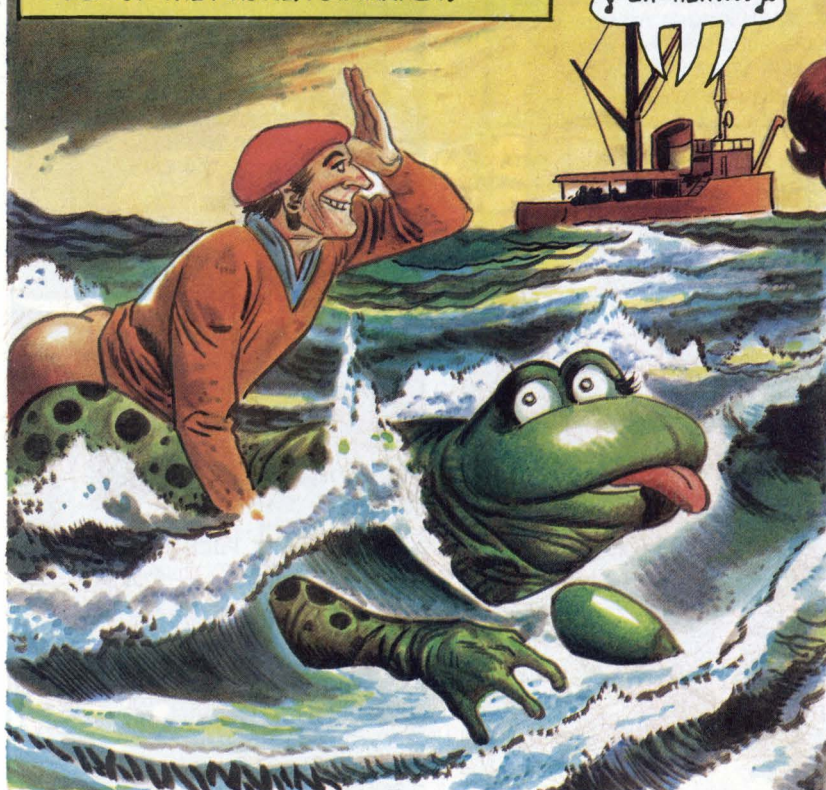
...THE MONSTER REARS ITS GREEN HEAD AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH LESTRAP!



AND IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!



AS CAPTAIN LESTRAP AND THE MONSTER SET OUT FOR TIJUANA TO GET MARRIED, THE CREW SERENADES THE LOVERS FROM THE DECK OF THE ANDREA DIARRHEA!



A GIANT LEAP FOR MIXED MARRIAGES!



NEXT MONTH: HONEY'S WHOREHOUSE HOSTS HOLLYWOOD HEAVIES!

ERVIL LEBARON

(continued from page 54)

other inmates. Another preaches to a flock of goats. As for the other three sons, they remain on relatively good terms with each other and are all associated with the Church of the Firstborn, with Verlan LeBaron succeeding his brother Joel as leader.

Two years after Joel's death, LeBaron staged a commando raid on Los Molinos. His followers, who now refer to themselves as either the Church of the Lamb of God or the Church of the Blood of the Lamb (accounts vary), chose the day after Christmas 1974 to make their play. Two dozen houses were burned by Molotov cocktails hurled from speeding trucks, and two male residents of Los Molinos were killed.

Once again the rhetoric was religious but the motive was economic. LeBaron screamed that the town had strayed from righteousness and that the fiery attack was the work of a wrathful God. But he evidently seethed at the thought of squatters—former followers of Joel—occupying land and buildings to which LeBaron felt entitled.

Other killings in which Ervil LeBaron seems to be implicated are cloaked with even less scriptural justification. At least three of his "wives" have disappeared

under mysterious circumstances. A Utah polygamist named Robert Simons, who apparently made the mistake of trying to join LeBaron's cult on his own terms, is also missing.

California authorities would also like to question LeBaron about the shooting of Dean Vest, a 30-year-old seven-footer found murdered near San Diego in 1975. According to one source, Vest—who was not a polygamist—had "worshipped LeBaron, but became disenchanted toward the end."

In addition to the year served in a Mexican jail for Joel's death, LeBaron did a 10-month stretch in 1976 for the Los Molinos raid. In both cases he managed to come up with substantial sums of money with which to bribe local officials and secure his speedy release. Polygamist Alexander Joseph contends that Verlan LeBaron bribed officials to keep his brother in prison. But Ervil reportedly outbid Verlan, and came out of the calaboose with a nasty attitude.

Like any other underworld boss, Ervil LeBaron has sources of revenue that keep producing income even if he is in jail. In his case, however, protection payments are given a religious significance they don't deserve. The payments, called tithes, amount to 10 percent of each follower's income. As in the orthodox Mormon Church, the obliga-

tion to pay is strictly enforced.

Tithing, along with the previously mentioned business of assembling a huge work force of wives and children, demonstrates the economic advantage of running a polygamous cult for fun and profit. Not only are you building an empire, but so are your followers—and they're laying 10 percent of their share on you purely for the pleasure of listening to your pseudoreligious babblings.

At the time of his death Rulon Allred was worth about \$20 million. And, no matter how profitable it may have been to charge \$7.50 an ounce for "radish dust," assuredly much of his fortune was derived from the tithes of his 2,000 followers in Utah, Montana and Mexico. It is also believed that Allred owned several houses and apartment buildings in Salt Lake City, and that he also controlled—through a dummy corporation—a large portion of Pinesdale, Montana. There a community of polygamists coexists more or less peaceably with their neighbors in the Bitterroot Valley.

At one time the media-conscious Alexander Joseph lived in Pinesdale, but he and his family now reside in southern Utah. In July of 1970, Allred and Joseph had a falling out. The naturopath lectured Joseph on the physician's God-given right to assassi-

(continued on page 121)

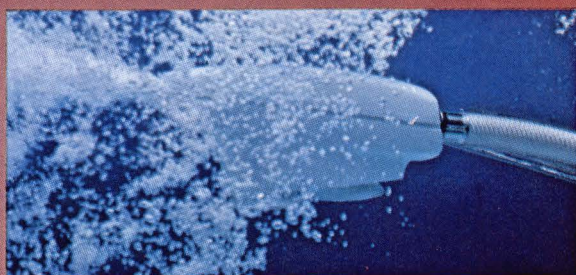


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HU0278

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Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____
mo. year

Signature, Date _____

Subtotal \$ _____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____

Postage, handling and insurance 2.00

TOTAL \$ _____

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.



MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review). Also, we'll advise customers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

by Todd David Schwartz

SHIFTY-SELLER KINGPINS EXPOSED!

I got a hot tip from an extremely reliable source, who has requested anonymity. He confirmed my long-held belief that a sizable portion of the seamiest and most fraudulent mail-order companies are part of one syndicate, operated by three men.

His information—which has been corroborated by the Better Business Bureau in New York City—was acquired firsthand. The informant was a major wholesaler in the sex-oriented mail-order industry. Further, he has been aware of the business dealings of other people in that field, and has had personal contact with the three men involved in this far-reaching scheme: Hal P. Weingold, Myron H. Shapiro and Murray Straka.

These three stooges mail out brochures offering products of an explicit sexual nature—mostly films—at incredibly low prices. Sometimes one of their fliers advertises a bargain package that supposedly includes several hard-core porno films, books, playing cards and rubber goods.

After a customer has sent in an order, he may receive an envelope containing—at most—one french tickler, one playing card, a paperback novel of lukewarm sexual content and a 25-foot reel of film that is grainy, black-and-white spliced footage of nothing more than naked bodies. But more often than not, the buyer ends up with nothing.

Weingold, Shapiro and Straka send their promotional material to people on mailing lists and to parties who have responded to their magazine ads (which offer deals similar to the ones in the brochures). These guys know their offers of three full-length hard-core porno movies for \$5 or 32 films for \$38 sound awfully good to someone who doesn't know any better, and that's how these crooks make money.

Here are the names of some phony companies this treacherous trio uses in their mailing—and there are certainly other fronts of which I am not aware: *American Interna-*

tional Film Festival; Anta Films; Bradwell, Cosgood & Company; California Group; Central Warehouse and Distributing Company; Collectors Film Club; Distributor's Outlet; Ed McSweeney; Filmco Labs; Film Finders Film Club; Finders Film Club; Firenze Productions; Franz Wolfgang-Wallen; Greenbriar Film Club; H. Blass; Hans Peterson Filmwerks; Haulstead, Fauss & Potter; Helvardsen-Kohn Optical; Hornbeck Brothers; King-Harve Productions; Mail-Order Dealers Associates; M&D Productions; M. Fedorovitch Enterprises; M&K Diving & Marine Salvage Corporation; Preview Film Club; PXL Labs; Rhinebeck Brothers; Rudi Eiger-Mueller; Solomon Kluger; The Inner Circle; and Thomas R. Connelley.

There is an obvious reason for the assortment of company names: By the time the dirty truth gets out about one of these bogus firms, another flier from a whole new "company" is in your mailbox with the tantalizing promise of more hard-core pornography at giveaway prices.

The company names and bullshit rhetoric may differ from brochure to brochure, but the print type, size, layout and design of the fliers are all quite similar—not to mention the film prices.

All of the addresses on these pamphlets are in New York City and many are post office boxes at the General Post Office there, with Zip code 10001. My extensive research has revealed that the only known sexually oriented mail-order businesses using post office boxes with a 10001 Zip are, at this time, the front companies run by Weingold, Shapiro and Straka.

After my anonymous tipster gave me Weingold's phone number, I called the Shifty Seller to hear his side of the story and to see if there was any information he wanted to reveal about his mail-order activities. But it was Murray Straka who nervously answered the phone. He refused to talk and hung up.

Stealing money is a crime, whether pointing a .44-caliber revolver at someone's head and taking his wallet, or misusing the mails to defraud faceless victims by accepting their money but never sending what they paid for. For this reason the previously mentioned companies are in the files of New York City's Better Business Bureau—as being extraordinarily disreputable.

I have now forwarded all of my data on the Weingold-Shapiro-Straka operation to the Chief Postal Inspector in Washington, D.C. This information will be utilized in an investigation of these people.

SNIFFING OUT A SHIFTY SELLER

If you find in your mailbox a brochure advertising sex-related items, read it carefully. Weingold, Shapiro and Straka's fliers frequently include descriptions of their non-existent porno films.

The clever hype suggests feverish sexual action. Here is a typical summary: "*Dick Lappers*—Two college girls corner their young professor after class. The blonde goes down on him while the redhead takes a licking. Then he rams it into the redhead's honeypot while the blonde licks his balls and catches his explosion in her mouth."

Even though the wording may seem straightforward, it is only implicit (*balls* does not necessarily mean scrotum). This way Weingold and his cohorts can mail out their material and avoid a possible obscenity bust. If a company is legitimate and is willing to take the risks inherent in selling hard-core porn through the mail, its brochures will describe the product in explicit detail. Also, pamphlets for genuine merchandise almost always have photographs, such as scenes from the offered fuck films—something never included in Weingold, Shapiro and Straka's junk mail.

In an attempt to make the pitch a little more irresistible, Weingold and friends sometimes give you the option of ordering any of their illusory 8mm porno movies in 8mm *sound* or 16mm *sound* at no additional cost, with the line "no special equipment needed." This is totally untrue. If you can show 16mm film on an 8mm projector, you no doubt see visions and walk on water in your spare time.

Although I've said it before, I'll keep on saying it: Don't get sucked in by outrageous bargains. The lowest price you should expect to pay for an authentic hard-core, 200-foot color pornographic film will be around \$18 to \$20.

Use your intelligence, not the desire in your loins, whenever you consider buying sexual items through the mail.

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that too. Please address all such correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, Mail-Order Feedback, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

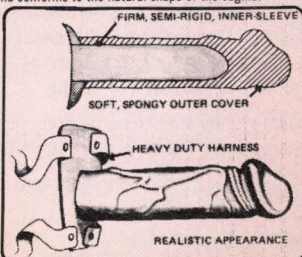
MAIL-ORDER MANIA

Alex deRenzy's **EROTIC FEATURE**
FANTASY GIRLS
 IN COLOR **BETAMAX** UNCUT
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\$ SAVE MONEY \$
 Answering this ad is better than writing off for all the other stuff in this magazine!!!!
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WE CAN HELP YOU TURN ON ANY GIRL YOU WANT!
 ... with a NEW placebo called **PERSUADERS**. A pinch in her food or drink and get ready for instant love-making. She'll be turned on for hours of wild passion and lots of lovin'. Works so fast you should take some yourself. No prescription. Extra strong and safe to use.
STAY HARD and CONTROL YOURSELF
 ... with **PETER PILLS**. Make male organ rock hard and help control ejaculation. This placebo can help restore vigor, potency and performance. Be **BIG** where it counts.
☐ **PERSUADERS \$5** ☐ **PETER PILLS \$5** ☐ **BOTH \$9**
 DEPENDABLE Products Dept. 3055
 6311 Yucca St. Hollywood, Calif. 90028

DON'T BE CAUGHT SHORT
Add Inches To Your PENIS!
 Join the thousands of satisfied customers who use the "PERFECT EXTENSION" and found these advantages: **WEARING COMFORT**: A smooth semi-rigid inner sleeve! **HEAVY DUTY HARNESS**: Won't slip while in use! **ENTRY COMFORT**: A soft, spongy feel-of-flesh outer "skin" that actually yields and conforms to the natural shape of the vagina!
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THREE SIZES: Inside Dia. & Lth. Outside Dia. & Lth.
 1 1/4 x 5" 1 3/4 x 7"
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 Thousands sold at \$24.95. Available now for only \$14.95.
THERAPEUTIC PRODUCTS
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FREE SEX ACTION PHOTOS
 Plus GIANT "NO BULL CATALOG" featuring the greatest selection of sex products, films, photos, books, magazines, etc. Plus a valuable **FREE GIFT**. Adults 21 or over, state your age. Just send \$1 to cover postage & handling to: Parker Sales Co., Dept. 3055, P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

SWINGING TEXAS GIRLS
 We're Janice, Sylvia & Jack. We just returned from Europe with some hard-to-get movies and photos. We love to SWING, watch or be watched, or swap. We'll trade photos with girls or guys. We have phone numbers of swinging girls, guys and couples in your area. SEND NO MONEY, just a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write or stop by if you're in HOUSTON. This is our first ad.
 Janice Alexander HU0278
 5807 Bellaire Blvd. Houston, Texas 77081

MATURE BUXOM WOMAN
48-27-40 Recently divorced, has Unusual Pictures taken by former husband. **NEEDS MONEY**-will sell sample set of 6 pictures for only \$3 to Adults over 21 only. "Interesting" Letters invited *Linda P.*
 HU278
 P.O. BOX 51 Times Square Sta., New York 10036

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 all you need is...
EXCITERS
 Now you can get any woman to respond to your sexual desires. A little pinch of EXCITERS and your partner will crave and need you to satisfy her. EXCITERS can work so fast you may have to take some yourself. Safe. Easy to use and lasts for hours.
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 Here's a NEW product to help you maintain erection and control ejaculation. make every inch count with a little help from **STUD CAPS**. No prescription needed. Safe and long lasting.
☐ **EXCITERS... \$5** ☐ **STUD CAPS... \$5** ☐ **BOTH... \$9**
 send to: **HELPERS** Dept 3055
 6311 Yucca St. Hollywood, Calif. 90028

VIBRATING BUTT PLUGS
 Butt Plugs with or without **REMOTE CONTROLLED VIBRATOR**. Designed to **STAY PUT WITHOUT A STRAP**. Made of smooth rubber for easy insertion & cleaning. **WON'T COLLAPSE**. Jumbo 6"x3" dia. at largest point with or w/o vib. \$19.95. Large 5"x1 3/4" with or w/o vib. \$15.95. Small 4 1/4"x3/4" \$10.95 (no vib on small plug). **PLUGS**, Dept. 3055, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.
☐ Jumbo ☐ Lg. ☐ Vib. ☐ No Vib. ☐ Sm.

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***BE A RENT-A-Date girl!** Anonymously-Everywhere! Earn! Call (refundable) *Hotline: (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Now!

EXCITING new marital aids sex catalog \$1.00. State age. **Pleasure Products**, Box 728A, Hammond, In. 46320
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BECOME Vegas Casino Dealer. Booklet \$3.00. **Griffith**, Box 92, St. Paul, Ar. 72760

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

***RENT A Date!** Everywhere America! Your lifestyle! (Deductable) *Hotline (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091

MEN'S LIB! You say "Yes" or "No" to women in your area. Our gals ready to make first move. Send just \$1.00 for personal communication: **Inside Man**, 3942 No. Central Ave., Dept. H9R, Chicago, Ill. 60634

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***CALL-A-GIRL!** All cities USA. Your lifestyle. 24 hour direct line. (415) 441-0131

BEAUTIFUL girls from all continents want correspondence, friendship, marriage. **SAMPLE** photos free. **Hermes/HM**, Box 24, Sarasota, Fl. 33578

SO MANY Women, so little time, you will say. Man-hunting young women eagerly seek new adventuresome males. Send \$1.00 for personal reply. **Super Club**, 334 Lincoln Federal Bldg., Dept. TH6, Louisville, Ky. 40202

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BETTY'S Sex Tapes. Brochure 25¢. **PO 2269-H**, Santa Clara, Ca. 95051

WOMEN Are Waiting! Broadminded young women actively looking for men. They contact you, so don't hesitate! Send \$1.00 for membership info. Your Choice, 705 Olive St., Room 309, Dept. 9HL, St. Louis, Mo. 63101

ARE YOU lonely? Photographs, descriptions, men, women. \$1.00 postpaid. **Ladysmith**, Box 5686H, Light-house Point, Fla. 33064

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ANTI-FATIGUE CAPSULE JUST RELEASED!
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 Don't finish dead last in your social and day-to-day activity - at work or at play! Spring back like a tiger with the **ONE** capsule that helps make it happen: **DOUBLE R-5!** This unique Anti-Fatigue "shot" chases the alertness "lag" that's holding you back!
FAST ACTION!
 Contains a safe stimulant **PLUS 5 Big Body Boosters** that work **FAST!** Makes you the man on the "go" again - back in the swim, having more fun! The sudden change will amaze you! So make that comeback from the alertness "lag" **NOW!** **DOUBLE R-5** guarantees **FAST ACTION** or money back!
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 Cash or check to: **TYSON**, Dept. 3055
 7168 Melrose, Los Angeles, CA 90046

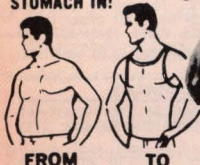
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SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44),
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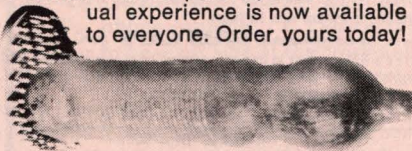
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Please send me: (Check Box)

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I understand that it will be discreetly packaged.

Name _____

Signature _____

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Address _____

City _____

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Is BS a breakthrough in the sexual revolution? Is BS the proven way to "BETTER SEX" for you and your mates? Is it just another overrated "aphrodisiac"?

We believe that the mind controls all **erogenous zones** in your body. We believe BS may be the perfect catalyst for improved sexual relations and for increasing the sex drive and sustaining erotic performance. If you have experienced difficulties in the sexual arena, we believe BS may aid you in overcoming such difficulties. BS is not a chemical; it is a careful balance of four organic compounds found in nature, never before combined in this way:

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Some will say that BS is "Bullshit." Others will praise the concept of renewed sexual vigor through the use of BS. For them, BS is "BETTER SEX." We ask you to try it yourself, as volunteers did in our extensive pre-market testing. Their satisfied responses encouraged us to share the pleasures and benefits of BS with you.

BLUEBOY PRODUCTS—185 N.E. 166 St., Miami, Fla. 33162

I enclose the amount noted below for my order of BETTER SEX. Please ship it to me completely postpaid.

- ☐ Two-week supply—\$10.00
☐ Full-month supply of BS—\$18.00

Send Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐

to **BLUEBOY** HU0278
185 N.E. 166 St., Miami, Fla. 33162

- ☐ or charge to my Mastercharge account
☐ or charge to my BankAmericard account

Account No. _____

(please print or type)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Signature _____



Send self addressed envelope and \$3 to **Gloria Harper** HU0278
Box 626 Cooper Station
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Now, with our special cosmetic medical implant technique, you can have a full head of hair in just a few hours. It's performed by qualified medical doctors. It is not a hair transplant, hair-weave or toupee. It is a method by which hair is surgically attached to your scalp. You'll look younger and even feel younger! You can swim, participate in sports, and even make love without fear of embarrassment.

BEFORE

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The closest thing to your own hair.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING... 24-hour toll-free service.
Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107.
(In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

A stylized, high-contrast black and white illustration of a woman lying down. She is wearing a high-heeled shoe and a bikini bottom. A large, dark, abstract shape is on her midsection. The background is a solid dark color. The style is reminiscent of mid-century modern graphic design.

IMPOTENT? HERE'S THE ANSWER FOR IMPOTENT MEN!

Men, if you can't obtain or maintain an erection, you owe it to yourself to read the illustrated and informative sex booklet "Happiness is an Eternal Erection."

This booklet could change your whole sex life. This is the true story of a man who was made impotent by injury who now wants to share the joy of his sure cure that defeated impotence forever.

Send for this booklet in a plain envelope now —

Rush \$7.95 check or money order to J.D.L. Enterprises, P.O. Box 61, Glenolden, Pa. 19036

HAVE SEX WITH ANYONE YOU DESIRE



And have them at your sexual command, anytime.. anywhere!!!

"Arouse" is a powerful new placebo pill especially formulated to turn anyone on. Now you can stimulate and excite anyone you desire. Carefully blended from the most potent and effective erotic spices ever known, "Arouse" will make any man or woman eagerly respond to your every desire. At last you can enjoy the intimate experiences with the person you've always wanted, even if you could not succeed before. "Arouse" dissolves quickly in any drink or liquid, is tasteless, and completely free from harmful side effects. It works on either a man or woman and is mailed in a plain package complete with instructions. You must be delighted with the results or return within 10 days for a complete refund.

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
RFN, Dept. H278A
Box 676, New Cumberland, Pa. 17070

- ☐ 5 Portion Size only \$4.95
- ☐ 12 Portion Size only \$7.95 (Save \$3.93)
- ☐ 24 Portion Size only \$11.95 (Save \$11.81)

Name
Address
City State Zip

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& AGAIN & AGAIN!



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For men, regardless of age, who wish a natural erection... on demand, even if he were impotent only days before. Not a phoney aphrodisiac. REPEAT PERFORMANCE is developed from pure natural ingredients to aid in impotency, to prolong the sex act and achieve multiple orgasms. No prescription needed. Fast results. Completely safe.

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after regular working hours:
DIAL: 1-713-960-1311

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START SWINGING!

LOCAL
TELEPHONE NUMBERS
YOUR AREA



Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, wholesome girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For information and pictures of actual girls waiting for you NOW, SEND \$2 TODAY. CONTINENTAL PACIFIC PO Box 3546 — Dept. HM Thousand Oaks, CA 91359



ATTENTION, MEN:

Young, very pretty girl singer wishes correspondence in hopes of meeting man for lasting relationship. Any age, any state, will answer all who show they're sincerely interested by sending \$5.00 donation to receive my record and photographs. Write soon! Miss Lee Bonney, Box 76 H. Changewater, N.J. 07831

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FOR INCREASING SEXUAL DESIRE!

Not only will this placebo turn-em-on... the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy problems. Dissolves in food or drink and the results are fast and lasts for hours. So... use it yourself or give it to a friend and then be prepared for lots-a-lovin'. You'll be back for more!!

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ERVIL LEBARON

(continued from page 115)

nate anyone who stood in the way of his preachings, and just to let his listener know the talk wasn't purely theoretical, Allred pulled out an M-1 rifle with a sniper scope. Joseph knows bad craziness when he sees it. He quickly left town.

Joseph, a stocky man of slightly more than medium height, served in the Marines and was once a cop. He spent about a year as the star and technical adviser of a movie about his own life, and he eventually left the health-food business and set up a firm that does technical work for other people's films—ARM Productions. Because of disputes arising over *Alex Joseph and His Wives*, he was briefly a suspect in Allred's killing. (Incidentally, one of his wives is a daughter of the naturopath.) Joseph explained that after he saw the edited version of the film he became incensed and is now suing for invasion of privacy.*

"The movie about us—my family—turned out to be pretty bad. We were

*Editor's Note: Alexander Joseph was interviewed in the October 1975 HUSTLER. One of his wives informed us he was refused an injunction against the film's release because that interview made him a "public figure" who had lost his right to privacy.

portrayed in a bad light; there were a great many inaccuracies, and the thing turned out to be something we hadn't bargained for. At the same time that I became unhappy with it, the producers ran low on cash. They had a finished product—bad as it was—and they needed money to distribute it. So they approached Rulon, figuring that if I was unhappy with it, he'd probably like the film and put up some money."

"But you didn't have anything to do with the killing?" I asked.

"Why should I? Rulon and I had our confrontation and I'd left his town. I was no threat to him because I wasn't in competition with him. I don't go out and look for followers. As a matter of fact, I chase 'em away. And he was no threat to me because the movie had already been released. No, Rulon was killed because Ervil LeBaron was trying to scare some of Rulon's followers into his own camp. It's that simple."

As Alexander Joseph sees it, the competition for adherents willing to cough up 10 percent of each paycheck is murderously fierce. Allred himself had been implicated, though never arrested, in a series of bizarre deaths. "Rulon killed more people with that black bag of his than Ervil could shoot dead in a lifetime," he asserted.

"Sure," I argued, "but Allred was a lousy doctor. Everybody knew that."

"Think what you want," Joseph said, "but a lot of people who were close to him—including his sister—died at extremely convenient times as far as Rulon was concerned. If he killed them by accident, they were lucky accidents."

Joseph wouldn't risk an opinion on the sincerity of Ervil LeBaron's religious convictions. But he isn't hesitant to point out the economic facts of life that LeBaron wants to take advantage of.

"Joel stood in the way of Ervil's business plans. Every tithe Joel collected was one that Ervil couldn't get, and he didn't want Ervil to commercialize Los Molinos. It was like one godfather taking out a contract on another—purely a business proposition.

"Now, Ervil isn't in a real good economic situation. He's got a pretty decent cash flow, but no assets like Rulon's real estate or his other brothers' pecan and coffee plantations. Verlan LeBaron is worth a lot more than Ervil."

Welfare seems to be one source of LeBaron's income. At least one of his wives, and possibly others (all of whose names are being kept confidential by the agencies involved), have collected benefits simultaneously in Colorado and California. While individual benefits

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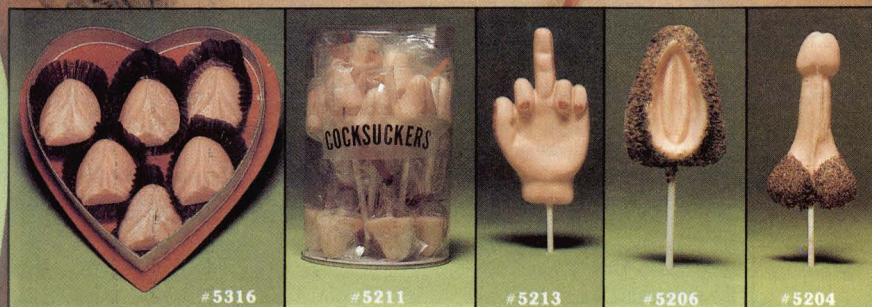
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are meager, the total revenue can be substantial if a dozen women can swap children back and forth to qualify for the maximum payments.

About two weeks after the Allred killing, police in Carrollton, Texas, arrested Nancy Chynoweth for alleged conspiracy in the crime. Nancy's husband is Victor Chynoweth, who admits being a friend and business associate of Ervil LeBaron, but not a follower. But two of his brothers and a sister (Rena) apparently are members of LeBaron's gang and have been accused of participating in some of the bloodthirsty escapades.

Nancy Chynoweth was arrested on grounds that she purchased one of the murder weapons. A gun box was found in a garbage can near the doctor's office, along with other evidence. A serial number on the box was traced to a Colorado gun shop, where she is said to have purchased the pistol.

One eyewitness was a polygamous Utah industrialist believed to be worth more than \$5 million (and who was in Allred's office trying to borrow money from the naturopath). He is said to have given police a description that fit Rena Chynoweth, Nancy's sister-in-law.

Nancy Chynoweth was released on \$20,000 bond, but six weeks later the charges against her were dropped. The prosecutor claimed he dismissed the charges to avoid blowing his chance to arrest the other gang members. On September 23, 1977, the federal government moved in on several suspects in Rulon Allred's murder.

At press time Victor Chynoweth and his son Mark, Lloyd Sullivan (a demolition expert), Dan Jordan (reportedly LeBaron's right-hand man) and Ramona Marston (one of Jordan's wives) are now in custody under high bail—charged with conspiracy and interstate flight to avoid prosecution. Other warrants are still outstanding, including one naming Ervil LeBaron himself.

One aspect of the Allred murder is only indirectly related to the LeBaron story. The *Deseret News*—a Salt Lake City daily owned by the Mormon Church—recently published an excellent series of articles about the LeBarons by investigative reporter Dale Van Atta. In July 1977, Jack Anderson, who had been a wartime correspondent for that paper, wrote three columns about LeBaron, all based on Van Atta's work.

It was these reports that made Ervil LeBaron a national media figure. But beyond that, they may pave the way for further violence against polygamists.

"Jack Anderson is a Mormon. And he's the church's paper assassin," Alex Joseph charged. "Those columns were a license to kill. Anyone who wants to

take a shot at a polygamist now can do it and blame it on LeBaron." The Mormon Church, Joseph feels, is playing the same money game as the LeBarons, but on a much larger scale.

The Mormon Church's public policy is to summarily excommunicate polygamists—a policy designed not to prevent polygamy but to keep the practice underground. And to keep the polygamists paying their tithes to the church. If polygamy could be practiced openly, and if there were strong leaders, polygamists would conceivably desert the church in large numbers, causing tithing revenues to fall off.

Ervil LeBaron not only wants to be on the winning side of that erosion, but he also wants to take over Rulon Allred's tithing flock. Alexander Joseph sees Jack Anderson's columns as one measure the Mormon Church has taken to prevent such an occurrence.

Other observers see LeBaron's attack on Allred as an attempt to seize control of the late doctor's Mexican farm holdings. This land, they argue, would have been used as a base for an attack on the other LeBarons still living in Mexico. Ironically, LeBaron has been recruiting Allred's Mexican followers to join him in a bloody campaign to avenge the naturopath's death. LeBaron's mother and sister even held a piano concert "in memory of Rulon Allred" at their home in Mexico. Reportedly, LeBaron's activities have caused Mormon outposts in Mexico to tighten security.

There is one other possibility, though. A Montana journalist who is familiar with polygamist activities in the Treasure State thinks LeBaron plans to make a move on Pinesdale very soon.

"LeBaron's needed a stable base for a long time," the journalist said. "And he's smart enough to see that he'll never build it in Mexico. Allred's property up here is actually owned by a couple of phony corporations. All Ervil has to do to get the land is to seize control of the corporations, which he could probably do by intimidating Allred's followers."

"Ervil's a savvy bastard and he's no more religiously oriented than Sun Myung Moon, Al Capone or the bloodsuckers who run the regular Mormon Church. He wants a piece of the pie and Pinesdale is the biggest piece."

I asked what he thought would happen when LeBaron made his move.

"It might work out for him, but he'd better fucking watch his step. If he tries to get rough, we're likely to form a posse, give him a barbed-wire enema and then lynch the cocksucker."

Although the saga of Ervil LeBaron might not be a real western story yet—it could certainly end like one. ☹

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COCKFIGHTING

(continued from page 78)

ing are only the preliminaries for a dance of death. The birds' shimmering beauty is perhaps enhanced by the wicked dagger on each of their legs. Watch a fighting cock for only a minute, and you'll realize why the term *cock* came to have two seemingly unrelated meanings: Both the male genitals and the animal itself represent the epitome of strength.

There is only one way for a story on cockfighting to end, and that is in the pit. Oh, there are other stories I could tell. Like one about the "green" deputy sheriff in Virginia who raided a "cock-tail and cockfight" gathering one afternoon and had the poor judgment to arrest 11 influential gentlemen for cockfighting. The local citizens were outraged that the statutes were followed to a tee. It just wasn't done in those parts.

I could also write about why country-music stars Willie Nelson and Ray Price were on the outs with each other for years. It seems Ol' Willie took a shotgun to one of Ray's pet roosters that Willie was supposed to be keeping an eye on.

But stories like that evade the issue, and the issue is cockfighting; or so I told my father over the telephone one night. He promptly informed me that if cock-

fighting was the issue, I should speak to my grandfather, since he'd raised game-cocks for years before I was born. If I wanted to see a fight, Big Daddy could arrange it. If nothing else, this assignment was full of surprises.

* * *

Once again I'm tearing off across the country, this time toward Booneville, Mississippi, to visit some of my people. As a subplot, there's something strange going on here—some rite of passage or nagging incestuous feeling about bringing relatives kicking and screaming into one's story. But my grandfather seemed enthused enough.

"Come on down," he said jovially, "and we'll introduce you to Cousin Edward, who is Aunt Bertha's boy. Aunt Bertha's the one who had the monkey that used to sit on top of her house and throw rotten eggs at passersby."

I couldn't rightly recall, I told him, and inquired as to the whereabouts of the mischievous critter.

"Oh," my grandfather replied, "he went to Georgia."

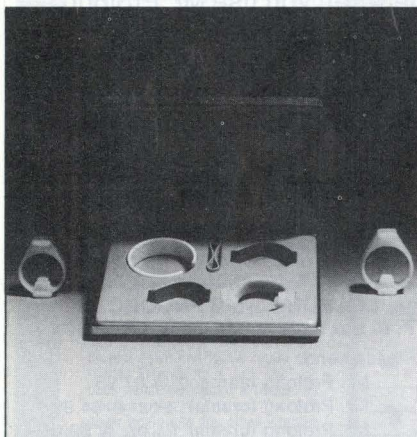
So with thoughts of Aunt Bertha's monkey rattling around my head, I'm off to see a cockfight, along with my father and grandfather—three generations of Banes in search of a chicken. We stop first to pay brief homage to Aunt Bertha, who at 96 is doing pretty well.

While the appropriate introductions are made, I stand at attention in the living room of her tiny frame house as Aunt Bertha scrutinizes me with her still-sharp eyes.

"You don't look like a Bane," she says, and I am shaken. Where I come from, blood is taken very seriously. Luckily, I look enough like a throwback to my grandmother's side of the family to pass muster. My father, grandfather and I proceed on down the hill to Cousin Edward's place.

I'm going to say a great deal about Cousin Edward, but I'm not going to reveal his last name. Cockfighting is illegal in Mississippi too, and Cousin Edward has been a chicken fighter all his life. His house looks like a stage set from a ninth-grade play—all propped up on concrete blocks because the red clay keeps silting away—and surrounded by chickens, roosters, junkyard dogs and rabbits. An elder son, who drinks a lot, lives in a house in the back. Then there are the rows of cages for the fighting cocks. The birds incessantly and pointedly ignore the swarming world around them. Cousin Edward himself, my father mentions, looks like a chicken fighter.

And indeed he does. He is 60 years old if a day, lean and weathered from the relentless northeastern Mississippi sun, which on a truly murderous day is



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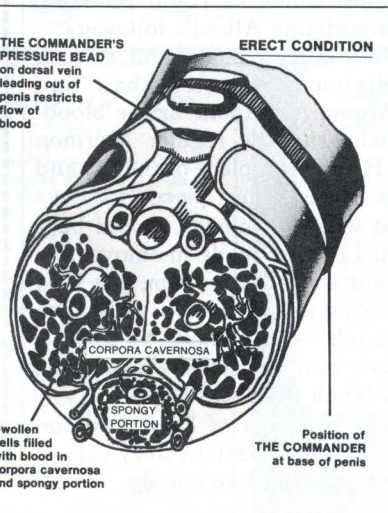
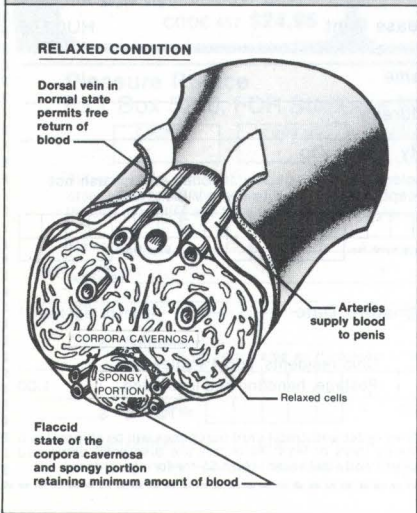
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about ten degrees hotter than the west gate of hell. His skin is stained almost the color of the red clay, and when he talks he has the uncanny ability to look right through you, as if he were talking to someone more important standing just behind you. He knows the complete genealogy of every single gamecock in his yard, whether it's one of the fighting cocks or the dozen or so newly hatched chicks running hither and yon.

"That un over there," he says, pointing at an indistinguishable chick, "is gonna be a good fighter when he gets older. His great-granddaddy fought over in Sunset."

For Cousin Edward and the other chicken fighters of the backwoods, that is the yardstick of a rooster. Having the blood of one that fought at Sunset makes a bird potential Sunset material, and everybody in these parts knows that Sunset material can hold its own with the devil himself.

While nobody's going to be *really* fighting in the heat of the summer, a little sparring match wouldn't hurt. So we weave through chest-high weeds back to another set of pens filled with cocks. As we walk, Cousin Edward points out the birds, and runs through their bloodlines—where they came from, how many fights they've won, if their daddies fought at Sunset, and so on.

"That un," he says, "is a good un too. He's won five fights for me." Which is no mean feat, since the life expectancy of a fighting cock runs about six matches. Cousin Ed goes to the next cage and raises one side, and a rooster saunters out to check on the world. After a brief chase, Ed catches him and gently strokes the bird's feathers. "Feel him," Ed says to me. "Feel him and see how hard he is."

Let me preface this by saying that before visiting Cousin Ed, my closest contact with a chicken was the contents of a red-and-white Kentucky Fried Chicken box. I pat Ed's fighting bird.

In a flash—no, faster than a flash—the thing cranes his neck, arches his head and cleanly nails my finger, sending all manner of rotten sensations up and down my arm. I bite my lip and smile, but the cock refuses to turn my finger loose. I try shaking my digit, but that doesn't work either. By now everyone is having a good chuckle except Cousin Edward, who doesn't say a word. Once I get my finger extracted and wipe off the blood, he looks right at me.

"Yep," he says, with almost the trace of a smile on his lips. "A good chicken'll bite ya." Just like that, I'm one of the family. Blood will tell.

We pick up another cock and head for the dirt driveway. The sparring matches won't be with gaffs, but with the

roosters' own sharp spurs. Ed handles one bird, my grandfather the other.

The feathered warriors are released and in a moment they are on each other, little engines of destruction with flailing wings and jabbing spurs, trying again and again for the upper—the killing—position. They grab with their beaks, jab with their spurs, moving so fast they become an ocher-red-and-black blur.

Then, almost instantaneously, one rooster is down while the other towers over him. The downed rooster is transformed miraculously into just a mere chicken. Now the handlers step in and pull the birds apart. Afterward the men rub their bloody hands on the ground.

"I'll show you something," Cousin Edward says, and goes off to fetch two other gamecocks. These are grays—big old roosters kept around mainly for breeding, and totally blind. Ed sets the two of them on the ground, and after a moment's orientation there's a flurry of flapping, hackles rise and the cocks are on each other, grabbing and jabbing, fighting for their burned-out lives.

There are no tactics, no strategic retreats, no quarter asked and none given. The two grays fight until totally exhausted. "That," someone behind me says, "is courage."

I think not. They're not fighting for honor or valor or because somebody ran off with their wife or tried to mug them or offended their aesthetic sensibilities. They're not fighting because some government ordered them to suit up and head overseas. They're not fighting to make the world safe for democracy. Cocks fight from a hatred too deep for men to understand, except on those darkest nights of the soul when we touch the blackness that lies buried within us all. They fight for a vendetta that was old when man was young, for a slight incurred in some prehistoric place a millennium ago. They fight because it is their destiny to fight.

As for the chicken fighters, much can be said about why they choose to spend their weekends huddled around a 20-foot square pit, watching such birds fulfill their destinies. There is the money, of course, and much has been made of that. There is also the liberals' concept of barbarism, and even more has been made of *that*. But these answers are just a little too pat when used to describe a sport literally as old as mankind; a sport that cuts across age, social strata, geography and financial status; a sport that, despite constant efforts to wipe it out, flourishes.

"Did you notice," my father says to me as we walk away from Cousin Edward's place, "that Ed never referred to the cocks as 'his birds'? It was always *him* in that pit, fighting for *his* life."



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